GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

JOSEPH MAZZINI

HIS

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND POLITICAL PRINCIPLES

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE death of Mazzini has awakened an interest in his life amongst many whose impressions concerning it have been indistinct, and often prejudiced. The material for a just conception of the man and his work is not remote or obscure; for while Mazzini kept the secret of his personal movements, or confided it to a few, the principles that governed his conduct were clear as noon-day, and his writings so voluminous and so iterative of his great purposes that it is a comparatively easy task to reproduce a fair likeness of the man from their contents. Madame Venturi, his friend and faithful adherent, to whom and to whose family (Ashurst) reference is made in the following pages, undertook to collect the political, critical, and literary writings of Mazzini during his life-time, and to secure from him such autobiographical and other notes as should connect the various productions of his pen. Six volumes had been published up to last year, and the series was nominally closed. These volumes have furnished most of the material for this book, the intention having been to leave Mazzini to tell the story of his own life, so far as his notes permitted, and to supplement it with such

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records as were immediately accessible. Mr. Garrison kindly consented to furnish an Introduction, and the Publishers put forth the volume with the confidence that it will serve partially to inform the public respecting a man who is destined to fill a larger space in history than is commonly understood.

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INTRODUCTION.

My first interview with the great Italian patriot, Joseph Mazzini, was in the summer of 1846, at the charming residence of my honored friend, the late William H. Ashurst, Esq., an eminent solicitor of London, at Muswell Hill, in the vicinity of "the capital city of mankind." He impressed me very favorably, not only by the brilliancy of his mind, but by the modesty of his deportment, the urbanity of his spirit, and the fascination of his conversational powers. An exile from his native land, because of his lofty endeavors to rescue her from the degradation and misrule of ages, he strongly drew upon my sympathies and excited my deepest interest. There our personal friendship began, which revolving years served but to strengthen; for, though our fields of labor were widely apart, and our modes of action in some respects diverse, we cherished the same hostility to every form of tyranny, and had many experiences in common.

It was not until my fourth visit to England, in the summer of 1867, a period of twenty-one years, that I again had the pleasure of taking him by the hand,

and receiving his affectionate embrace; not, however, at Muswell Hill. That beautiful home, where so many of Freedom's exiles from the Continent always found, on the part of its inmates, all possible sympathy, the most generous hospitality, and the heartiest affiliation, no longer existed. The noble Ashurst — for largeness of heart, for strength and integrity of character, one of the rare men of the ages — had departed to a higher sphere of activity, preceded by his estimable wife. Their children had married, and were located in London, but retaining for Mazzini the same affectionate regard and concern for his safety as their parents had shown. The interviews I had with him — alas! all too brief, for of his company one could never tire — were at the residence of Mr. Ashurst's son, bearing his father's name in full, and also that of his son-in-law, James Stansfeld, M. P., to whom, for a long time, all letters for the Italian refugee had to be directed under cover, to avoid being basely violated at the post-office; and who, because of the clamors raised by the Tories on discovering this intervenient agency, chose to retire with dignity from his position as Junior Lord of the Admiralty, rather than desert the dreaded champion of human rights in his perilous extremity. Even in the House of Commons, Mr. Stansfeld had the courage to speak of Mazzini in commendatory terms, to the general surprise and displeasure of the members. The whirligig of time, in this instance as in many others, has brought its revenges. Mr. Stansfeld now

occupies an honorable place in the British Cabinet, and is held in high estimation for his personal worth and liberal principles.

Of course, a quarter of a century makes perceptible changes in us all — changes which are rendered the more striking by a separation for so long a term. But Mazzini's altered appearance affected me sadly. There were, indeed, the same finely shaped head; the same dark, lustrous eyes; the same classical features; the same grand intellect; the same lofty and indomitable spirit; the same combination of true modesty and heroic assertion, of exceeding benignity and inspirational power, as in the earlier days; but, physically, he was greatly attenuated, stricken in countenance, broken in health, and evidently near the close of his earthly pilgrimage. But, no marvel! During our long absence from each other, what mighty intellectual forces he had brought into play! what exhausting vigils he had been obliged to keep, and labors to perform! what cruel betrayals, what hairbreadth escapes, what fiery trials had been his! how, like apostolic Paul ("the Apostle whom I love to quote," he writes), he had been called in all things to approve himself in his high mission: in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as a deceiver, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making

many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things! Through all these trying vicissitudes he had passed, and well might the outward man show signs of marked infirmity — to say nothing of the flight of time. But I was painfully convinced that he had greatly injured himself — his nervous temperament being finely wrought — by his one bad habit of excessive smoking; a habit which had mastered his self-control, the evil effects of which he readily admitted, which (as he told me) was fastened upon him by his long solitary imprisonment, and from the craving demands of which he was endeavoring to escape by an effort to lessen the number of cigars used by him daily. Lamenting that so great a soul should be in such self-imposed bondage, I earnestly besought him to summon all his powers, and, both for his own safety and as a noble example to others, resolve to go for "immediate and unconditional emancipation." Nothing could be more respectful, more sweet, more gentle than the manner in which he received my entreaty. I have no doubt that he afterward tried hard to smoke less often; but as that is not remedial, like total abstinence, I fear he made only an abortive struggle. As a cancerous tumor is stated — perhaps erroneously — to have been the immediate cause of his death, it may have been induced by this unfortunate indulgence; cancerous affections being among the many diseases originating in an inordinate consumption of tobacco.

Our interviews could not be repeated, for my pro-

gramme of engagements was more extended than I could execute. Each gave to the other reluctantly the parting hand, in great tenderness of mind, and with a responsive benediction. Subsequently he sent me the following farewell note :—

"My dear Friend, — We may never more see one another. Will you accept my photograph,[1] and think of me sometimes? God bless you, and all those you love! Ever faithfully yours,

"Jos. Mazzini.

"*Aug.* 3, 18 Fulham Road, S. W."

No, not in the flesh shall we again see one another; but the spirit scales all obstacles to intercommunion.

Within the last half century, Europe has produced some notable persons in connection with the cause of popular freedom; but at their head, above their utmost height, it seems to me, Mazzini is entitled to stand. They have signalized themselves mainly for their patriotism; but that is a passion or sentiment which has narrow boundaries, and is too often limited to a given territory or people. Such, for example, was the patriotism of Kossuth, the most pretentious of them all. When put to the test, while in this country, he proved himself to be intensely, selfishly, exclusively Hungarian; ready on his own soil to encounter any mortal danger, or to make any personal

[1] The photograph here referred to is the one prefixed to the present volume, taken from a negative, and an excellent likeness.

sacrifice for the liberation of Hungary from the Austrian yoke, but here utterly indifferent to the fate of millions far more cruelly oppressed; of a highly impulsive, emotional nature, but guided by sentiment and expediency rather than by principle; a master of eloquence, though far too much given to mere rhetorical flourishes, too little to sober thoughtfulness and grave deliberation; as temptation offered disposed to act upon the jesuitical maxim, that the end sanctifies the means; and so, while reasoning upon the broadest grounds of Christianity to show the propriety, nay, even the solemn duty of the American Government and people to interfere for the deliverance of his oppressed countrymen, in the same breath declaring it would be highly improper for him to criticise any of our institutions, or to express any sympathy with those who were struggling for the abolition of chattel slavery. "Here I stand to plead the cause of the solidarity of human rights before the great republic of the United States," was his first utterance on landing at New York. How he poured out his compliments in his subsequent speeches! "May your free country, noble Americans, ever continue to be the asylum of the oppressed of all nations! . . . . The United States of America is a great, glorious, and free territory, numbering many millions of freemen, all attached with warm feelings to the principles of liberty. . . . . It is a glorious sight to see a mighty, free, powerful people come forth to greet with such a welcome the principle of freedom, even in a poor,

persecuted, penniless exile. . . . . There is hope for freedom on earth, because there is a people like you to feel its worth and to support its cause." And all this was said by him, and much more in a similar fulsome strain, in order to promote his Hungarian object; at the same time he had the Southern Slave Code and the recently enacted Fugitive Slave Law in his hands, had been specially enlightened before coming to these shores as to the absolute sway of the Slave Power over the whole country, knew that the hunting of the flying fugitives was active in every direction, heard the cries and groans of the millions waiting to have their fetters broken, and saw the advocates of emancipation universally ostracized! Not on any occasion could he be induced to utter, even incidentally, an expression of regret that our practice was so glaringly at variance with our theory of human rights, or to make a sympathetic reference to our slave population. It did not concern him, and every nation must be left to manage its own affairs.

Addressing an assembly of Kentuckians at Covington, he exclaimed, "Hurrah for Kentucky, the bold and the brave! . . . . Wheresoever a new glory is to be gathered to the garland of free, republican America, Kentucky does never hesitate; Kentucky knows that its heart is always on the right side. Kentucky always sympathizes with oppressed nations! . . . . The character of the South is mortally opposed to arrogance and ambition."

Going to Montgomery, Alabama, he said: "As to

the Southern States, I must confess myself entirely sure that they will warmly support my principles, because they are entirely identical with their own principles."

At that very hour, men, women, and children were standing on the auction-block, to be sold under the hammer "in lots to suit purchasers," and coffles of slaves were on their weary march from the slave-breeding States for a distant market! What revelation of character was ever more painful? What inconsistency more flagrant? What apostasy from the acknowledged principle of "the solidarity of human rights" more deplorable? And in return for it all, Kossuth failed to secure even a mess of pottage. He left our shores dishonored in the eyes of all true lovers of freedom, at home and abroad, and has never since awakened any sympathy or interest either personally, or with reference to Hungarian independence.

No one regarded his tortuous course in America with more sadness than Mazzini; for, whatever might become of Italian liberty, *he* was incapable of such dissimulation. He never uttered, it is true, nobler sentiments concerning right and justice in the abstract, nor argued on broader premises the claims of suffering humanity in the concrete, than did Kossuth; but, unlike the latter, he never compromised those sentiments, nor paltered with duty in order to accomplish his ends. However desirous he may have been of obtaining, if possible, a similar expression of American sympathy and good-will for his own ill-fated

country that Kossuth sought in behalf of Hungary, he never tried to propitiate us by silence respecting our great national sin. He deplored it in private and in public, though he might have avoided the question altogether. Writing to Rev. Dr. Beard, of Manchester, as long ago as 1854, he recorded his sentiments in the following impressive language : —

"I must express to you how grateful I feel for being asked to attend the first meeting of the North of England Anti-Slavery Association; how earnestly I sympathize with your noble object; how deeply I shall commune with your efforts, and help, if I can, their success. No man ought ever to inscribe on his flag the sacred word Liberty, who is not prepared to shake hands cordially with those, whoever they are, who will attach their names to the constitution of your association. Liberty may be the godlike gift of all races, of all nations, of every being who bears on his brow the stamp of MAN, or sink to the level of a narrow and mean self-interest, unworthy of the tears of the good and the blood of the brave. I am yours, because I believe in the unity of God; yours, because I believe in the unity of mankind; yours, because I believe in the educatibility of the whole human race, and in a heavenly law of infinite progression for all; yours, because the fulfillment of this law implies the consciousness and the responsibility of the agent, and neither consciousness nor responsibility can exist in slavery; yours, because I have devoted my life to the emancipation of my own country. And I would feel unequal to this task, a mean rebel, not an apostle of truth and justice, had I not felt from my earliest

years that the right and duty of revolting against lies and tyranny were grounded on a far higher sphere than that of the welfare of one single nation; that they must start from belief in principle, which will have sooner or later to be universally applied. '*One God, one humanity, one law, one love from all for all.*' Blessed be your efforts, if they start from this high ground of a common faith; if you do not forget, whilst at work for the emancipation of the black race, the millions of white slaves, suffering, struggling, expiring in Italy, in Poland, in Hungary, throughout all Europe; if you always remember that free men only can achieve the work of freedom, and that Europe's appeal for the abolition of slavery in other lands will not weigh all-powerful before God and men, whilst Europe herself shall be desecrated by arbitrary, tyrannical power, by czars, emperors, and popes."

Writing at a later period to a prominent abolitionist in the United States, he said: —

"We are fighting the same sacred battle for freedom and the emancipation of the oppressed: you, sir, against *negro*, we against *white* slavery. The cause is truly identical; for, depend upon it, the day in which we shall succeed in binding to one freely accepted pact twenty-six millions of Italians, we shall give what we cannot now, an active support to the cause you pursue. We are both the servants of the God who says, 'Before Me there is no Master, no Slave, no Man, no Woman, but only Human Nature, which must be everywhere responsible, therefore free.' May God bless your efforts and ours! May

the day soon arrive in which the word BONDAGE will disappear from our living languages, and only point out a historical record! And, meanwhile, let the knowledge that we, all combatants under the same flag, do, through time and space, commune in love and faith, strengthen one another against the unavoidable suffering which we must meet on the way."

These are sentiments to challenge the admiration of the wise and good throughout the world. They illustrate the all-embracing spirit of their author at all times and under all circumstances. "*Homo sum; humani nihil â me alienum puto.*"

But Mazzini's concern for the rights of man was never, on any pretext, in a purely masculine sense. Years ago he inculcated the equality of the sexes in regard to all civil and political immunities. Largely indebted to his mother for the grand impulses which led him to consecrate his life to the service of his country, his generic respect for woman amounted almost to sanctitude: it was the embodiment of all that is tender in affection, fragrant in purity, devout in aspiration, and self-sacrificing in love. What can be more finely expressed than the following plea for woman in one of his admirable essays? —

"Love and respect woman. Seek in her not merely a comfort but a force, an inspiration, the redoubling of your intellectual and moral faculties. Cancel from your minds every idea of superiority over her. You have none whatever.

"Long prejudice, an inferior education, and a perennial legal inequality and injustice have created that

apparent intellectual inferiority which has been converted into an argument of continued oppression. But does not the history of every oppression teach us how the oppressor ever seeks his justification and support by appealing to a fact of his own creation? The feudal castes that withheld education from the sons of the people excluded them on the ground of that very want of education from the rights of the citizen, from the sanctuary wherein laws are framed, and from *that right of vote which is the initiation of their social mission.*

"The slaveholders of America declare the black race radically inferior, and incapable of education, and yet persecute those who seek to instruct them.

"For half a century the supporters of the reigning families in Italy have declared the Italians unfit for freedom; and, meanwhile, by their laws and by the brute force of hireling armies they close every path through which we might overcome the obstacles to our improvement, did they really exist. As if tyranny could ever be a means of educating men for liberty!

"Now, *we men have ever been, and still are, guilty of a similar crime towards woman.* Avoid even the shadow or semblance of this crime: there is none heavier in the sight of God; for it divides the human family into two classes, and imposes or accepts the subjugation of one class to the other.

"In the sight of God, the Father, there is neither man nor woman. There is only the human being; that being in whom — whether the form be of male or female — those characteristics which distinguish humanity from the brute creation are united — namely, the social tendency and the capacity of education and progress.

"Wheresoever these characteristics exist, the human nature is revealed, and thence *perfect equality both of rights and of duties.*

"Like two distinct branches springing from the same trunk, man and woman are varieties springing from the common basis — Humanity. There is no inequality between them, but — even as is often the case among men — diversity of tendency and of special vocation.

"Are two notes of the same musical chord unequal or of different nature? Man and woman are the two notes without which the Human chord is impossible. They fulfill different functions in Humanity, but these functions are equally sacred, equally manifestations of that Thought of God which He has made the soul of the universe.

"Consider woman, therefore, as the partner and companion, not merely of your joys and sorrows, but of your thoughts, your aspirations, your studies, and your endeavors after social amelioration. *Consider her your equal in your civil and political life.* Be ye the two human wings that lift the soul towards the Ideal we are destined to attain."

These views of political equality, irrespective of sex, are much less novel and surprising now than when so explicitly pronounced by Mazzini in 1858. They had, indeed, been advocated in this country a whole decade before that period by a comparatively small number of earnest, thoughtful men and women; but they have at last found such wide acceptance as to indicate a complete revolution in public sentiment on this subject at no distant day National and

State associations with numerous auxiliaries, based upon impartial suffrage, are in active operation; there are various journals devoted to the advocacy of this claim; and a change in the several State Constitutions is strongly demanded, to the removal of every barrier, in accordance with that pregnant postulate in the Declaration of Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. In two of the Territories the polls are opened to both sexes. In Great Britain the movement has made even greater progress than in our own land; for, not only is a woman the acknowledged head of the realm, but in all municipal elections suffrage is accorded to women as to men. But it is evident that parliamentary elections must, ere long, be equally open to them. In truth, throughout Christendom there is an extraordinary awakening of interest in the condition of women, and in respect to the enlargement of their sphere of action by an education hitherto denied, by opening avenues to employment hitherto closed, by the possession of rights and privileges hitherto inaccessible. It is seen more and more clearly that —

"The woman's cause is man's — they rise or sink
Together — dwarfed or godlike — bond or free. . . . .
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each —
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other as are those who love. . . . .
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind!"

Mazzini's love of native land was like a fire in his bones, and her pressing needs largely absorbed his thoughts and energies; yet her political enfranchisement, based upon intelligence and virtue, was with him but the prelude to the deliverance of all Europe. Had I seen in him simply the devotion of an Italian in behalf of his oppressed countrymen, however unselfishly displayed, I should not have formed that exalted estimate of him which I shall ever cherish. Such devotion is commendable, but it does not embrace mankind. It was because his soul was full-orbed, his love of liberty unlimited by considerations of race or clime, that I felt drawn to him by an irresistible magnetism. In him there was not discoverable one spark of self-inflation, one atom of worldly ambition, one symptom of narrowness towards any people. Spherical as the globe, he deprecated "that spirit of nationalism which retards the progress of our intellectual life by isolating it from the universal life, palpitating among the millions of our brethren abroad." He criticised Carlyle as comprehending only the *individual;* "the true sense of the unity of the human race escapes him. . . . . He desires progress, but shows hostility to all who strive to progress. He foresees, he announces as inevitable, great changes or revolutions in the religious, social, political order; but it is on condition that the revolutionists take no part in them." This great Italian was also cosmopolitan, and would not allow any considerations to detach him from mankind as a unit. "Break the

bond of continuity," he wrote, "between ourselves and the generations which have preceded and will follow us upon the earth, and what then is the devotion to noble ideas but a sublime folly? Annihilate the connecting link between all human lives; efface the infallibility involved in the idea of progression, of collective mankind, and what is martyrdom but a suicide without an object?" On another occasion he wrote: "To what purpose do you profess to believe in that unity of the human race which is the necessary consequence of the unity of God, if you do not strive to verify it by destroying the arbitrary divisions and enmities that still separate the different tribes of Humanity? Why do we talk of fraternity, while we allow any of our brethren to be trampled on, degraded, or despised? The earth is our workshop. We may not curse it; we are bound to sanctify it. . . . . We must strive to make of Humanity one single family."

Mazzini has been held up — sometimes maliciously, often ignorantly, always unjustly — as a mere visionary; ill-balanced, impracticable, reckless in speech and action. The sentiments I have quoted could not have emanated from a mind of this description. The nadir is nearer to the zenith than he was to anything like fanaticism or impotence. He was a sublime idealist, but never transcending the bounds of reason, nor losing sight of "the eternal fitness of things." He was an enthusiast, but without extravagance or emotional surplusage. Instead of a tendency to sham-

ble, he was remarkable for his self-poise and straightforward acceleration. Of immense physical and moral courage, he was grave in deliberation and eminently circumspect in all his movements; and though sometimes deceived or defeated, it was not through any rashness on his part, but rather by the weakness or incompetency of others, whom he never trusted a second time. None better knew how to keep a secret, to shape his own plans, to make himself master of the situation. There is a vulgar notion as to what is practical, and what visionary. The most inspirational is the most practical. It is great ideas which precede and are followed by great actions. Whitney by his cotton-gin did more for the growth of cotton at the South than a generation of planters and slaves combined. He who invented the mariner's compass was the great navigator of the seas, though he might never have crossed a river. Out of the brains of Watt and Fulton emanated the steam-engine, the mightiest worker of the age. By a stroke of the pen Abraham Lincoln liberated more than three millions of bondmen; yet even he was an instrument acted upon, not an originating motory power — for that power was generated by a moral and religious anti-slavery agitation universally branded as fanatical. "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces? . . . . Therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder: for the wisdom of their wise men shall

perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid. . . . . The terrible one is brought to nought, and the scorner is consumed."

Whoever else might have looked upon Mazzini as a visionary dreamer or an impracticable theorist, assuredly they were not the despotic rulers in Europe; for they seemed to regard his revolutionizing spirit as ubiquitous, credited him with either inciting or participating in whatever conspiracies threatened their overthrow, placed him under attainder, hunted him from kingdom to kingdom, forced him into foreign exile, and caused his footsteps to be dogged by venal spies. It is said that he was more dreaded by Louis Napoleon, whilst in power, than any other agitator, — absurdly imagining him at the bottom of every insurrectionary plot in Paris; and so he furnished a photograph of Mazzini to every policeman in France for his arrest, if caught on its soil. What a transition! But yesterday the perfidious betrayer of the liberties of the French exclaimed: —

> "Thus far our fortune keeps our upward course,
> And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
> But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
> I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
> That will encounter with our glorious sun,
> Ere he attain his easeful western bed."

To-day he is stripped of all power and authority, himself an exile, compelled to take up the lamentation: —

> "Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
> My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
> Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
> Is nothing left me but my body's length.
> Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?"

It is true, the great soul that he so much dreaded is no longer in mortal form; but at the burial of Mazzini at Genoa, it is stated that eighty thousand persons did homage to his memory by their sorrowing presence; and at Rome, where commemorative funeral services were held, a procession was formed, extending the whole length of the Corso, and displaying the bust of their departed champion, accompanied by a colossal figure of Italy in the act of placing a laurel crown upon his head.[1] At the funeral of the imperial exile, how many will there be so poor as to do him reverence?

For nearly forty years of his "strange, eventful history," Mazzini was a sore troubler of the peace of European tyranny; for his first youthful literary contributions to the "Indicatore Genovese" were so infiltrated with political heresy as to cause a speedy suppression of that journal by the government. Ever after he was the spectre that would not down at any dynastic bidding. Sublimity has many aspects in the world of matter and in the realm of mind; but where is it so impressively displayed as in the spectacle of a solitary individual, under general outlawry, without country or home, poor to destitution, defenseless, unsustained even by any local sentiment, compelled to hide from a relentless espionage, yet with such commanding intellectual and moral powers, such pro-

[1] The Italian journals announce that a competition is opened for a full-length statue in white marble to Mazzini, to replace the bust recently deposited in the Capitol. The monument is to be a little over life size.

digious magnetic influence, such quickening force of thought and utterance, such incorruptible adherence to principle, such profound reverence for truth and duty, such unfaltering trust in God and the right, such abhorrence of oppression and devotion to the cause of popular liberty, as to carry dismay to crowned usurpers, though guarded by millions of bayonets? Such was Mazzini. He shall again speak for himself: —

"All that Christ asked of mankind wherewith to save them was a cross whereon to die. Upon the cross did his victory begin, and still does it endure. Have faith, O you who suffer for the noble cause; apostles of a truth which the world of to-day comprehends not; warriors in the sacred fight whom it yet stigmatizes with the name of rebels. To-morrow, perhaps, this world, now incredulous or indifferent, will bow down before you in holy enthusiasm. To-morrow victory will bless the banner of your crusade. Walk in faith, and fear not. That which Christ has done, humanity may do. Believe, and the peoples at last will follow you. Action is the word of God; thought alone is but his shadow. They who disjoin thought and action seek to divide Deity, and deny the eternal Unity. Cast them forth from your ranks; for they who are not ready to bear witness to their faith with their blood are no true believers."

Though constantly endeavoring, by the noblest appeals, to awaken the masses to a sense of the unspeakable importance of their deliverance from all hereditary rule, and on various occasions inspiring

them with courage to measure weapons with their oppressors, Mazzini was as far from cherishing a sanguinary spirit, even in defense of liberty, as was Washington. It will be seen by the following extract how clearly he apprehended the vast superiority of moral over physical force: —

"Great revolutions are the work rather of principles than of bayonets, and are achieved first in the moral, and afterwards in the material sphere. Bayonets are truly powerful only when they assert or maintain a right. The rights and duties of society spring from a profound moral sense which has taken root in the majority. Blind brute force may create victors, victims, and martyrs; but tyranny results from its triumph, whether it crown the brow of prince or tribune, if achieved in antagonism to the will of the majority."

For myself, having long since adopted radical peace principles, I believe that both Washington and Mazzini would have stood on a still higher plane if they had strictly adhered to those principles, and wielded only "the sword of the Spirit" in battling against usurpation and tyranny; but such is not the sentiment of Christendom, either in its religious or political history. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God" was a popular revolutionary motto in 1776, and commends itself to every noble mind; but how resist? Unquestionably, it is a more hopeful condition to see an oppressed people asserting their God-given rights "by force and arms," and staking their

lives upon the issue, than to behold them abjectly cowering under despotic sway. Still, though in favor of that mode of resistance as a *dernier resort*, Mazzini's conviction, that "great revolutions are the work rather of principles than of bayonets," shows how much greater was his reliance on moral than on brute force, even in the attainment of the noble ends he had in view. His military defense of republicanized Rome against the invading myrmidons of Austria and France was a failure, save in its example of heroic daring and sacrifice; but his ethical vindication of man's inalienable rights and of popular sovereignty can never be overthrown, and shall ultimately find acceptance, to the suppression of all forms of despotic supremacy — the liberation of every bondman.

In the late terrible conflict between France and Germany, Mazzini took no active part; but as the former was clearly the vain-glorious aggressor, and without justification for her invasive course, his fine moral discrimination led him to sympathize with the latter, though surely with no leaning toward its imperial dynasty. He saw nothing in the character or conduct of French communism to inspire respect or confidence; regarding it as chaotic in its elements, destitute of principle, and totally unreliable. And here he separated from his bosom friend and stalwart coadjutor Garibaldi, who, during the brief supremacy of the communists in Paris, impulsively volunteered his services to help drive back the German forces, no doubt sincerely believing that he was thereby ad-

vancing the cause of popular liberty. Not any more attractive to Mazzini was French socialism, against which he wrote with equal candor and ability.

Some of his admirers have thought he erred in not giving in his adhesion to the government of Victor Emanuel, or, at least, in not making a temporary truce with it as indicating a long stride toward the darling object of his life. That stride he accurately measured, and appreciated accordingly; but to have sanctioned the monarchy itself would have been flying in the face of his most solemn declarations, namely: —

"History and the nature of things teach us that elective monarchy tends to generate anarchy; and hereditary monarchy tends to generate despotism. The inauguration of the monarchical principle in Italy would carry along with it the necessity of a new revolution shortly after. . . . . It would, by a logical necessity, draw along with it all the obligations of the monarchical system: concessions to foreign courts; trust in and respect for diplomacy; and the repression of that popular element by which alone our salvation could be achieved. . . . . Monarchy will never number me among its servants or followers. . . . . I dedicate myself wholly and forever to constitute Italy one free, independent, republican nation. . . . . I have lived, I live, and I shall die, a Republican, bearing witness to my faith to the last."

Every true American will admire him for his consistency; every upright soul will honor him for his

integrity. Less inflexible, Garibaldi has again differed from Mazzini in judgment, and gives his sanction to the Italian monarchy.

Of course, Mazzini felt no hesitation in determining to which side he should accord his sympathies, wishes, and aspirations as between the North and the South during the late rebellion in this country, having been heart and soul with the former, not only for the preservation of the American Union, but because of the death-blow that was sure to be given to slavery as a corollary of the struggle.

Whilst I place a high estimate upon the clearness and comprehensive grasp of his intellect, I am still more deeply impressed by the strong religious element which pervaded his spirit. As far removed from bigotry and superstition as any living man, and registering his testimony against priestcraft as scathingly as the most radical iconoclast could desire, he never lost his equipoise, but cherished an abiding faith in God, and profound reverence for the character of Christ. Here I must quote his own words: —

"The religious idea is the very breath of Humanity; its life, soul, conscience, and manifestation. Humanity only exists in the consciousness of its origin and the presentiment of its destiny. . . . . This conception has created for man that theory of duty which is the parent of sacrifice; which has inspired, and ever will inspire him to high and holy things; the sublime theory which brings man nearer to God, lends to the human creature a spark of omnipotence, overleaps

every obstacle, and converts the scaffold of the martyr into a ladder of triumph."

Again he says: —

"The undying light of faith in God pierces through all the imposture and corruption wherewith men have darkened His name. Imposture and corruption pass away — tyrannies pass away — but God remains, as the people (image of God on earth) remains. Even as the people passes through slavery, poverty, and suffering to achieve self-consciousness, power, and emancipation, step by step; so does the holy name of God arise above the ruin of corrupt creeds, to shine forth surrounded by a purer, more intense, and more rational form of worship. . . . . (The kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven!) Let these words — better understood and better applied than in the past — be the utterance of your faith, your prayer, O my brothers! Repeat them, and strive to fulfill them. . . . . Without God you may compel, but not persuade; you may become tyrants in your turn, but you cannot be Educators or Apostles."

Many fine tributes have already been paid to his memory on both sides of the Atlantic, justly conceding that "he was a man of single mind, indomitable resolve, lofty aspiration, and irreproachable life; that he neither sought wealth, nor fame, nor position, nor dignity, nor even power, as an individual man; that whatever he had of his own was consecrated to the cause he espoused, whatever he received from others was devoted to the same cause; that whatever he counseled was the suggestion of a noble though pe-

culiar mind, and whatever he did was the dictate of a perfectly unselfish will."

I have not attempted to give any details of the life of this remarkable man. Some of these will be found in the present volume as narrated by himself — the perusal of the contents of which, I trust, will stimulate many to seek a better acquaintance with all his writings; for these are eminently deserving of a place in all public and private libraries. In this connection I quote one additional passage from his pen: "I cannot refrain from consigning to these pages the name of the dear, good, sacred family of Ashurst, who surrounded me with loving cares that — but for the memory of my own dear ones who died without me by their side — might have made me at times forget even exile." His steadfast friend and admirable translator has been Madame Venturi, a highly accomplished daughter in the family alluded to, who has done the cause of freedom and humanity valuable service by a faithful rendering of his works in the English language. It is to be hoped that she will, ere long, prepare for publication his biography, accompanied by her recollections of the most striking incidents in his private life.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, *May* 1, 1872.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

CHAPTER I.

THE INSPIRATION OF HIS YOUTH.

1821–1831.

One Sunday in April, 1821, while I was yet a boy,[1] I was walking in the Strada Nuova of Genoa with my mother, and an old friend of our family named Andrea Gambini. The Piedmontese insurrection had just been crushed; partly by Austria, partly through treachery, and partly through the weakness of its leaders.

The revolutionists, seeking safety by sea, had flocked to Genoa, and, finding themselves distressed for means, they went about seeking help to enable them to cross into Spain, where the revolution was yet triumphant. The greater number of them were crowded in S. Pier d'Arena, awaiting a chance to embark; but not a few had contrived to enter the city one by one, and I used to search them out from amongst our own people, detecting them either by their general appearance, by some peculiarity of dress, by their warlike air, or by the signs of a deep and silent sorrow on their faces.

The population were singularly moved. Some of

[1] Mazzini was born in Genoa in 1809.

the boldest had proposed to the leaders of the insurrection — Santarosa and Ansaldi, I think — to concentrate themselves in, and take possession of the city, and organize a new resistance; but Genoa was found to be deprived of all means of successful defense; the fortresses were without artillery, and the leaders had rejected the proposition, telling them to preserve themselves for a better fate.

Presently we were stopped and addressed by a tall black-bearded man, with a severe and energetic countenance, and a fiery glance that I have never since forgotten. He held out a white handkerchief towards us, merely saying, "For the refugees of Italy." My mother and friend dropped some money into the handkerchief, and he turned from us to put the same request to others. I afterwards learned his name. He was one Rini, a captain in the National Guard, which had been instituted at the commencement of the movement. He accompanied those for whom he had thus constituted himself collector, and, I believe, died — as so many of ours have perished — for the cause of liberty in Spain.

That day was the first in which a confused idea presented itself to my mind — I will not say of country or of liberty — but an idea that we Italians could and therefore ought to struggle for the liberty of our country. I had already been unconsciously educated in the worship of equality by the democratic principles of my parents, whose bearing towards high or low was ever the same. Whatever the position of the individual, they simply regarded the *man*, and sought only the honest man. And my own natural aspirations towards liberty were fostered by constantly hearing my father and the friend already mentioned

speak of the recent republican era in France; by the study of the works of Livy and Tacitus, which my Latin master had given me to translate; and by certain old French newspapers, which I discovered half hidden behind my father's medical books. Amongst these last were some numbers of the "Chronique du Mois," a Girondist publication belonging to the first period of the French Revolution.

But the idea of an existing wrong in my own country, against which it was a duty to struggle, and the thought that I too must bear my part in that struggle, flashed before my mind on that day for the first time, never again to leave me. The remembrance of those refugees, many of whom became my friends in after life, pursued me wherever I went by day, and mingled with my dreams by night. I would have given I know not what to follow them. I began collecting names and facts, and studied, as best I might, the records of that heroic struggle, seeking to fathom the causes of its failure.

They had been betrayed and abandoned by those who had sworn to concentrate every effort in the movement; the new king[1] had invoked the aid of Austria; part of the Piedmontese troops had even preceded the Austrians at Novara; and the leaders had allowed themselves to be overwhelmed at the first encounter, without making an effort to resist. All the details I succeeded in collecting led me to think that they might have conquered, if all of them had done their duty, — then why not renew the attempt.

This idea ever took stronger possession of my soul, and my spirit was crushed by the impossibility I

[1] Carlo Felice.

then felt of even conceiving by what means to reduce it to action. Upon the benches of the university (in those days there existed a course of *Belles Lettres*, preparatory to the courses of law and medicine, to which even the very young were admitted), in the midst of the noisy tumultuous life of the students around me, I was sombre and absorbed, and appeared like one suddenly grown old. I childishly determined to dress always in black, fancying myself in mourning for my country. "Jacopo Ortis" happened to fall into my hands at this time, and the reading of it became a passion with me. I learned it by heart. Matters went so far that my poor mother became terrified lest I should commit suicide.

By degrees a calmer state of mind succeeded this first tempest of feeling. The friendship I formed with the young Ruffinis — a friendship which, both towards them and their sacred mother, better deserved the name of love — tended to reconcile me with life, and afforded a relief to the inward passion that consumed me. Conversing with them of literature, of the intellectual resurrection of Italy, and upon philosophico-religious questions, and the formation of small associations (which proved a prelude to the great) for the purpose of smuggling books prohibited by the police, I perceived an opening — even though on a small scale — towards action, and that brought peace to my mind. A little circle of chosen friends, aspiring towards a better state of things, began to gather around me. Of all who formed that nucleus — the memory of which yet lives in my heart like the record of a promise unfulfilled — none save Federico Campanella (now member of the Provisional Committee for Rome and Venice in Palermo)

still remain to combat for the old programme. Some are dead, some have deserted; and others, though still faithful to the idea, have sunk into inertia. They were to me at that time a group of Pleiads, and a salvation to my tormented spirit. I was no longer alone.

Towards the end of 1826, I think, I had written my first literary article, and boldly sent it to the "Antologia" of Florence, which, naturally enough, did not insert it; and I had myself forgotten it till I perceived it in the "Subalpino," where it had been inserted by N. Tommaseo. The subject was Dante, whom during the years 1821 to 1827 I had learned to venerate, not only as a poet, but as the father of our nation. In 1827 the literary war between the classicist and romantic schools was raging fiercely. It was a war between the supporters of a literary despotism, dating its origin and authority two thousand years back, and those who sought to emancipate themselves from its tyranny, in the name of their own individual inspiration. We young men were all Romanticists. But it seemed to me that few, if any, had penetrated into the true heart of the question.

The first school, composed of Roman Arcadians and Della Cruscan academicians, professors, and pedants, persisted in producing cold, laborious imitations, without life, spirit, or purpose; the second, founding their new literature on no other basis than individual fancy, lost themselves in fantastic mediæval legends, unfelt hymns to the Virgin, and unreal metrical despair, or any other whim of the passing hour which might present itself to their minds; intolerant of every tyranny, but ignorant also of the sacredness of the law which governs art as well as

every other thing. And it is a part of this law, that all true art must either sum up and express the life of a closing epoch, or announce and proclaim the life of the epoch destined to succeed it.

True art is not the caprice of this or that individual — it is a solemn page either of history or prophecy; and when — as always in Dante, and occasionally in Byron — it combines and harmonizes this double mission, it reaches the highest summit of power. Now, amongst us Italians, no other than the prophetic form of art was possible. For three centuries we had been deprived of all spontaneous individual life, and our existence had been that of forgetful slaves, deriving all things from the foreigner. Art, therefore, could only arise again amongst us to inscribe a maledictory epitaph upon those three centuries, and sing the canticle of the future.

But to do this, it was necessary to interrogate the slumbering, latent, and unconscious life of our people; to lay the hand upon the half-frozen heart of the nation; to count its rare pulsations, and reverently learn therefrom the purpose and duty of Italian genius. The special bias and tendency of individual inspiration required to be nourished by the aspiration of the collective life of Italy; even as flowers, the poetry of earth, derive their separate variety of tint and beauty from a soil which is common to all. But the collective life of Italy was uncertain and indefinite; it lacked a centre, oneness of ideal, and all regular and organized mode of manifestation.

Art, therefore, could only reveal itself among us by fits, in isolated and volcanic outbursts. It was incapable of revealing itself in regular and pro-

gressive development, similar to the gradual evolution of vegetable life in the new world, wherein the separate trees continue to mingle their branches, until they form the gigantic unity of the forest. Without a country, and without liberty, we might, perhaps, produce some prophets of art, but no vital art. Therefore it was better for us to consecrate our lives to the solution of the problem, — Are we to have a country? and turn at once to the political question. If we were successful, the art of Italy would bloom and flourish over our graves.

Such thoughts as these — which certainly presented themselves to the great intellect and patriotism of Manzoni — for they occasionally transpire in the choruses of his tragedies and other passages of his writings, though restrained by the overweening gentleness of his nature, and the fatal resignation taught by Catholicism — were in those days the thoughts of the few. The *literati* of that period were neither citizens nor patriots; and were completely governed by the false French doctrine of art for art's sake. Tommaseo and Montani alone represented these nobler views, in the fruitful and fostering school of criticism taught in their "Antologia." The ideas awakened in April, 1821, were still burning within me, and determined my renunciation of the career of literature for the more direct path of political action.

And this was my first great sacrifice. A thousand visions of historical dramas and romances floated before my mental eye — artistic images that caressed my spirit, as visions of gentle maidens soothe the soul of the lonely-hearted. The natural bias of my mind was very different from that which

has been forced upon me by the times in which I have lived, and the shame of our degradation. But in those days the path of action was closed, and the literary question appeared to me to offer a means of disclosing it sooner or later.

A little journal of mercantile advertisements was published in Genoa by one Ponthenier, who was also the editor. It was called the "Indicatore Genovese." I persuaded the publisher to admit advertisements of books for sale, accompanied by a few lines to describe and define their subject. These lines I undertook to write; and this was the commencement of my career as a critic. Little by little the advertisements swelled into articles. The government, which slumbered like the country, either did not heed or did not observe them. The "Indicatore" became gradually transformed into a literary journal. The articles which made their appearance in it were collected and reprinted at Lugano many years afterwards, under the title of "Scritti Letterari d'un Italiano Vivente." They have no intrinsic value; but they serve to show the purpose with which I and a few friends then wrote, and how we understood the question of Romanticism.

The literary controversy was soon converted into a political question; the alteration of a word here and there would have sufficed to render it openly such. It was but a miniature warfare, a skirmish between the riflemen of the two camps. Literary independence was, in our eyes, the first step towards a very different species of independence, and signified an appeal to the youth of the country to infuse some of their own new life into the latent hidden life, fermenting deep down in the heart of Italy. We knew

that this endeavor to unite these two elements would be opposed by a double tyranny, foreign and domestic; and we knew that they would rebel against it. The government did at last read and become incensed at our writings; and when, flushed with success, we announced to our readers, at the end of the first year, our intention of enlarging our journal, it was extinguished by a governmental *veto*.

But these slight articles, full of youthful vigor and impulse, and the daring purpose they revealed, had obtained for me a certain amount of fame in Genoa. A reproof which I wrote to Carlo Botta — an historian of aristocratic tendencies, and devoid of all intellectual philosophy, but whose style, occasionally affecting the gravity of a Tacitus, and an Alfierian indignation against the foreigner, had fascinated our young men — gained me the acquaintance of the writers of the "Antologia" of Florence, men who were Italians at heart, though the majority of them were timid. Two articles on Guerrazzi's drama, the "Bianchi e Neri," written by Elia Benza, a young man of high feeling and powerful intellect, which were rendered sterile in later life by too great a tendency to analysis and love of the comforts of domestic life, obtained for us the correspondence of Guerrazzi.

Guerrazzi had already written not only that drama but the "Battaglia di Benevento." Nevertheless, so great was the distance between province and province in those days, that his name was unknown to us. The drama of the "Bianchi e Neri," which we met with by mere chance, despite a certain strangeness of form, and the absolute want of all harmony in the verses, yet revealed the sufferings of a powerful intellect, full of Italian pride. I answered his letter;

and this was the commencement of a correspondence between us — at that time fraternal and enthusiastic — as to the creation of a better future. When the Sardinian Government suppressed the "Indicatore Genovese," the union between us and the knot of young men who surrounded Guerrazzi had increased so far as to suggest the idea of continuing our publication in Leghorn, under the title of the "Indicatore Livornese."

The political purpose of our writings was revealed more openly — almost indeed without disguise — in this second journal, to which Guerrazzi, Carlo Bini, and myself, were the chief contributors. We wrote of Foscolo, to whom, apart from all his other merits, the Italians owe eternal reverence, from the fact of his having been the first, both in word and deed, to restore literature to its true patriotic mission in the person of the writer. We wrote of "The Exile,"[1] a poem by Pietro Giannone, then himself in exile — a man of incorruptible fidelity, whom I afterwards learned to know and esteem; and of Giovanni Berchet, copies of whose poems, magnificent in Italian ire, were transcribed and multiplied by us students, and whom I was afterwards destined to see, in 1848, lost and degraded among the Moderate patricians and courtiers of royalty in Milan.

We became so daring that by the end of the year even the slumbering Tuscan Government ordered us to cease publication. We did cease to publish, but these two journals had by that time collected together a certain number of young men, full of vigorous life, that needed an outlet and manifestation; we had succeeded in touching chords that had long lain

[1] See Appendix A.

mute in the minds of our countrymen; and, what was of far more importance, we had proved to the young men of Italy that our governments were deliberately adverse to all progress, and that liberty was impossible until they were overthrown.

In the midst of all this literary warfare I never forgot my own purpose; and I continued to look around me, to discover men capable of attempting an enterprise. Whispers were rife amongst us of a revival of Carbonarism. I watched, questioned, and searched on every side, until at last a friend of mine — a certain Torre — confessed to me that he was a member of the sect, or, as it was called in those days, the Order, and offered me initiation.

I accepted.

While studying the events of 1820 and 1821, I had learned much of Carbonarism, and I did not much admire the complex symbolism, the hierarchical mysteries, nor the political faith — or rather the absence of all political faith — I discovered in that institution. But I was at that time unable to attempt to form any association of my own; and in the Carbonari I found a body of men in whom — however inferior they were to the idea they represented — thought and action, faith and works, were identical. Here were men who, defying alike excommunication and capital punishment, had the persistent energy ever to persevere and to weave a fresh web each time the old one was broken. And this was enough to induce me to join my name and my labors to theirs.

And now that my hair is gray, I still believe that next to the capacity of rightly leading, the greatest merit consists in knowing how and when to follow. I speak, of course, of following those who lead

towards good. Those young men — too numerous in Italy, as elsewhere — who hold themselves aloof from all collective association or organized party, out of respect for their own individuality, are generally the first to succumb, and that in the most servile manner, to any strongly-organized governing power. Reverence for righteous and true authority, freely recognized and accepted, is the best safeguard against authority false or usurped. I therefore agreed to join the Carbonari.

I was conducted one evening to a house near S. Giorgio, where, after ascending to the topmost story, I found the person by whom I was to be initiated. This person was — as I afterwards learned — a certain Raimondo Doria, half Corsican half Spaniard, a man already advanced in years, and of a forbidding countenance. He informed me, with much solemnity, that the persecutions of the government, and the caution and prudence required in order to reach the aim, rendered numerous assemblies impossible ; and that I should therefore be spared certain ordeals, ceremonies, and symbolical rites. He questioned me as to my readiness to act, and to obey the instructions which would be transmitted to me from time to time, and to sacrifice myself, if necessary, for the good of the Order. Then, after desiring me to kneel, he unsheathed a dagger, and recited the formula of oath administered to the initiated of the first or lowest rank ; causing me to repeat it after him. He then communicated to me two or three signs by which to recognize the brethren, and dismissed me. I was a Carbonaro.

On leaving, I tormented the friend who was waiting for me as to the aim, the men, the work to be done ;

but in vain. We were to be silent, to obey, and to slowly deserve and receive confidence. He congratulated me on the fact that circumstances had spared me the tremendous ordeals usually undergone; and seeing me smile at this, he asked me, severely, what I should have done if I had been required, as others had been, to fire off a pistol in my own ear, which had previously been loaded before my eyes. I replied that I should have refused, telling the initiators that either there was some valve in the interior of the pistol into which the bullet fell — in which case the affair was a farce unworthy of both of us — or the bullet had really remained in the stock; and in that case it struck me as somewhat absurd to call upon a man to fight for his country, and make it his first duty to blow out the few brains God had vouchsafed to him. In my own mind I reflected with surprise and distrust that the oath which had been administered to me was a mere formula of obedience, containing nothing as to the aim to be reached, and that my initiator had not said a single word about federalism or unity, republic or monarchy. It was war to the government, nothing more.

The contribution required from each member to the funds of the Order was twenty francs at the time of initiation, besides a monthly subscription of five francs. This was a heavy tax upon a student like me, yet I thought it a good thing. It is a great sin to collect money from others for a bad purpose, but it is a still greater sin to recoil from pecuniary sacrifice when the probabilities are in favor of thereby aiding a good cause. One of the saddest signs of the all-pervading and deep-rooted egotism of the present day is the fact that men will argue and discuss about

a franc; and they who willingly throw away large sums to procure comforts or enjoyments — for the most part rather imaginary than real — the very men who should be ready to coin their very blood to create a country, or found true liberty, will bewail the impossibility of frequent sacrifice, and peril life, honor, the dignity of their own souls, and the souls of their brother-men, rather than unloosen the strings of their purse.

The early Christians frequently cast their whole riches at the feet of their priests for the benefit of the poorer brethren, merely reserving for themselves the bare necessaries of existence. Amongst us it is a gigantic, an Utopian enterprise, to find among twenty-five millions of men who all prate of liberty, one million ready to bestow a single franc each for the emancipation of Venetia. The first had faith; we have only opinions.

Not long after this, I was initiated into the second rank of the Order, with power to affiliate others. I became acquainted with two or three Carbonari; amongst others one Passano, said to be a high dignitary of the Order, who had formerly been French Consul at Ancona. He was an old man full of life and energy, but more busy about small political intrigues and petty artifices than any manly or logical endeavor towards achieving the purpose of the Institution. For my part, I was still in complete ignorance of their doings and of their programme; and I began to suspect that in fact they did nothing. They always spoke of Italy as a nation disinherited of all power to act, as something less than a secondary appendix to others. They professed themselves cosmopolitans.

Cosmopolitanism is a beautiful word, if it be understood to mean liberty for all men; but every lever requires a fulcrum, and while I had been accustomed to seek for that fulcrum in Italy itself, I found the Carbonari looked for it in Paris. The struggle between the French opposition and the monarchy of Charles X. was just then at its height, both in and out of the Chamber; and nothing was talked of among the Carbonari but Guizot, Berthe, Lafayette, and the "Haute Vente" at Paris. I could not but remember that we Italians had given the institution of Carbonarism to France.

I was commissioned to write a species of memorandum in French — I do not now remember to whom addressed — in favor of the liberty of Spain, and setting forth the illegality as well as the ill effects of the Bourbon intervention of 1823. I shrugged my shoulders, and wrote it. This done, I took advantage of the powers conferred upon me, and occupied myself in affiliating other students. I foresaw a time when we might be sufficiently strong in numbers to form a compact nucleus among ourselves, and infuse a little new life into the decayed body of the Order. In the mean time, while awaiting the moment for doing better, we continued our skirmishes against those whom we termed the *monarchists* of literature. It was at this time that I wrote the article "Upon an European Literature," which forms a part of this edition, and which, after long discussions and much correspondence, was inserted in the "Antologia" of Florence.

At last, on the evident approach of the tempest in France, our leaders began to rouse themselves into a semblance of activity. I was commissioned to start

for Tuscany, and implant Carbonarism there. This mission was a more serious matter to me than they supposed. All the habits of my family — from which I had never sought nor desired to emancipate myself — were utterly contrary to this excursion, and almost precluded the possibility of obtaining the funds necessary to put it in execution. After long hesitation, however, I decided that I would undertake the mission. Stating that I was going for a few days to Arenzano, on a visit to a student there with whom my family was acquainted, I obtained a small sum of money upon various pretexts from my good mother, and prepared to depart.

The day before I started — I mention this circumstance to show how ignoble a pass Carbonarism had then reached — I was desired to be on the Ponte della Mercanzia at midnight. There I found several of the young men I had enrolled. They had been ordered there like me, without knowing wherefore. After we had waited there a long time, Doria appeared, accompanied by two others whom we did not know, and who remained wrapped up to the eyes in their cloaks, and as mute as spectres. Our hearts bounded within us at the thought and hope of action. Having arranged us in a circle, Doria began a discourse directed at me, about the culpability of certain words of blame of the Order uttered by inexpert and imprudent young men; and, pointing to the two cloaked individuals, he told us that they were about to start on the morrow for Bologna, in order to stab a Carbonaro there, for having spoken against the chiefs; for that the Order no sooner discovered rebels than it crushed them. This was an answer to some of my complaints betrayed by some zealous member

of the Order. I remember even now the thrill of anger that ran through me at this stupid threat. In the first impulse of this indignation, I sent word that I refused to go to Tuscany; and that the Order was quite welcome to crush me. However, when I was a little calmer, having been admonished by some of my friends that I was thus unconsciously sacrificing the cause of my country to my own offended individuality, I changed my mind, and started for Tuscany, leaving a letter to reassure my family.

In Leghorn I founded a *Vente*, and enrolled several Tuscans, and some of other provinces; amongst others I remember Camillo d'Adda, a Lombard, a pupil of Romagnosi, who had just left an Austrian prison, and Marliani, who died some years later defending Bologna from the Austrians. I intrusted the rest to Carlo Bini, a young man of pure and noble soul, which he had preserved uncontaminated throughout a life passed amid the rude and quarrelsome *popolani* of Venezia.[1] His was a mind of great intellectual power; but shut up, as it had been, in mercantile pursuits, and rendered indolent by a profound skepticism, — not in matters of principle, but as to the men and events of his own day, — that power only revealed itself by fits. An extraordinary moral rectitude, and an immense capacity of sacrifice — all the more meritorious in one without faith or hope in its results — were a part of his very nature. He laughed with me at all the forms and symbolism of Carbonarism, but he believed, as I did, in the immense importance of organizing ourselves in some shape or other for action. We travelled together to Montepulciano, where Guerrazzi was then confined, for the

[1] A quarter of Leghorn so called.

offense of having recited a few solemn pages in praise of a brave Italian soldier, Cosimo Delfante; so terrified were the wretched governments of that day at the revival of any memories calculated to make us think less meanly of ourselves. They would have abolished history itself had it been in their power.

I saw Guerrazzi. He was then writing the "Assedio di Firenze," and he read the introductory chapter to us. The blood rushed to his face as he read, and he bathed his head with water to calm himself. He had much personal pride, and the paltry persecution at which he should only have smiled filled his soul with anger. But he had also a strong feeling for his country, for the records of her past greatness, and the promise of her future destiny; and he struck me as one who, however much he might swerve from the true path, had both too much Italian and too much individual pride, ever to degrade himself by any ignoble action, or compromise with those whom he felt to be beneath him. He was without faith. His extremely powerful imagination urged him to great things, but his intellect, nurtured by the study of Machiavelli and the men of the past, rather than led by a prevision of the man of the future, was irresolute, and threw him back upon mere analysis, and a sort of moral anatomy; powerful to explain death and its causes, but impotent to create or organize life. There were, so to speak, two antagonistic beings in Guerrazzi, each of whom was victorious in turn; but the connecting link was wanting — wanting also that moral harmony which can only spring from an earnest religious belief, or an overflowing impulse of the heart. I sought in vain in Guerrazzi for a glimpse of that loving nature which shone in the eyes

of Carlo Bini, as, deeply moved by his reading of those magnificent pages which all the youth of Italy know by heart, he gazed upon the author with an expression resembling that of a mother, wholly absorbed in the thought of his sufferings.

At that period we were receiving from time to time the historical and philosophical lectures of Guizot and Cousin; and we always looked forward to their coming with anxiety, for they were based on that doctrine of progress, then newly revived, which is the germ of the religion of the future, and which we could not then foresee would be allowed to stop short so miserably with the organization of the *Bourgeoisie* and the charter of Louis Philippe. I had imbibed that doctrine in Dante's "Della Monarchia," a book little read, and invariably misunderstood, and I spoke to Guerrazzi with warmth and enthusiasm of these lectures; of the law of progress given by God to his creatures, and the glorious future which must sooner or later result from their knowledge of and obedience to that law. Guerrazzi smiled — a smile half sad half epigrammatic — and it impressed me at the moment as painfully as if I had even then foreseen all the dangers which menaced that privileged intelligence; so much so, indeed, that I left him without speaking openly on the subject which had been the principal object of my visit, and commissioned Bini to do so for me. Yet, nevertheless, I admired in him one blessed with great powers and a noble pride, which appeared to me, as I said, a security for the future. We formed a friendship at that time that was afterwards to be broken, but not through fault of mine.

When I returned to Genoa, I found much ill

humor existing among the higher dignitaries of the Order. I was desired to give no account of my mission to Doria, who was shortly afterwards ordered to leave the city for a time, as a punishment for I know not what offense. But happening one day to leave the house at daybreak, on my way to a country villa (at Bavari) where my mother was, I met him by the way, and alluded to the fact. I do not know whence he came at that hour, but I know that he was then in great anger, hatching vengeance against the Order, its designs, and the newly affiliated members.

The French insurrection of July, 1830, broke out. Our leaders began to bestir themselves somewhat, but with no definite purpose, as they were awaiting liberty from Louis Philippe. We young men betook ourselves to casting bullets, and making all preparations for the conflict, which we hailed in our imaginations as certain and decisive. I do not remember the exact date, but it was soon after the three days of Paris, that I received an order to go at a certain hour to the "Lion Rouge," a hotel then existing in the Salita S. Siro, where I should find a certain Major Cottin, either of Nice or Savoy, who was already initiated into the first rank, and whom I was to affiliate in the second.

We young men were treated by our leaders like mere machines, and it would have been quite useless to ask why I was selected for this office, rather than some member personally known to the Major. I therefore accepted the commission. However, before I went — impressed by I know not what presentiment — I agreed upon a method of secret correspondence with the Ruffinis, who were intimate with my mother, through the medium of the family

letters, in case of possible imprisonment; and this foresight proved useful.

I went to the hotel on the appointed day. In one of the rooms I passed through I saw Passano, who affected not to recognize me. I asked for Cottin, and was shown in to him. He was a small man, with a wandering eye, which did not please me. He was not in uniform, and he spoke French. As soon as I had made known to him by the usual signs that I was a brother, or as it was then called, a cousin, of the Order, I said to him that he must of course be aware of the object of my visit. Having led me into his bed-room, he knelt down, and I, drawing a sword from my stick, agreeably to the prescribed form, was just beginning to make him repeat the oath, when a little window cut in the wall by the side of the bed suddenly opened, and an unknown face presented itself thereat. The unknown looked hard at me, and then closed the window.

Cottin begged of me not to be uneasy, assuring me it was only his confidential servant, and begging me to excuse his having forgotten to bolt the little window. When the initiation was completed, the Major said he was about to start in a few days for Nice, where he should be able to do a great deal among the military; but that he had a treacherous memory, and would therefore be glad if I would give him the formula of initiation in writing. I refused, saying it was contrary to my habits to write such things, but that he was at liberty to do so at my dictation. He wrote, and I then took leave of him, feeling much dissatisfied with the affair. The unknown, as I afterwards learned, was a police agent in disguise.

A few days later I was in the hands of the police.

At the moment when the *Sbirri* seized me, I had matter enough for three condemnations upon me: rifle bullets; a letter in cipher from Bini; a history of the three days of July, printed on tri-colored paper; the formula of the oath for the second rank of Carbonari; and, moreover (for I was arrested in the act of leaving the house), a sword-stick. I succeeded in getting rid of everything. They had all the inclination, but not sufficient capacity for tyranny. The long perquisition made in our house led to no dangerous discoveries. Nevertheless, although the commissioner (Pratolongo) was so doubtful as to send again for orders, I was taken to the barracks of the carabineers in Piazza Sarzano.

There I was examined by an old commissioner, who, after interrogating and trying me in all possible ways, at length, wearied and irritated by my coolness, and hoping to overwhelm me by proving to me that I had been betrayed, told me that on such a day, at such an hour, I had initiated a certain Major Cottin into the second rank of Carbonarism. I felt a slight shudder run through me, but I suppressed it, and said it was impossible to refute a mere invention, and that if it were so, they had better confront me with this Major Cottin. He was never produced. When he agreed to play the part of informer (*Agente Provocatore*), he had stipulated that he was in no way to be brought forward at the trial.

I remained for some days in the barracks, exposed to the sneers and witticisms of the carabineers, — the most literary of whom presented me to the others as a new edition of "Jacopo Ortis," — and contriving to correspond with my friends through the help of a little pencil I had found between my teeth when eat-

ing the food which was sent to me from home. With this I wrote upon my linen when I sent it back to be washed; and thus I was able to warn my friends to destroy certain papers which might have endangered the Tuscan cousins. I learned that others had been arrested at the same time that I was — Passano, Torre, Morelli (an advocate), and Doria (a bookseller), besides one or two others unknown to us; none, however, of those whom I had affiliated.

The governor of Genoa at that time was a certain Venanson. When asked by my father of what I was accused, he replied that the time had not arrived for answering that question, but that I was a young man of talent, very fond of solitary walks by night, and habitually silent as to the subject of my meditations, and that the government was not fond of young men of talent, the subject of whose musings was unknown to it. One night I was suddenly awakened by two carabineers, who desired me to get up immediately and follow them. I imagined this was merely in order to subject me to another examination; but when they told me to take my cloak with me, I perceived I was to leave the barracks. I then asked whither we were going, but they replied that they were not permitted to tell me. I thought of my mother, knowing well that if she should hear the next day of my disappearance, she would imagine the worst; and I resolutely declared I would not stir (unless compelled by force) without being allowed to send a letter to my family. After long hesitation, and much consultation with their officer, they consented.

I wrote a few lines to my mother, telling her that I was leaving the barracks, but that there was no

cause for alarm, and then followed my new masters. At the door stood a sedan-chair ready for me, which they closed upon me as soon as I entered it. As soon as we stopped, I heard the sound of horses' feet, indicative of a longer journey,[1] and then the unexpected sound of my father's voice bidding me be of good cheer. I know not how he had heard of my departure, nor learned the time and place; but I well remember the brutality with which the carabineers sought to drive him away, and their thrusting me out of the sedan-chair and into the carriage, so that I was hardly able even to press his hand, as well as the furious manner in which they rushed up to identify a youth who was standing near smoking, and who nodded to me. This was Agostino Ruffini, one of that family who were to me more like brothers than friends. He died some years since, leaving a lasting memory behind him, not only amongst us Italians, but also among the Scotch, who knew him in exile, and had learned to admire the qualities of his heart, the serious character of his intellect, and the unstained integrity of his soul.

We were then in front of the prison of St. Andrea, from whence they brought a man wrapped up to the eyes, whom they desired to enter the same carriage with me. Two carabineers got in after him, each armed with a musket, and then we started. In the prisoner I soon recognized Passano; one of the carabineers was the unknown spy of the "Lion Rouge." We were taken to the fortress of Savona, on the Western Riviera, and immediately separated. As our arrival was unexpected, there was no cell ready

[1] Carriages were scarcely ever used in the interior of the city of Genoa in that day.

for me. I was left in a dark passage, where I received a visit from the governor (De Mari), an old man of seventy, who, after preaching me a long sermon on the many nights I had wasted in culpable societies and meetings, and the wholesome quiet I should find in the fortress, answered my request for a cigar by saying that he would write to the governor of Genoa to know if such a thing could be permitted. This little incident drew from me, after he left me, the first tears I had shed since my imprisonment; tears of rage at feeling myself so utterly in the power of beings I despised.

In about an hour's time I was confined in my cell. It was at the top of the fortress, and looked upon the sea, which was a comfort to me. The sea and sky — two symbols of the infinite, and, except the Alps, the sublimest things in nature — were before me whenever I approached my little grated window. The earth beneath was invisible to me; but when the wind blew in my direction I could hear the voices of the fishermen.

During the first month I had no books, but afterwards, through the courtesy of the new governor, Cavalier Fontana, — who, fortunately for me, replaced De Mari, — I obtained a Bible, a Tacitus, and a Byron. My prison companion was a lucherino,[1] a little bird very capable of attachment, and full of pretty ways, of which I was excessively fond. The only human beings I saw were the sergeant Antonietti, my kindly jailer; the officer or guard for the day, who appeared at the door for an instant in order to note his prisoner; Caterina, the Piedmontese woman who brought me my dinner; and Cavalier

[1] A greenfinch.

Fontana. Antonietti invariably asked me every evening, with imperturbable gravity, if I had any orders to give; to which I as invariably replied, Yes, a carriage for Genoa. Fontana, an old soldier, was not without Italian feeling; but he was profoundly convinced that the aim of the Carbonari was plunder, the abolition of all religion, the guillotine erected in the public squares, etc.; and feeling compassion for such errors in a youth like me, he endeavored to recall me into the right path by kindness, even going to the point of transgressing his instructions so far as to invite me to drink coffee in the evening with him and his wife, a graceful little woman, related — I forget in what degree — to Alexander Manzoni.

Meanwhile, through the medium of my friends in Genoa, I continued to exhaust every effort to strike a spark of true life from Carbonarism. Every ten days I received a letter from my mother, unsealed, of course, and previously examined by the agents of the government. This letter I was permitted to answer, on condition of my writing the answer in the presence of Antonietti, and handing it to him unsealed. But these precautions in no way prevented the execution of the plan of correspondence I had previously agreed upon with my friends, namely, to construct the sentences in such a manner that the first letters of every alternate word should form the only words of real interest to them; and these, for better precaution, were in Latin. My friends therefore dictated to my mother the first seven or eight lines of her letter; and I, for my part, had no lack of time to compose and learn by heart the phrases containing my answer.

In this way I contrived to tell my friends to seek interviews with many Carbonari of my acquaintance,

all of whom, however, proved to be terror-struck, and repulsed both my friends and their proposals. Thus also I learned the news of the Polish insurrection, which, with youthful imprudence, I allowed myself the pleasure of announcing to Fontana, who but a few hours before had assured me that all was tranquil in Europe. He must surely have been confirmed in his belief that we had dealings with the devil.

However, the silly terror shown by the Carbonari in that important moment, my own long meditations on the logical consequences of the absence of all fixed belief or faith in that association, and even a ridiculous scene I had with Passano, whom I met in the corridor while our cells were being cleaned, and who answered my whispered communication: "I have means of correspondence, give me some names," by instantly investing me with the powers of the highest rank, and then tapping me on the head in order to confer upon me, I know not what indispensable masonic dignity, — all confirmed me in the conviction I had acquired some months before, that Carbonarism was, in fact, dead, and that, instead of wasting time and energy in the endeavor to galvanize a corpse, it would be better to address myself to the living, and seek to found a new edifice upon a new basis.[1]

It was during these months of imprisonment that I conceived the plan of the association of Young Italy (*La Giovina Italia*). I meditated deeply upon the principles upon which to base the organization of the party, the aim and purpose of its labors, — which I intended should be publicly declared, — the method of its formation, the individuals to be selected to aid

[1] See Appendix B.

me in its creation, and the possibility of linking its operations with those of the existing revolutionary elements of Europe. We were few in number, young in years, and of limited means and influence; but I believed the whole problem to consist in appealing to the true instincts and tendencies of the Italian heart, mute at that time, but revealed to us both by history and our own previsions of the future. Our strength must lie in our right appreciation of what those instincts and tendencies really were.

All great national enterprises have ever been originated by men of the people, whose sole strength lay in that power of faith and of will, which neither counts obstacles nor measures time. Men of means and influence follow after, either to support and carry on the movement created by the first, or, as too often happens, to divert it from its original aim. It is unnecessary here to relate the process of thought by which, after deep study both of the history and the intimate social constitution of our country, I was led to prefix Unity and the Republic, as the aim of the proposed association. I may, however, state that I was not influenced by any mere political conception, nor idea of elevating the condition of the single people whom I saw thus dismembered, degraded, and oppressed; the parent thought of my every design was a presentiment that regenerated Italy was destined to arise the *initiatrix* of a new life, and a new and powerful Unity to all the nations of Europe.

Even at that time, in spite of the fascination exercised over my mind by the fervid words in which France at that day asserted her right of leadership amid the general silence, the idea was dimly stirring

within me to which I gave expression six years later, — the sense of a void, a want in Europe. I felt that authority, — true righteous and holy authority, — the search after which, whether conscious or not, is in fact the secret of our human life, and which is only irrationally denied by those who confound it with its false semblance or shadow, and imagine they have abolished God himself, when they have but abolished an idol, — I felt that authority had vanished, and become extinct in Europe; and that for this reason no power of initiative existed in any of the peoples of Europe. The labors, studies, and sorrows of my life have not only justified and confirmed this idea, but have transformed it into a faith. And if ever — though I may not think it — I should live to see Italy One, and to pass one year of solitude in some corner of my own land, or of this land where I now write, and which affection has rendered a second country to me, I shall endeavor to develop and reduce the consequences which flow from this idea, and are of far greater importance than most men believe.

At that time even the immature conception inspired me with a mighty hope that flashed before my spirit like a star. I saw regenerate Italy becoming at one bound the missionary of a religion of progress and fraternity, far grander and vaster than that she gave to humanity in the past.

The worship of Rome was a part of my being. The great Unity, the One Life of the world, had twice been elaborated within her walls. Other peoples, their brief mission fulfilled, disappeared forever. To none save to her had it been given twice to guide and direct the world. There, life was eter-

nal, death unknown. There, upon the vestiges of an epoch of civilization anterior to the Grecian, which had had its seat in Italy, and which the historical science of the future will show to have had a far wider external influence than the learned of our own day imagine, the Rome of the Republic, concluded by the Cæsars, had arisen to consign the former world to oblivion, and borne her eagles over the known world, carrying with them the idea of right, the source of liberty. In later days, while men were mourning over her as the sepulchre of the living, she had again arisen, greater than before, and at once constituted herself, through her Popes — as venerable once as abject now — the accepted centre of a new Unity, elevating the law from earth to heaven, and substituting to the idea of right an idea of duty — a duty common to all men, and therefore source of their equality. Why should not a new Rome, the Rome of the Italian people — portents of whose coming I deemed I saw — arise to create a third and still vaster unity; to link together and harmonize earth and heaven, right and duty; and utter, not to individuals, but to peoples, the great word Association — to make known to free men and equals their mission here below?

Such were my thoughts in my little cell at Savona in the intervals that elapsed between the nightly question of Antonietti and the attempts made to convert me by Cavalier Fontana; and I think the same thoughts still, on broader grounds and with maturer logic, in the little room, no larger than that cell, wherein I write these lines. And during life they have brought upon me the title of Utopist and madman, together with such frequent disenchant-

ments and outrage as have often caused me, while yet some hopes of individual life yearned within me, to look back with longing and regret to my cell at Savona between sea and sky, and far from the contact of men. The future will declare whether my thoughts were visionary or prophetic. At present,[1] the revival of Italy, directed as it is by immoral materialists, appears to condemn my belief. But that which is death to other nations is only sleep to ours.

Meanwhile, the immediate result of these ideas was to convince me that the labor to be undertaken was not merely a political, but above all a moral work; not negative, but religious; not founded upon any theory of self-interest, or well-being, but upon principles and upon duty. During the first months of my university life my mind had been somewhat tainted by the doctrines of the foreign materialist school; but the study of history and the intuition of conscience — the only tests of truth — soon led me back to the spiritualism of our Italian fathers.

The duty of judging me had been handed over to a committee of senators at Turin; their names, with the exception of one (Gromo), I forget. The promise given to Cottin reduced the evidence against me to that of the carabineer who had seen me in his room with a drawn sword in my hand; while, on the other side, my own assertions counterbalanced his. It was clear, therefore, that I should be acquitted, and henceforth have a fair field opened before me wherein to begin my undertaking.

I was, in fact, acquitted by the Senate. However, the governor, Venanson, who was detested in Genoa,

[1] Written in 1861.

and returned hate for hate, irritated by what he considered an affront, and fearful of being accused of calumny by the people if I were set free, hastened to throw himself at the feet of his most clement majesty, Carlo Felice, assuring him that, from evidence known only to himself, he was certain that I was both guilty and dangerous. The Most Clement, touched by the governor's clamorous distress, trampled alike on my individual rights, the sentence of my judges, and the mute anguish of my parents, and sent to inform me that I must renounce all hope of being permitted to remain in Genoa, Turin, or any other large city, or even any part of the Ligurian coast, and select a place of residence in one of the little towns in the interior, Asti, Acqui, Casales, etc., or be sent into exile for an indefinite period, the duration of which must depend upon the royal pleasure and my own conduct.

The news of the choice thus offered was brought to me by my father, who came to Savona in order to spare me the last annoyance of being conducted back to Genoa by gensd'armes, since the decree of the Most Clement further added that I was not to be allowed to see any but my nearest relations. Passano, in consideration of his being by birth a Corsican, and having served as French Consul at Ancona, had been liberated some time before this, and was then freely walking the streets of Savona. It is the old policy of every monarchical government in Italy, that, while hating France in their hearts, they flatter, serve, and seek to propitiate her by every means in their power.

The insurrection of the centre of Italy had broken out a short time before my liberation (February,

1831). In Genoa I learned that the Italian exiles were crowding to the frontier, encouraged both by assistance given and hopes held out by the new government of France. Had I gone to one of the smaller towns of Piedmont, unknown amongst the unknown, I should have been condemned to utter uselessness by the constant *surveillance* of the police, and liable to be again imprisoned on the slightest suspicion. I therefore chose exile, which restored me to liberty, and which I then imagined would be of very short duration. I parted from my family, telling my father — whom I was destined never to see again — to be of good cheer, as my absence would only be an affair of some days.

I went through Savoy, which Moderate[1] liberty had not yet converted into a part of France, passing over Mount Cenis to Geneva. Thence I was to proceed to France; and my mother's care had already arranged that my uncle, who had long resided in that country, should be my travelling companion.

I went to see the historian of our republics, Sismondi, to whom I had an introduction from his friend Bianca Milesi Moion. Both he and his wife (Jessie Macintosh, a Scotch lady) received me with more than courtesy. Sismondi was then working at his "History of France." He was amiable, singularly modest, simple and affable in his manner, and Italian at heart. He questioned me with anxious affection as to the state of things in Italy. He asked after Manzoni — whose romance he admired above all his other works — and the few other writers whose works gave signs of reviving intellectual life amongst

[1] The supporters of the Piedmontese monarchical system in Italy chose for themselves the appellation of the *Moderate* Party.

us. He deplored the tendency he observed in the Italians to follow the doctrines of the eighteenth century, but explained it by the necessities of a state of struggle. His own opinions were not so liberal as I had expected; his intellectual grasp did not go beyond the theory of rights, and its only logical consequence — liberty. Moreover, his personal friendship for the leaders of the *doctrinaire* school — Cousin, Guizot, and Villemain—evidently clouded his judgment both of men and things. From the tendency of the teachings of those men — whose aim neither he nor I suspected at that time — from a mistaken and exclusive worship of liberty, and from the position and characteristics of his own Switzerland, he had become imbued with federalism, which he preached as the ideal of political organization to the many Italian exiles by whom he was surrounded, and who all drew their ideas and inspirations from his lips. There was not a single man among them who dreamed of the possibility or even the desirability of unity.

Sismondi introduced me to Pellegrino Rossi at the Literary Club, who contented himself with pointing out to me an individual seated in a corner as a supposed spy. I felt an indescribable sense of discouragement steal over me on obtaining a nearer view of those exiles whom until then I had admired as the representatives of the hidden heart of Italy. France was everything in their eyes; and politics, as I judged from their conversation, the management, diplomatic calculation, and science of opportune compromises, in which neither belief nor morality had any part. Whilst I was taking leave of Sismondi, and inquiring if I could do anything for him in Paris,

a Lombard exile, who had always listened attentively when I spoke, but never till then addressed himself to me, whispered that if I was desirous of action, I should go to Lyons and make myself known to the Italians who frequented the "Caffé della Fenice" there. I turned to him with real gratitude, asking his name. It was Giacomo Ciani, condemned to death by Austria in 1821.

At Lyons I found a spark of true life among the Italians. The greater number of the exiles collected there, as well as those daily arriving, were military men. I met many of those whom I had seen ten years before wandering in the streets of Genoa with all the bitterness of disappointment in their looks, and who had since caused the Italian name to be respected in battle while defending the cause of liberty in Spain or Greece. I saw, too, Borso de' Carminati, the officer who threw himself between the soldiery and the people assembled in Piazzi Banchi, when the order was given to fire upon them. He was an officer of great promise, who afterwards rose to the highest military honors in Spain, and who would have lived to bear a great name in Italy, if his irritable, imprudent nature, intolerant of all deception, had not led him, through hatred to Espartero, to join an *émeute* which cost him both life and reputation.

I saw, too, Carlo Bianco, afterwards my friend, of whom I shall have to speak again; Voarino, a cavalry officer; Tedeschi, and others, all of them Piedmontese and Republicans; although the majority of the exiles assembled there were constitutional monarchists, not from conviction, but simply because France was monarchical. They had all flocked to

Lyons in order to join in an invasion of Savoy, which was then being organized by a committee, amongst whom I recollect General Regis, a certain Pisani, and one Fecchini.

The expedition already numbered about two thousand Italians, and a certain number of French workmen. They had money in abundance ; for their monarchical programme, and the general belief that the French Government encouraged the movement, had brought together numbers of exiles belonging to the wealthier classes, — nobles, princes, and men of all shades of opinion. Their preparations were publicly carried on ; the Italian tricolored flag was twined with that of France in the " Caffé della Fenice ; " the depots of arms were known ; and the committee was in communication with the Prefect of Lyons.

Similar scenes were taking place at the same time on the Spanish frontier. Louis Philippe had not yet been recognized by the despotic monarchs ; and he was seeking to obtain their recognition by frightening them, and rendering it a necessity. Even as Cavour, thirty years later, said to the plenipotentiaries of Paris, either reforms or revolution ; so did the new monarchy of France say to the hesitating kings, either recognition of the younger branch of the Bourbons, or a revolutionary war. It was the third royal betrayal I had seen enacted under my own eyes in Italian matters. The first was the shameful flight of the Carbonaro conspirator prince, Charles Albert, to the camp of the enemy. The second was that of Francis IV., Duke of Modena, who, after encouraging and protecting the insurrection organized in his name by poor Ciro Menotti, attacked and seized him in the very moment of the rising, and dragged him along

with him in his flight to Mantua, to hang him as soon as Austria furnished him with the means of returning to his dukedom.

I was hastening one day to the "Caffé della Fenice," my mind full of the hope of immediate action, when I saw the people crowding to read a printed notice from the government, which was posted upon the walls. It was a severe proclamation against the Italian enterprise, an intimation to the exiles to disband, and a brutal threat of punishing with the utmost rigor of the criminal law any persons who should venture to compromise France with other governments by violating the frontiers of friendly powers. This proclamation was dated from the office of the Prefect. I found the committee completely crushed and overwhelmed. The banners had all disappeared, and a great number of arms had been sequestrated. Old General Regis was in tears, and the other exiles were cursing both the betrayal and betrayer — the sterile vengeance reserved for those who, in their country's cause, put their trust in others rather than in themselves.

Some few, either magnanimously or obstinately credulous, persisted in declaring that the *Re Galantuomo*, Louis Philippe, could never intend thus to delude the hopes of the liberals; and they hinted that the wary and cautious government only adopted this course for the purpose of avoiding all appearance of coöperation, but did not really mean to prevent the expedition. I ventured to suggest that the problem should be solved at once, by sending a small body of armed men — putting as many as possible of the French workmen among them — upon the road to Savoy, as the advance-guard of the expedition. This

was done, and they were immediately stopped by a body of cavalry, and compelled to disband. The first to disperse were the Frenchmen, to whom the officer addressed a discourse upon their duty to their own country, and the necessity of leaving all enterprises for purposes of liberation in the hands of the government. The expedition was thus rendered impossible.

A refugee-hunt now began ; many were taken, and conveyed, hand cuffed, to Calais, whence they were embarked for England. In the midst of the confusion of imprisonments, flights, threats, and despair, Borso confided to me that he and a few other republicans intended starting that night for Corsica, thence to carry arms and assistance to the insurrection of the centre, which had not yet been put down ; and he asked if I would accompany them. I accepted at once, concealing my sudden determination from my uncle, for whom I left a few lines, telling him not to be alarmed on my account, and requesting him to keep silence for a few days with my family.

In the diligence which conveyed us to Marseilles, I found Bianco, Voarino, Tedeschi, a certain Zuppo — a Neapolitan if I am not mistaken — and others whom I now forget. We continued to travel almost without stopping to Marseilles, and from Marseilles to Toulon ; thence in a Neapolitan merchant vessel, across the most tempestuous sea I ever beheld, to Bastia. There, with all the delight of one who returns to his native land, I felt myself once more upon Italian soil. I know not what the persistent system of corruption pursued by France, and the culpable neglect of the Italian Government, may have made of Corsica since then ; but at that time (1831) the

island was truly Italian, not only in climate, scenery, and language, but in generous patriotism. France was only encamped there. With the exception of Bastia and Ajaccio, where the *employé* class was favorable to its paymaster, every man both felt and declared himself an Italian, watched the movement of the centre with a beating heart, and aspired to see the island reunited to the great mother. The whole of the centre of Corsica — over which I made a short tour in company with Antonio Benci, one of the Tuscan contributors to the "Antologia," who had fled from threatened persecution to Corsica — regarded the French as enemies.

The rough but worthy mountaineers, almost all of whom were well armed, were then talking and thinking of nothing else but of crossing over to fight in the Romagna, and they hailed us as leaders. Faithful, hospitable, and independent in character; jealous of their women to excess; tenacious of equality, suspicious of foreigners, but only so long as they feared offense to their own dignity, and ready to fraternize at once with any one offering them his hand as from man to man, instead of assuming the air of the civilized man addressing the savage; revengeful, but bravely so, and always ready to risk their own life for their revenge, I have ever remembered the Corsicans of the centre with a sense of affection, of hope that they may not long remain divided from and us.

Carbonarism, introduced into Corsica by the Neapolitan exiles, was a ruling power throughout the island; and by the men of the people it was regarded — as such associations, when freely joined, should be — as a religion. Considering themselves as men on

the eve of a great enterprise, many of those who had sworn vengeance against one another became reconciled in its name. Galotti — the same who had been given up to the tyrant of Naples by Charles the Tenth of France — was a much venerated leader among the Corsicans. I became acquainted with him, with La Cecilia, and several other refugees belonging to the South of Italy, who had been convened from various parts of Corsica in consequence of the designs of my new political friends.

I have stated that their plan was to cross to the continent, and penetrate into the centre, at the head of two or three thousand Corsicans, who were already armed and organized. But money was wanting in order to hire vessels, and to leave small sums with the families of the poorer islanders who were to join us. This money, which had been solemnly promised by a friend of the patriotic priest Bonardi, one of the disciples of Buonarroti, never arrived. Two of ours, Zuppo and a certain Vantini (a man who has since become known as the founder of various large hotels in England), were dispatched to the Provisional Government of Bologna to offer them our help, and request the necessary supplies; but that incapable government, shrinking from the idea of war, and trusting only in diplomacy, answered, like foreign barbarians, that those who wanted liberty must buy it for themselves.

In consequence of all these delays, Austrian intervention was able to reconquer the insurgent provinces for their former masters by the 6th March. Every hope of action being thus at an end, and my small means exhausted, I quitted Corsica and returned to Marseilles, where my uncle urged my coming in my

parents' name. In Marseilles I resumed my design of founding the association of Young Italy.

The exiles of Modena, Parma, and the Romagna flocked into Marseilles, to the number of upwards of a thousand. During that year I became acquainted with the best among them, — Nicola Fabrizzi, Celeste Menotti (the brother of poor Ciro), Gustavo Modena, L. A. Melegari, and many other young men of capacity, — all of them ardent patriots, and fully convinced of those errors of the past to which I was determined to put an end. Here also I knew Giuditta Sidoli, a woman of rare purity of principle and firmness of mind. They were all linked with me in the holiest of all friendships, a friendship sanctified by unity of virtuous aim, and which with some among them — Nicola Fabrizzi, for instance — ripened into an affection which has endured to the present day; with others, as in the case of Lamberti, it was only interrupted by death. Towards none of them was it ever betrayed by me. I sketched forth the design and the rules of the association of Young Italy, and sent word of my purpose to my friends in Genoa.

Meanwhile, in the April of that year, upon the death of Carlo Felice, Charles Albert (the Carbonaro conspirator of 1821) ascended the Sardinian throne. His accession gave rise to great hopes among the weak-minded, numerous then as now, that the ideas of the conspirator prince would be reduced to action by the king. They forgot, however, that his conduct had never really been influenced by an idea, but simply by an impulse of ambition; and they did not reflect that the fear of endangering the smaller crown would necessarily deprive him of the boldness and energy required for taking possession of the

greater. The illusion had, however, taken possession of the mind of the people, and every one told me that my design was excellent in itself, but inopportune, and that none would unite in the proposed association until they were undeceived with regard to the new king. These answers suggested to me the idea of addressing Charles Albert through the medium of the press.

I did not then and do not now believe, that the salvation of Italy can ever be accomplished by monarchy; that is to say, the salvation of Italy such as I understand it, and as we all understood it a few years since — an Italy, one, free, and powerful; independent of all foreign supremacy, and morally worthy of her great mission. Nor have recent events induced me to alter this conviction.[1] The Piedmontese monarchy would never have taken the initiative of an Italian movement if the man of the second of December had not offered the assistance of his army, and Garibaldi, with five sixths of the republicans, their coöperation. Who could foresee such events as these at the period of my letter to the king?

All that the Piedmontese monarchy can give us — even if it can give so much — will be an Italy shorn of provinces which ever were, are, and will be, Italian, though yielded up to foreign domination in payment of the services rendered; an Italy the abject slave of French policy, dishonored by her alliance with despotism; weak, corrupted, and disinherited of all moral mission, and bearing within her the germs of provincial autonomy and civil war. Even now, while I write, the misgovernment inherent in the monarchical institution is rapidly preparing the way

[1] Written in 1861.

for a crisis of *separatism* in the south — the south which, at the opening of the new life, was intoxicated with the grand idea of unity and Rome.

But if monarchical unity is pregnant with danger at the present day, to a man of the character of Charles Albert it was an absolute impossibility at the time of which I write. By publicly declaring to him all that his own heart should have taught him of his duty towards Italy, my object was to prove to my countrymen his absolute lack of those qualities which alone could have rendered the performance of that duty possible. They who in later days have quoted that letter to the king either as a justification of their own desertion of the republican banner, or in order to accuse me of inconsistency or too great readiness to abandon my convictions, attack me on a false ground. To me, however, the opinions of both parties of accusers are matter of little moment; and it was only on account of the high esteem in which I have ever held his great intellect and earnestness of conviction, that I felt grieved to be compelled to include Carlo Cattaneo amongst the last.[1]

To him I would say — in no way as a reproof, but simply in order that he should not forget how all of us are at times overmastered by circumstances — that in 1848, when the people's conquest, and the energy displayed by the committee of war of which he was president, had rendered him morally master of Lombardy, he himself, though a republican like me, and convinced that the monarchy would divert the insurrection from its true aim, nevertheless abdicated his power, consigning it into the hands of men

[1] See the *Archivio Triennale delle cose d'Italia*, Cap. Lago. Tip. Elv., vol. ii.

he despised as incapable, and traitors already in intention to the idea of the nation. For my part, be it stated once for all, the political theory which declares to the new-born infant, Yourself inviolate, unimpeached, and only to be attacked in the person of your ministers, you shall rule and reign over the development of the life of a nation, every manifestation of which is intrusted to the elective principle, — appears to me worse than error; it is a folly and contradiction which compels the people who adopt it either to retrogression, or to the perennial periodical agitation of ever-recurring revolutions.

This theory will cease to prevail amongst us, when we shall have cast off our present servility and cowardice; when the spirit of that word democracy, which is ever upon our lips, shall have entered into our hearts, and taught us to feel that the honest working-man is no whit less noble than the descendant of generations of kings, and to touch the hand of the last of no more mark than to grasp the hand of the first; when we understand that the government of the state should be carried on precisely as individuals manage their private affairs, by intrusting them to men of intelligence and probity in whatever sphere they find those qualities united.

I wrote the letter to Charles Albert. Before it was printed, I read it to one only of the Italians with whom I was then in contact, Guglielmo Libri, an eminent man of science, who had headed a conspiracy against the Grand Duke of Tuscany in that year, and was accused — I believe unjustly — of treachery. Shortly after that time — it grieves me to record the fact — Libri was led by that materialism which formed the basis of his every doctrine, and an excessive skep-

ticism both as to men and things, to forget alike the dignity of his own soul and the duty which a man of his powerful intellect owed to his country. Libri praised the letter to the king, but endeavored to dissuade me from publishing it, by detailing a long list of the inevitable consequences of such a step — perpetual exile, the sacrifice of all that made life most dear to me, and the innumerable deceptions and sorrows that would beset my path. He exhorted me to abandon such militant politics, and consecrate myself to the study of history. I rejected his counsels, and published the letter.

This was my first political writing. I kept no copy — they were not worth it — of certain pages written before that time in French, bearing the title of the "Night of Rimini," inveighing against the France of Louis Philippe, which were published in a mutilated form by the "National."

The letter to the King (Charles Albert) begins by reminding him of the enthusiastic hopes awakened in the minds of the Italians by the accession of a prince who had been a Carbonaro in 1821; of their readiness to believe that his betrayal of his fellow-conspirators on that occasion was an error forced upon him by circumstances; and that, being at last free to act according to his own tendencies, the king would maintain the promises of the prince. "There is not a heart in Italy whose pulse did not quicken at the news of your accession; there is not an eye in Europe that is not turned to watch your first steps in the career now opened to you."

The king is then warned that his career is one of great difficulty. Europe is divided into two camps.

On every side the struggle is going on between power and right, movement and inertia; kings striving to maintain the usurpations upheld by ages of possession, the peoples to assert the rights assigned to them by nature. War looms in the background — inevitable, because every other form of controversy is exhausted; and unto death, because it is a conflict not of men, but of principles. There are two paths open to the king. He has to choose between a system of terror and a system of concessions. He is warned of the danger to himself if he pursue the first, — "Blood calls for blood, and the dagger of the conspirator is never so terrible as when sharpened upon the tombstone of a martyr."

The system of concessions, changes in the administration, economical reductions, ameliorations of the code, the abolition of the most crying governmental abuses, would prove abortive without the guarantee of fixed institutions, without a fundamental pact, without any political declaration of faith, or a single word recognizing a right, a power, or a sovereignty in the nation. The king would have to achieve the difficult task of deceiving the people into fancying themselves free, and of producing a semblance of effects, without giving the force of law to causes. Moreover, partial reforms would be liable to be regarded as arbitrary; even the dismissal of unworthy *employés* assumes a character of partiality and caprice in the eyes of a people who are deprived of their sole means of verifying the justice of such acts — certain invariable judicial laws, and publicity of trial.

"The people are no longer to be quieted by a few concessions; they seek the recognition of those rights of humanity which have been withheld from them for

ages. They demand laws and liberty, independence and union. Divided, dismembered, and oppressed, they have neither name nor country. They have heard themselves stigmatized by the foreigner as the Helot Nation. They have seen free men visit their country, and declare it the land of the dead. They have drained the cup of slavery to the dregs, but they have sworn never to fill it again."

The universal dissatisfaction, and the hatred of Austria existing in all the states of Italy, is next pointed out, and the possibility of uniting them in the grand struggle for Italian independence. The king might strike out for himself a new path; the people would prove a surer and safer ally than either France or Austria. Mazzini endeavors to rouse him to noble ambition by reminding him that "there is a crown brighter and nobler than that of Piedmont — a crown that only awaits a man bold enough to conceive the idea of wearing it, resolute and determined enough to consecrate himself wholly to the realization of that idea, and virtuous enough not to dim its splendor with ignoble tyranny." Moreover, if the king do not put himself at the head of the struggle for Italian independence, he may retard, but cannot prevent, the fulfillment of the destiny of the Italian people as ordained by God himself. "If you do not do this, others will; they will do it without you, against you."

"Be not deceived by the popular applause that hails the opening of your reign. Interrogate the sources of that applause. It arises because the people believe you the representative of their own hopes and aspirations, and your name recalls to them the man of 1821. . . . . Sire, I have spoken to you

the truth. The men of freedom await your answer in your deeds. Whatsoever that answer be, rest assured that posterity will either hail your name as that of the greatest of men, or the last of Italian tyrants. Take your choice."

The letter to Charles Albert was published in Marseilles. A few copies were sent to Italy, directed in the form of letters (for I had no other means of sending it) to individuals whom I knew only by name in various cities of the Sardinian States. Violation of correspondence had not then, as now, been reduced to a system. Three or four clandestine reprints of it were soon made; and by this means it was quickly spread in all directions. The king received a copy, and read it. Shortly afterwards a circular was dispatched by the government to the authorities at all the frontiers, containing my *signalement*, with instructions, in case I should attempt to return to Italy, that I was to be instantly imprisoned.

The predictions of Libri were fulfilled. The letter was received with favor by the youth of Italy; a proof that by speaking openly of the unity of Italy, I had awakened an echo in their minds — the echo of innate tendencies and aspirations hitherto dormant or unconscious. I accepted the augury with joy. It was my first encouragement to dare.

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG ITALY.

1831, 1832.

THE Revolution of 1831 revealed an unquestionable progress in the political education of the insurgents. That insurrection neither invoked the initiative of the higher classes, nor of the military, as indispensable; it burst out among men of no name, and from the true heart of the country. After the three days of Paris, the post-office at Bologna was crowded and surrounded by the people. Young men stood up on the benches in front of the cafés, and read the newspapers aloud to the by-standers. Arms were got ready, companies of volunteers were organized, and captains chosen. The commandant declared to the pro-legate that the troops would not act against the citizens.

Similar scenes took place in many other cities. The echo of the cannon fired on the 2d of February, against the dwelling of Ciro Menotti in Modena, gave the signal. Bologna rose on the 4th. On the 5th the people of Modena, recovered from the first surprise, drove out their duke and his supporters. Imola, Faenza, Forlì, Cesena, and Ravenna freed themselves. Ferrara followed the example on the 7th. The Austrians retired. Pesaro, Fossombrone,

Fano, and Urbino shook off their rulers on the 8th. On the 13th the movement was triumphant in Parma, then at Macerata, Camerino, Ascoli, Perugia, Terni, Narni, and other cities. Ancona, where at the outset Colonel Sutterman showed himself disposed to resist, yielded to a few companies of soldiers and national guards led by Sercognani. And all this was done by mere popular impulse, amid a collective enthusiasm which extended to old men and women. The latter made flags and cockades, while the veterans of the *grande armée*, if they saw signs of hesitation in any young men, displayed the scars of their old wounds, saying, These were got in the defense of our country. Thus, by the 25th of February, nearly two millions and a half of Italians had embraced the national cause, and were ready, not only for defensive, but for offensive war for the emancipation of their fellow-countrymen. And it was indeed the national cause to which the instinct of the multitude pointed in all those movements. The Italian tricolored cockade was adopted everywhere, in spite of the entreaties of Orioli and others, who afterwards formed part of the government. During the first days of the insurrection, the youth of Bologna had endeavored to invade Tuscany, and they of Modena and Reggio to push on upon Massa; and later on, the National Guards demanded to be led through Furlo into the kingdom of Naples.

The leaders, however, contrived to convert an insurrection essentially Italian, both in its origin and aim, into a merely provincial movement. Extension was the law of life, the first condition of existence for the revolution. It was necessary to enlarge its basis as far as possible; and they limited and re-

stricted it within the narrowest bounds. They forbade all propaganda, and accumulated fresh obstacles in the path of the insurrection, instead of exerting themselves to remove those already existing. Nationality was the true soul of the enterprise; and they only sought support out of Italy. War with Austria being inevitable, every effort should have been directed to the energetic and victorious prosecution of war; and they declared that the triumph of the revolution depended on the preservation of peace, and that peace being not only possible, but probable, nay, almost certain, it was necessary to abstain from every demonstration likely to interrupt or disturb it. The revolution, from the very nature of its elements, and the special position of the provinces in insurrection, was necessarily republican; the sympathy of existing governments was therefore impossible, and it became urgent to seek allies in the homogenous element, among the peoples.

The sole pledge of alliance among peoples is a declaration of principles. They made no such declaration; they sought the favor of kings, and prostrated the movement of the peoples at the feet of diplomacy. It was necessary to excite to action by acting themselves; to awaken energy by displaying energy; to rouse faith by showing faith; and they, by their weakness and hesitation, betrayed their fears in every act. Hence, a sense of distrust arose in the insurgent states, and discouragement spread over the other provinces of Italy. Hence diplomatic treachery, and the unavoidable ruin of the whole movement. The principle of non-intervention had, it is true, been explicitly and solemnly proclaimed by the French Government. Before the insurrection

took place, a memorial had been drawn up by various influential Italians to inquire of the French Ambassador at Naples (Latour Maubourg) what would be the conduct of France in case an Italian revolution should provoke the armed intervention of Austria, and the Ambassador had written on the margin, with his own hand, that "France would support the revolution, provided the new government should not assume an anarchical form, and should recognize the order of things generally adopted in Europe."

Latour Maubourg afterwards denied this note, which was, however, sent to the Provisional Government during the first days of the movement. One of the members of that government, Francesco Orioli, who saw it, has attested the fact in his work, "De la Revolution d'Italie," printed in Paris in 1834–35. Moreover, Lafitte, then President of the Chamber of Deputies, had spoken the following words on the 1st December, 1830: "France will not allow any violation of the principle of non-intervention. . . . . The Holy Alliance made it a fundamental principle to suffocate popular liberty wheresoever it should raise its standard; the new principle proclaimed by France is that of allowing the unimpeded development of liberty wheresoever it may spontaneously arise." On the 15th of January, Guizot had declared, "The principle of non-intervention is identical with the principle of the liberty of the peoples;" and on the 22d of the same month, the Minister of Foreign Affairs had said, "The Holy Alliance was founded on the principle of intervention for the overthrow of the independence of all secondary states; the opposite principle, consecrated by us, and which we intend to see respected, assures liberty and in-

dependence to all." On the 28th the same things were repeated by the Duke of Dalmatia, and on the 29th by Sebastiani.

But if the leaders of the movement had, therefore, reason to believe that they should not be betrayed, it was nevertheless their duty to remember that, at that time (1831) any war between France and Austria would have certainly resolved itself into a general war between the principle of immobility and that of progress and national sovereignty; and that in such a war, though France herself would have reaped nothing but triumph, Louis Philippe would have run the risk of losing everything, and being overwhelmed by the popular movement. The French monarchy was weak, and utterly destitute of all support from popular sympathy. A revolutionary impulse given to France might have dragged it into the vortex of a war which, from the nature of the elements brought into play, would probably have rapidly assumed the character of a republican crusade. Peace was therefore necessary to the very existence of the dynasty. There was only one means of compelling the French monarchy to maintain its promises, namely, to contrive to hold out long enough to rouse the sympathy of public opinion in France, and to use every exertion to extend the movement on every side, especially in Piedmont, wherein the intervention of Austria, like that of Prussia in Belgium, is irreconcilable with the traditionary policy of France. The idea of overcoming the repugnance of Louis Philippe by a display of weakness was absolute madness, as it was madness to imagine that any principle of non-intervention would interfere with the advance of Austria. Even at the risk of war, Austria could not allow the

establishment of a free government in the vicinity of her Lombardo-Venetian possessions.

Thus the Insurrectionary Government, by neglecting to make preparations for war, while it gave Austria time enough to come to a rapid settlement of all her dissensions with France, yet left no time for the French Liberals to create a public opinion in their favor. The importance of the question of time was so well understood by Louis Philippe, that, trusting the insurrection might be suppressed before he should be called upon to give an account of his promises, he concealed the arrival of the dispatch of the French Ambassador at Vienna announcing the invasion of Central Italy by Austria, and withheld it for five days from the honest but incapable Lafitte, then President of the Council. However, the Provisional Governments of the insurgent provinces chose to adopt the hypothesis that Austria would not invade, that she would allow the insurrection time enough to implant itself firmly in the heart of Italy, and decided that the whole policy of the revolution ought therefore to consist in avoiding giving any just ground for invasion. Not a single act was passed, therefore, asserting the sovereignty and right of the nation; none to call the people to arms; none to organize the elections; none to incite or encourage the neighboring provinces of Italy to rise.

Fear was visible in their every decree. The revolution was made to appear a thing accepted rather than asserted and proclaimed. The Provisional Governments of Parma and Modena declared that the people had been placed in the necessity of forming a new government by the fact of the princes having abandoned their states without establishing any. The

Government of Bologna stated that it had been formed in consequence of the declaration of Monsignor Clarelli, the Pro-legate, announcing his determination of entirely renouncing the administration of political affairs, which had rendered it urgent to prevent anarchy. And even when the success and internal security of the revolution demanded a bolder language, the government, which had succeeded in concentrating the general direction of the movement in its own hands, had not the courage to appeal to the eternal rights of every people, but went to work to deduce the right of Bologna to liberty from the local tradition of a compact signed in 1447 between Bologna and Pope Nicholas V.; and a long, pedantic, and ignoble piece of writing, dated the 25th February, was published by the President Vicini, commenting, attorney fashion, upon that tradition. In Parma the leadership of the National Guard was offered to a certain Fedeli. He refused to accept it without permission from the duchess. The government allowed him to request that permission, and was repaid for its folly by his forming a retrograde conspiracy. At a later period, and when their finances were almost exhausted, they passed a decree ordering that the payment of the salaries of the *employés* of the banished court should be continued.

During the fermentation produced by the rising of Central Italy in Naples, in Piedmont, and on every side, while all were anxiously awaiting inspiration from the central focus wherein the insurrection had been first kindled, the decree of the 11th February coldly announced that "Bologna did not intend to interrupt her friendly relations with other states, nor to permit the smallest violation of their territories;

hoping that, in return, no intervention to her disadvantage would take place, as she had no intention of being drawn into action unless in self-defense." By this act the Centre abdicated all initiative, and separated her cause from the cause of Italy. All men of mere reaction — too numerous a class amongst us — indignantly gave up the thought of action elsewhere. The class of old-fashioned conspirators, who would diplomatize on the edge of the grave, imagining that this cowardly renunciation of duty on the part of the government concealed some great mystery of political art, whispered, "Keep quiet; they would never do this if they were not certain of French aid."

This unlimited confidence in everything bearing the outward semblance of calculation and tactics, and this constant distrust of all enthusiasm, energy, and simultaneous action — three things which sum up the whole science of revolution — was then, as it is now, the mortal disease of Italy. We wait, study, and follow circumstances; we neither seek to dominate nor create them. We honor with the name of prudence that which is, in act, merely mediocrity of intellect. The discouraging manner in which the Lombard deputies were received in 1821 induced them to renounce the idea of action; but had they had the courage to act, that discouragement would have been overcome. The Government of Bologna, trusting solely in the promises of foreign governments, gave up all idea, not only of offense, but of defense. The plan of organizing a militia was rejected. The fortifications of Ancona were not rebuilt. The suggestions of Zucchi, who, on his arrival in Bologna, ordered the formation of six regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, were opposed. The idea repeatedly

suggested by Sercognani, of a decisive enterprise upon Rome, where symptoms of insurrection had manifested themselves on the 12th, was repulsed. Neither the minister Armandi,[1] nor any of the others, were capable of comprehending the power and significance of an Italian banner floating from the Capitol.

The murmurs of the Italian youth were quieted by repeated promises which were never fulfilled; the stern voice of the press was silenced by the edict of the 12th February, "decreeing a penalty of fine or imprisonment to the sellers of any writings likely to injure the existing peaceful and friendly relations with foreign governments." And, as an inevitable consequence of its cowardly policy, the miserable Provisional Government was abandoned and betrayed by all. The French Government did not even deign a reply to Count Bianchetti, who was sent to Florence to interrogate the ambassadors of France and Austria, whilst it continued to maintain a friendly correspondence with the court of Rome. Count St. Aulaire, the envoy of France to Rome, avoided the route of Bologna, and all contact with its Provisional Government. Austria added insult to outrage by declaring her intention to invade Parma and Modena, solely in virtue of I know not what treaty of reversion, promising, however, that Bologna should be respected if she behaved well.

The invasion of Parma, Modena, and Reggio took place, and on the 6th of March the Provisional Gov-

[1] A certain Baron de Stoelting of Westphalia, belonging to the household of the Prince of Montforte (Jerome Bonaparte), had been sent to Armandi to persuade him to respect the promise made by that prince to Cardinal Bernetti that Rome should not be attacked. The interview took place at Ancona. Stoelting also had with him a letter from the Austrian Ambassador Count Lutzow. The Bonapartes were as fatal to us then as they have ever been.

ernment of Bologna declared, "The affairs of the Modenese are no concern of ours; non-intervention is a law for us, as well as for our neighbors; and none of us have any business to mix ourselves up with the affairs of the states on our frontiers." They also ordered that all "foreigners presenting themselves on their frontier should be disarmed and sent back;" and seven hundred Modenese foreigners, headed by Zucchi, were compelled to pass through Bologna as prisoners. The Austrian occupation of Ferrara followed upon that of Modena and Parma. Ferrara was a member of the united provinces, and as such had sent deputies to Bologna. Nevertheless, the government merely announced the fact to the citizens without comment. The "Precursore" (the organ of the government) of the 12th maintained that the principle of non-intervention had not been violated, because the treaties of Vienna conceded to Austria the right to hold a garrison in Ferrara; and two envoys of the government, Conti and Brunetti, had brought assurances from Bertheim, at Ferrara, that the Austrians would not advance any farther. A pontifical regency was established in Ferrara, and the Bolognese Government then maintained that there was no necessary connection between the acts of the Papacy and those of Austria.

The Austrians presented themselves at the gates of Bologna on the 20th, and the government, after giving orders that all should remain quiet, and that the National Guard should maintain order, the sole object of its institution, retired to Ancona. There, on the 25th March — two days after they had abdicated all power by the election of a Triumvirate — they capitulated to Cardinal Benvenuti, praying for

an amnesty. The request was signed by all the members of the government, except Carlo Pepoli, who was absent. The conditions of the capitulation were violated, as was to be expected, and it was annulled on the 5th April by the Pope. The edicts of the 14th and 30th condemned alike the leaders, accomplices, and approvers. And, as it is the habit of governments to insult the fallen, Louis Philippe announced to the Chamber, in his speech of the 23d June, that he had obtained from the Pope a complete amnesty for the insurgents.

Meanwhile, the Legitimate masters of the Italians violated the neutrality of the seas by capturing the vessel which was conveying Zucchi and about seventy others into exile, and conducting them prisoners to Venice, besides publishing such decrees as the following: "Whensoever, either through denunciations or secret testimony (the authors of which will never be compromised by being confronted with the accused or otherwise), we shall obtain the moral certainty of a crime committed, instead of making known the informer, we shall content ourselves, as a measure of police, with condemning the guilty person to an extraordinary punishment, milder than customary, but to which will invariably be added the penalty of exile."[1]

From studying the ill-fated movements of 1820–21 and 1831, I learned what errors it would be necessary to avoid in future. The greater number of Italians — who did not pause to distinguish between the events themselves and the men who attempted to control them — derived from these insurrections only a lesson of profound discouragement. To me they simply brought the conviction that success was a problem of direction, nothing more. Others opined

[1] *Decree of the Duke of Modena*, April 8, 1832.

that the blame I bestowed upon the directors of the movements ought to fall upon the whole country. The mere fact that such men rather than others had risen to power, was considered very generally to be the result of a vice inherent in the condition of Italy; and as giving an average, so to speak, of the Italian revolutionary power. I merely regarded that choice as a fault of logic, easily to be remedied. That error was the error only too prevalent at the present day, — that of intrusting the government of the insurrection to those who had had no share in making it.

The people and the youth of Italy have always yielded the reins of direction to the first man claiming the right to hold them with any show of authority. This may be traced to a well-meant but overstrained desire of legality, and an honorable though exaggerated fear of being accused of anarchy or ambition; to a traditionary habit, useful only in a normal state of things, of trusting to men of advanced age, or local influence; and to their absolute inexperience of the nature and development of great revolutions. The preliminary conspiracy and the revolution have always been represented by two distinct classes of men. The first were thrust aside as soon as all obstacles were overthrown, and the others then entered the arena the day after, to direct the development of an idea not their own, a design they had not matured, the elements and difficulties of which they had never studied, and in the enthusiasm and sacrifices of which they had had no share. Thus in Piedmont, in 1821, the development of the revolutionary idea was confided to men who, like Dal Pozzo,[1] Villamarina, and

[1] Dal Pozzo, when driven into exile in 1821, obtained permission to return by selling his pen to Austria. See his pamphlet *On the Happiness the Italians might and ought to derive from Austrian Government.*

Gubernatis, had been entire strangers to the preliminary conspiracy. Thus, in Bologna, they had accepted as members of their Provisional Government men who were approved by the government overthrown; men whose title to office was derived from an edict of Monsignore Clarelli. Thus the councils of commercial administration, having assumed the name of civil congresses, had declared themselves the legal representatives of the people, and without a shadow of right proceeded to elect the provisional authorities.

Now, the majority in these councils was composed of gray-headed men, educated under the old system of ideas, distrustful of the young, and still under the influence of the terror inspired by the excesses of the French Revolution. Their liberalism was like that of the party called Moderate in Italy at the present day; weak and fearful; capable of a timid legal opposition on points of detail, but never going back to first principles. They naturally elected men similarly constituted, descendants of the old families, professors, advocates with many clients, but all of them men disinherited alike of the enthusiasm, energy, or intellect necessary to achieve revolutions.

Our young men, trustful and inexperienced, gave way. They forgot the immense difference between the wants of a free and of an enslaved people, and the improbability that the same men who had represented the individual and municipal interests of the last, should be fitted to represent the political and national interests of the first. From these and other reflections I at last determined to obey my own instincts; and I founded the Association of Young Italy, with the following statutes for its basis.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MEMBERS OF YOUNG ITALY.

Liberty; Equality; Humanity; Independence; Unity.

SECTION 1.

Young Italy is a brotherhood of Italians who believe in a law of Progress and Duty, and are convinced that Italy is destined to become one nation, — convinced also that she possesses sufficient strength within herself to become one, and that the ill success of her former efforts is to be attributed not to the weakness, but to the misdirection of the revolutionary elements within her, — that the secret of force lies in constancy and unity of effort. They join this association in the firm intent of consecrating both thought and action to the great aim of reconstituting Italy as one independent sovereign nation of free men and equals.

SECTION 2.

By Italy we understand, — 1. Continental and peninsular Italy, bounded on the north by the upper circle of the Alps, on the south by the sea, on the west by the mouths of the Varo, and on the east by Trieste; 2. The islands proved Italian by the language of the inhabitants, and destined, under a special administrative organization, to form a part of the Italian political unity. By the Nation we understand the universality of Italians bound together by a common pact, and governed by the same laws.

SECTION 3.

Basis of the Association.

The security, efficacity, and rapid progress of an association are always in proportion to the determi-

nation, clearness, and precision of its aim. The strength of an association lies, not in the numerical cipher of the elements of which it is composed, but in the homogeneousness of those elements; in the perfect concordance of its members as to the path to be followed, and the certainty that the moment of action will find them ranged in a compact phalanx, strong in reciprocal trust, and bound together by unity of will, beneath a common banner. Revolutionary associations, which admit heterogeneous elements into their ranks, and possess no definite programme, may remain united in apparent harmony during the work of destruction; but will inevitably prove impotent to direct the movement the day after, and be undermined by discords all the more dangerous, in proportion as the necessities of the time call for unity of action and of aim.

A principle implies a method: or, in other words, as the aim is, so must the means be. So long as the true practical aim of a revolution remains uncertain, so long will the means adopted to promote or consolidate it remain futile and uncertain also. The revolution will proceed without faith: and hence its progress will be wavering and weak: The history of the past has proved this. Whosoever would assume the position of initiator in the transformation of a nation, whether individual or association, must know clearly to what the proposed changes are to lead. Whosoever would presume to call the people to arms, must be prepared to tell them wherefore. Whosoever would undertake a work of regeneration, must have a faith; if he have it not, he can but create *émeutes*, nothing more, and become the author of an anarchy he is neither able to remedy nor over-

come. For, indeed, no whole nation ever rises to battle in ignorance of the aim to be achieved by victory.

For these reasons the members of Young Italy make known to their fellow-countrymen, without reserve, the programme in the name of which they intend to combat. The aim of the association is revolution; but its labors will be essentially educational, both before and after the day of revolution; and it therefore declares the principles upon which the national education should be conducted, and from which alone Italy may hope for safety and regeneration. By preaching exclusively that which it believes to be truth, the association performs a work of duty, not of usurpation. By inculcating before the hour of action by what steps the Italians must achieve their aim, by raising its flag in the sight of Italy, and calling upon all those who believe it to be the flag of national regeneration, to organize themselves beneath its folds, the association does not seek to substitute that flag for the banner of the future nation. When once the nation herself shall be free, and able to exercise that right of sovereignty which is hers alone, she will raise her own banner, and make known her revered and unchallenged will as to the principle and the fundamental law of her existence.

Young Italy is Republican and Unitarian. Republican, — Because theoretically every nation is destined, by the law of God and humanity, to form a free and equal community of brothers; and the republican is the only form of government that insures this future. Because all true sovereignty resides essentially in the nation, the sole progressive and continuous interpreter of the supreme moral law. Because, whatever

be the form of privilege that constitutes the apex of the social edifice, its tendency is to spread among the other classes, and by undermining the equality of the citizens, to endanger the liberty of the country. Because, when the sovereignty is recognized as existing not in the whole body, but in several distinct powers, the path to usurpation is laid open, and the struggle for supremacy between these powers is inevitable; distrust and organized hostility take the place of harmony, which is society's law of life. Because the monarchical element being incapable of sustaining itself alone by the side of the popular element, it necessarily involves the existence of the intermediate element of an aristocracy — the source of inequality and corruption to the whole nation. Because both history and the nature of things teach us that elective monarchy tends to generate anarchy; and hereditary monarchy tends to generate despotism. Because, when monarchy is not, as in the Middle Ages, based upon the belief now extinct in right divine, it becomes too weak to be a bond of unity and authority in the state. Because the inevitable tendency of the series of progressive transformations taking place in Europe, is towards the enthronement of the republican principle, and because the inauguration of the monarchical principle in Italy would carry along with it the necessity of a new revolution shortly after.

Young Italy is republican, because practically there are no monarchical elements in Italy. We have no powerful and respected aristocracy to take the intermediate place between the throne and the people; we have no dynasty of Italian princes possessing any tradition either of glory or of important services rendered to the development of the nation, and com-

manding the affection and sympathy of the various states. Because our Italian tradition is essentially republican; our great memories are republican; the whole history of our national progress is republican; whereas the introduction of monarchy amongst us was coeval with our decay, and consummated our ruin by its constant servility to the foreigner, and antagonism to the people, as well as to the unity of the nation. Because, while the populations of the various Italian States would cheerfully unite in the name of a principle which could give no umbrage to local ambition, they would not willingly submit to be governed by a man, the offspring of one of those states; and their several pretensions would necessarily tend to federalism. Because, if monarchy were once set up as the aim of the Italian insurrection, it would, by a logical necessity, draw along with it all the obligations of the monarchical system: concessions to foreign courts; trust in and respect for diplomacy, and the repression of that popular element by which alone our salvation can be achieved; and, by intrusting the supreme authority to monarchists, whose interest it would be to betray us, we should infallibly ruin the insurrection. Because the characteristics successively assumed by the late Italian movements have proved our actual republican tendency. Because, before you can induce a whole people to rise, it is necessary to place before them an aim, appealing directly and in an intelligible manner to their own advantage, and their own rights. Because, doomed as we are to have all our governments opposed to the work of our regeneration, both from cowardice and from system, we are compelled either to stand alone in the arena, or to appeal to the sym-

pathy of the people by raising the banner of the people, and invoking their aid in the name of that principle which dominates every revolutionary manifestation in Europe at the present day.

Young Italy is Unitarian, — Because, without unity, there is no true nation. Because, without unity, there is no real strength; and Italy, surrounded as she is by powerful, united, and jealous nations, has need of strength before all things. Because federalism, by reducing her to the political impotence of Switzerland, would necessarily place her under the influence of one of the neighboring nations. Because federalism, by reviving the local rivalries now extinct, would throw Italy back upon the Middle Ages. Because federalism would divide the great national arena into a number of smaller arenæ; and, by thus opening a path for every paltry ambition, become a source of aristocracy. Because federalism, by destroying the unity of the great Italian family, would strike at the root of the great mission Italy is destined to accomplish towards humanity. Because Europe is undergoing a progressive series of transformations, which are gradually and irresistibly guiding European society to form itself into vast and united masses. Because the entire work of internal civilization in Italy will be seen, if rightly studied, to have been tending for ages to the formation of unity. Because all the objections raised against the unitarian system do but apply, in fact, to a system of administrative centralization and despotism, which has really nothing in common with unity.

National unity, as understood by Young Italy, does not imply the despotism of any, but the association and concord of all. The life inherent in each locality

is sacred. Young Italy would have the *administrative* organization designed upon a broad basis of religious respect for the liberty of each commune, but the *political* organization, destined to represent the nation in Europe, should be one and central. Without unity of religious belief, and unity of social pact; without unity of civil, political, and penal legislation, there is no true nation.

These principles, which are the basis of the association, and their immediate consequences, set forth in the publications of the association, form the creed of Young Italy; and the society only admits as members those who accept and believe in this creed. The minor applications of these principles, and the numerous secondary questions of political organization arising therefrom, are, and will continue to be, the object of the society's most serious consideration. Upon these questions, to which it invites the earnest attention of its members, the society is ready to admit and examine every diversity of opinion. The association will publish articles from time to time upon each of the above-mentioned principles, and the more important questions arising from them, viewing them from the height of that law of progress which governs the life of humanity, and our national Italian tradition. The general principles held by the members of Young Italy, in common with men of other nations, and those herein indicated having special regard to Italy, will be evolved and popularly explained by the initiators to the initiated, and by the initiated, as far as possible, to the generality of Italians. Both initiators and initiated must never forget that the moral application of every principle is the first and the most essential; that without mo-

rality there is no true citizen; that the first step towards the achievement of a holy enterprise is the purification of the soul by virtue; that, where the daily life of the individual is not in harmony with the principles he preaches, the inculcation of those principles is an infamous profanation and hypocrisy; that it is only by virtue that the members of Young Italy can win over others to their belief; that if we do not show ourselves far superior to those who deny our principles, we are but miserable sectarians; and that Young Italy must be neither a sect nor a party, but a faith and an apostolate. As the precursors of Italian regeneration, it is our duty to lay the first stone of its religion.

Section 4.

The means by which Young Italy proposes to reach its aim are — education and insurrection, to be adopted simultaneously, and made to harmonize with each other. Education must ever be directed to teach by example, word, and pen the necessity of insurrection. Insurrection, whenever it can be realized, must be so conducted as to render it a means of national education. Education, though of necessity secret in Italy, will be public out of Italy. The members of Young Italy will aid in collecting and maintaining a fund for the expenses of the printing and diffusion of the works of the association. The mission of the Italian exiles is to constitute an apostolate. The instructions and intelligence indispensable as preparatory to action will be secret, both in Italy and abroad.

The character of the insurrection must be national; the programme of the insurrection must contain the

germ of the programme of future Italian nationality. Wheresoever the initiative of insurrection shall take place, the flag raised, and the aim proposed, will be Italian. That aim being the formation of a nation, the insurrection will act in the name of the nation, and rely upon the people, hitherto neglected, for its support. That aim being the conquest of the whole of Italy, in whatever province the insurrection may arise, its operations with regard to other provinces will be conducted on a principle of invasion and expansion the most energetic, and the broadest possible. Desirous of regaining for Italy her rightful influence among the peoples, and her true place in their sympathy and affection, the insurrection will so direct its action as to prove the identity of her cause with theirs. Convinced that Italy is strong enough to free herself without external help; that, in order to found a nationality, it is necessary that the feeling and consciousness of nationality should exist; and that it can never be created by any revolution, however triumphant, if achieved by foreign arms; convinced, moreover, that every insurrection that looks abroad for assistance must remain dependent upon the state of things abroad, and can therefore never be certain of victory, — Young Italy is determined that while it will ever be ready to profit by the favorable course of events abroad, it will neither allow the character of the insurrection nor the choice of the moment to be governed by them.

Young Italy is aware that revolutionary Europe awaits a signal, and that this signal may be given by Italy as well as by any other nation. It knows that the ground it proposes to tread is virgin soil; and the experiment untried. Foregone insurrections have

relied upon the forces supplied by one class alone, and not upon the strength of the whole nation. The one thing wanting to twenty millions of Italians, desirous of emancipating themselves, is not power, but faith. Young Italy will endeavor to inspire this faith, first by its teachings, and afterwards by an energetic initiative. Young Italy draws a distinction between the period of insurrection, and that of revolution. The revolution begins as soon as the insurrection is triumphant. Therefore, the period which may elapse between the first initiative and the complete liberation of the Italian soil, will be governed by a provisional dictatorial power, concentrated in the hands of a small number of men. The soil once free, every authority will bow down before the National Council, the sole source of authority in the state.

Insurrection — by means of guerrilla bands — is the true method of warfare for all nations desirous of emancipating themselves from a foreign yoke. This method of warfare supplies the want — inevitable at the commencement of the insurrection — of a regular army; it calls the greatest number of elements into the field, and yet may be sustained by the smallest number. It forms the military education of the people, and consecrates every foot of the native soil by the memory of some warlike deed. Guerrilla warfare opens a field of activity for every local capacity; forces the enemy into an unaccustomed method of battle; avoids the evil consequences of a great defeat; secures the national war from the risk of treason, and has the advantage of not confining it within any defined and determinate basis of operations. It is invincible, indestructible. The regular

army, recruited with all possible solicitude, and organized with all possible care, will complete the work begun by the war of insurrection. All the members of Young Italy will exert themselves to diffuse these principles of insurrection. The association will develop them more fully in its writings, and explain from time to time the ideas and organization which should govern the period of insurrection.

SECTION 5.

All the members of Young Italy will pay into the treasury of the Society a monthly contribution of fifty centimes. Those whose position enables them to do so will bind themselves to pay a monthly contribution of a larger amount.

SECTION 6.

The colors of Young Italy are white, red, and green. The banner of young Italy will display these colors, and bear on the one side the words, Liberty, Equality, Humanity; and on the other, Unity, Independence.

SECTION 7.

Each member will, upon his initiation into the association of Young Italy, pronounce the following form of oath, in the presence of the initiator: —

In the name of God and of Italy;

In the name of all the martyrs of the holy Italian cause who have fallen beneath foreign and domestic tyranny;

By the duties which bind me to the land wherein God has placed me, and to the brothers whom God has given me;

By the love — innate in all men — I bear to the

country that gave my mother birth, and will be the home of my children ;

By the hatred — innate in all men — I bear to evil, injustice, usurpation, and arbitrary rule ;

By the blush that rises to my brow when I stand before the citizens of other lands, to know that I have no rights of citizenship, no country, and no national flag ;

By the aspiration that thrills my soul towards that liberty for which it was created, and is impotent to exert ; towards the good it was created to strive after, and is impotent to achieve in the silence and isolation of slavery ;

By the memory of our former greatness, and the sense of our present degradation ;

By the tears of Italian mothers for their sons dead on the scaffold, in prison, or in exile ;

By the sufferings of the millions, —

I, *A. B.*, believing in the mission intrusted by God to Italy, and the duty of every Italian to strive to attempt its fulfillment ; convinced that where God has ordained that a nation shall be, He has given the requisite power to create it ; that the people are the depositaries of that power, and that in its right direction for the people, and by the people, lies the secret of victory ; convinced that virtue consists in action and sacrifice, and strength in union and constancy of purpose : I give my name to Young Italy, an association of men holding the same faith, and swear :

To dedicate myself wholly and forever to the endeavor with them to constitute Italy one free, independent, republican nation ; to promote by every means in my power — whether by written or spoken

word, or by action — the education of my Italian brothers towards the aim of Young Italy; towards association, the sole means of its accomplishment, and to virtue, which alone can render the conquest lasting; to abstain from enrolling myself in any other association from this time forth; to obey all the instructions, in conformity with the spirit of Young Italy, given me by those who represent with me the union of my Italian brothers; and to keep the secret of these instructions, even at the cost of my life; to assist my brothers of the association both by action and counsel —

NOW AND FOREVER.

This do I swear, invoking upon my head the wrath of God, the abhorrence of man, and the infamy of the perjurer, if I ever betray the whole or a part of this my oath.

I was the first to take the oath. Many of those who swore it then or since, are now courtiers, busy members of Moderate societies, timid servants of the Bonapartist policy, and persecutors or calumniators of their former brethren. They may hate me as one who recalls to them the faith they swore to and betrayed, but they cannot quote a single fact showing that I have ever been false to my oath. I believe in the sacredness of those principles, and in their future triumph, now as I did then. I have lived, I live, and I shall die, a Republican, bearing witness to my faith to the last. Should they attempt to exculpate themselves by asserting that I too, in these later years, have striven and do strive to realize unity even under a monarchical flag, I have only to refer them to those lines in the statutes of Young

Italy, which declare that the Association does not seek to substitute its own flag for the banner of the nation. . . . . When the Nation herself shall be free, ... she will proclaim her revered and unchallenged will, etc., etc.

The people of Italy are led astray by a delusion at the present day, — a delusion which has induced them to substitute material unity for moral unity and their own regeneration. Not so I. I bow my head sorrowfully to the sovereignty of the national will, but monarchy will never number me among its servants or followers. The future will declare whether my faith is founded upon truth or no. Let the statutes in like manner serve as an answer to the hundreds of accusations cast upon me at a later period by spies like De la Hodde, or madmen like D'Arlincourt, and so frequently quoted with delight by writers of the Moderate party who know them to be false. By suppressing the condemnations to death decreed by all anterior secret societies, and substituting at the outset the theory of duty for the erroneous foreign theory of rights, as the basis of our labors; by prefixing a definite programme as our supreme rule of action, and thus affording a test by which every member might try the instructions submitted to him; by resolutely denying the necessity of a foreign initiative, and declaring that the association, while maintaining inviolable secrecy as to its labors towards insurrection, would unfold and develop its principles by means of the press, I entirely separated the new brotherhood from all the old secret societies, from their tyranny of invisible chiefs, ignoble blind obedience, empty symbolism, multiple hierarchy, and spirit of revenge.

Young Italy closed the period of political sects, and initiated that of educational associations. It is true that afterwards, when the first period of our activity was concluded, several associations sprung up in Calabria and elsewhere, independent of the central association, which, while they assumed the then popular name of Young Italy, founded statutes in accordance with the special customs of their own province, or the personal tendency of their founders, in some respects differing from our own. But unless this occurred where circumstances forbade all contact with us, we always insisted upon their adopting our fundamental rules. And they who attempt to throw the responsibility of such deviations upon us, resemble those anti-republicans who seek to render the republican principle responsible for the reign of terror in 1793, or those anti-monarchists who would render monarchy responsible for the assassinations of 1815 in the South of France. Excesses have been committed by all parties in every national movement, for which neither the parties themselves nor the movement are rendered responsible by men of good faith.

I placed myself at the head of the movement, because the conception being mine, it was natural that I should work it out, and because I knew myself possessed of the indefatigable activity and determination of will required to develop it, and regarded unity of direction as indispensable. But the programme which was destined to be the soul of the association was public, nor could I have deviated from it in the smallest degree without the other members being aware of my error and reproving me. Moreover I was surrounded by and accessible at all hours to members who were my personal friends, and

ready freely to use the rights of friendship. It was in fact a fraternal collective work, in which the privilege of the director was that of incurring the largest share of the obloquy, opposition, and persecution that fell upon all.

True to my idea of initiating our double mission, public and secret, educational and insurrectional, — whilst I labored assiduously, as will be seen, in the formation of committees of the association throughout all Italy, — I hastened to print the Manifesto of Young Italy, a series of articles upon the political, moral, and literary position of Italy, with a view to her regeneration. Pecuniary means we had none. I economized as far as was possible upon the quarterly allowance sent me by my family. My friends were all exiles without means. But we risked the attempt, trusting in the future, and in the voluntary subscriptions that would reach us should our principles be accepted. The Manifesto was issued, if I remember rightly, about the end of 1831. The first number of our journal followed shortly after.

MANIFESTO OF YOUNG ITALY.

If we thought that a journal, issued by wandering exiled Italians, whom fate has cast among a foreign people, their hearts fed by rage and grief, and unconsoled save by a hope, was to prove but a barren expression of protest and lament, we should be silent. Too much time has hitherto been spent in words amongst us, too little in acts; and were we simply to regard the suggestions of our individual tendencies, silence would appear the fittest reply to undeserved calumny and overwhelming misfortune, — the silence of the indignant soul burning for the

moment of solemn justification. But in consideration of the actual state of things, and the desire expressed by our Italian brothers, we feel it a duty to disregard our individual inclinations for the sake of the general good. We feel it urgent to speak out frankly and freely, and to address some words of severe truth to our fellow-countrymen, and to those peoples who have witnessed our misfortune.

Great revolutions are the work rather of principles than of bayonets, and are achieved first in the moral, and afterwards in the material sphere. Bayonets are truly powerful only when they assert or maintain a right; the rights and duties of society spring from a profound moral sense which has taken root in the majority. Blind brute force may create victors, victims, and martyrs; but tyranny results from its triumph, whether it crown the brow of prince or tribune, if achieved in antagonism to the will of the majority. Principles alone, when diffused and propagated amongst the peoples, manifest their right to liberty, and by creating the desire and need of it, invest mere force with the vigor and justice of law. Truth is one. The principles of which it is composed are multiple. The human intellect cannot embrace them all at one grasp, nor having comprehended them, can it organize and combine them all in one intelligible, limited, and absolute form. Men of great genius and large heart sow the seeds of a new degree of progress in the world, but they bear fruit only after many years, and through the labors of many men.

The education of humanity does not proceed by fits and starts. The beliefs of humanity are the result of a long and patient application of principles, the study of details, and the comparison of causes

with facts and events. A journal therefore, a gradual, successive, and progressive labor of wide and vast proportions, the work of many men agreed in a definite aim, which rejects no fact, but observes them all in their true order and various bearings, tracing in each the action of the immutable first principles of things, appears to be the method of popular instruction most in harmony with the impatient rapidity and multiplicity of events in our own day. In Italy, as in every country aspiring towards a new life, there is a clash of opposing elements, of passions assuming every variety of form, and of desires tending in fact towards one sole aim, but through modifications almost infinite.

There are many men in Italy full of lofty and indignant hatred to the foreigner, who shout for liberty simply because it is the foreigner who withholds it. There are others, having at heart the union of Italy before all things, who would gladly unite her divided children under any strong will, whether of native or foreign tyrant. Others again, fearful of all violent commotions, and doubtful of the possibility of suddenly subduing the shock of private interests, and the jealousies of different provinces, shrink from the idea of absolute union, and are ready to accept any new partition diminishing the number of sections into which the country is divided. Few appear to understand that a fatal necessity will impede all true progress in Italy, until every effort at emancipation shall proceed upon the three inseparable bases of unity, liberty, and independence. But the number of those who do understand it is daily increasing, and this conviction will rapidly absorb every other variety of opinion. Love of country, abhorrence of Austria,

and a burning desire to throw off her yoke, are passions now universally diffused, and the *compromises* inculcated by fear, or a mistaken notion of tactics and diplomacy, will be abandoned, and vanish before the majesty of the national will. In this respect, therefore, the question may be regarded as lying between tyranny driven to its last and most desperate struggle, and those resolved to bravely dare its overthrow.

The question as to the means by which to reach our aim, and convert the insurrection into a lasting and fruitful victory, is by no means so simple. There is a class of men of civic ability and influence who imagine that revolutions are to be conducted with diplomatic caution and reserve, instead of the energy of an irrevocable faith and will. They admit our principles, but reject their consequences; deplore extreme evils, yet shrink from extreme remedies, and would attempt to lead the peoples to liberty with the same cunning and artifice adopted by tyranny to enslave them. Born and educated at a time when the conscience of a free man was a thing almost unknown in Italy, they have no faith in the power of a people rising in the name of their rights, their past glories, their very existence. They have no faith in enthusiasm, nor indeed in aught beyond the calculations of that diplomacy by which we have a thousand times been bought and sold, and the foreign bayonets by which we have been a thousand times betrayed. They know nothing of the elements of regeneration that have been fermenting for the last half century in Italy, nor of that yearning after better things which is the heart's desire of our masses at the present day. They do not understand that, after many

centuries of slavery, a nation can only be regenerated through virtue, or through death. They do not understand that twenty-six millions of men, strong in a good cause and an inflexible will, are invincible. They do not believe in the possibility of uniting them in a single aim and purpose. But have they ever earnestly attempted this? Have they shown themselves ready to die for this? Have they ever proclaimed an Italian crusade? Have they ever taught the people that there is but one path to salvation; that a movement made in their cause must be upheld and sustained by themselves; that war is inevitable — desperate and determined war that knows no truce save in victory or the grave?

No; they have either stood aloof, dismayed by the greatness of the enterprise, or advanced doubtfully and timidly, as if the glorious path they trod were the path of illegality or crime. They deluded the people by teaching them to hope in the observance of principles deduced from the records of congresses or cabinets; extinguished the ardor of those ready for fruitful sacrifice, by promises of foreign aid; and wasted in inertia, or in discussions about laws they knew not how to defend, the time which should have been wholly devoted to energetic action or to battle. Afterwards, when deceived in their calculations and betrayed by diplomacy; with the enemy at their gates, and terror in their hearts; when the sole method of noble expiation left them was to die at their post, — they shrank even from that, and fled. Now, they deny all power of faith in the nation, — they who never sought to kindle it by example, — and scoff at the enthusiasm they extinguished by their cowardice and hesitation. Peace

be with them, however, for their errors sprang from weakness rather than baseness; but what right have they to assume the direction of an enterprise they are incapable of grasping or conceiving in its vastness and unity? In the progress of revolutions, however, every error committed serves as a step towards truth. Late events have been a better lesson to the rising generation than whole volumes of theories, and we affirm that the events of 1821 have consummated and concluded the separation of Young Italy from the men of the past.

Perhaps this last example, wherein the solemn oath sworn over the corpses of seven thousand of their countrymen was converted into a compact of infamy and delusion, was needed to convince the Italians that God and fortune protect the brave; that victory lies at their sword's point, and not in artifices of protocols. Perhaps the lessons of ten centuries, and the dying curses of their vanquished fathers, were insufficient to convince the people that they may not look for liberty at the hands of the foreigner; perhaps the spectacle of the perjury of free men who had themselves arisen against a perjurer but six months before, as well as the miseries of exile, scorn, and persecution, were yet wanting. But now, in this nineteenth century, Italy does know that unity of enterprise is a condition without which there is no salvation; that all true revolution is a declaration of war unto death between two principles; that the fate of Italy must be decided upon the plains of Lombardy, and that peace may only be signed beyond the Alps.

Italy does know that there is no true war without the masses; that the secret of raising the masses lies

in the hands of those who show themselves ready to fight and conquer at their head; that new circumstances call for new men — men untrammeled by old habits and systems, with souls virgin of interest or greed, and in whom the Idea is incarnate; that the secret of power is faith; that true virtue is sacrifice, and true policy to be and to prove one's self strong. Young Italy knows these things. It feels the greatness of its mission, and will fulfill it. We swear it by the thousands of victims that have fallen during the last ten years to prove that persecutions do not crush, but fortify conviction; we swear it by the human soul that aspires to progress; by the youthful combatants of Rimini; by the blood of the martyrs of Modena. There is a whole religion in that blood; no power can exterminate the seed of liberty when it has germinated in the blood of brave men. Our religion of to-day is still that of martyrdom; to-morrow it will be the religion of victory. And for us, the young — for us who are believers in the same creed — it is a duty to further the sacred cause by every means in our power. Since circumstances forbid us the use of arms, we will write.

The ideas and aspirations now scattered and disseminated among our ranks require to be organized and reduced to a system. This new and powerful element of life, which is urging young Italy towards her regeneration, has need of purification from every servile habit, from every unworthy affection. And we, with the help of the Italians, will undertake this task, and strive to make ourselves the true interpreters of the various desires, sufferings, and aspirations that constitute the Italy of the nineteenth century. It is our intention to publish, within certain deter-

minate forms and conditions, a series of writings tending towards the aim, and governed by the principles we have indicated. We shall not abstain from philosophical or literary subjects. Unity is intellect's first law. The reformation of a people rests upon no sure foundation unless based upon agreement in religious belief, and upon the harmonious union of the complex sum of human faculties; and the office of literature, when viewed as a moral priesthood, is to give form and expression to the principles of truth; as such, it is a powerful engine of civilization.

Italy being our chief object, we shall not enlarge upon foreign politics or events in Europe, except in so far as may promote the education of the Italians, or tend to heap infamy upon the oppressors of mankind, and to strengthen and draw closer those bonds of sympathy which should bind the freemen of all nations in one sole brotherhood of hope and action. There is a voice that cries unto us: The religion of humanity is love. Wheresoever two hearts throb to the same impulse, wheresoever two souls commune in virtue, there is a country. Nor will we deny the noblest aspiration of our epoch, the aspiration towards the universal association of good men. But the blood still flowing from the wounds caused by trust in the foreigner must not too soon be forgotten. The last cry of the betrayed yet interposes between us and the nations by which we have been sold, neglected, or despised. Pardon is the virtue of victory. Love demands equality, both of power and esteem. While we repudiate alike the assistance and the pity of foreign nations, we shall aid in enlightening the European mind, by showing the Italians as they really are; neither blind, nor cowardly, but unfortu-

nate; and by so doing lay the foundations of future friendship upon mutual esteem.

Italy is not known. Vanity, thoughtlessness, and the necessity of seeking excuses for crimes committed towards her, have all contributed to misrepresent facts, passions, habits, and customs. We will uncover our wounds, and show to foreign nations our blood flowing as the price of that peace for which we have been sacrificed by the fears of diplomatists; we will declare the duties of other nations towards us, and unveil the falsehoods by which we have been overcome. We will drag forth from the prisons and the darkness of despotism, documentary evidence of our wrongs, our sorrows, and our virtues. We will descend into the dust of our sepulchres, and display the bones of our martyrs and the names of our unknown great in the eyes of foreign nations; mute witnesses of our sufferings, our constancy, and their guilty indifference. A cry of fearful anguish goes up from those ruins upon which Europe gazes in cold indifference, forgetful that they have twice shed the light of liberty and civilization upon her. We have given ear unto that cry, and we will repeat it to Europe until she learn the greatness of the wrong done; we will say unto the peoples, Such are the souls you have bought and sold; such is the land you have condemned to isolation and eternal slavery!

Strange to say, the objections raised against us generally sprang from the belief which had taken root among the men of past insurrections, and the semi-enlightened classes of the Peninsula, — that unity was an impossible Utopia, and contrary to the historical tendencies of the Italians. Facts have now

decided this question between me and these opponents. But at that time, when the opinion against unity was almost universal among the so-called educated classes; when all the governments of Europe supported the theory of Metternich that Italy was a mere geographical expression; when the men most noted for their republican principles, revolutionary aims, and antagonism to existing treaties, were all partisans of Federalism, as the only possible form of national existence for us Italians, — the causes of doubt and distrust were numerous indeed.

Armand Carrell, and the writers of the "National," hinted at the advantages of a confederation in Italy, Germany, and Spain. Buonarroti, and the conspirators grouped around him, were theoretically favorable to the unity of nations; but their unalterable conviction that no people ought to attempt to move before France should have led the way, rendered their theory illusory, and threatened to crush it in the germ. The truth is, that throughout the whole of that period of European agitation, all intuition of the future was wanting. The aim of the agitation was liberty above all things.

Few understood that lasting liberty can only be achieved and maintained in Europe by strong and compact nations, equally balanced in power, and therefore not liable to be driven to the necessity of seeking a protecting alliance by guilty concessions; or led astray by the hope of assistance in territorial questions, to the point of seeking to ally their liberty with despotism. Few understood that the association of the nations to promote the organized and peaceful progress of humanity which they invoked, was only possible on the condition that those nations should

first have a real and recognized existence. The compulsory conjunction of different races, utterly devoid of that unity of faith and moral aim in which true nationality consists, does not in fact constitute a nation. The division of Europe, sanctioned in the treaties of 1815, by the excess of power given to some states, produced a consequent weakness in others, and placed them in the necessity of leaning upon some one of the great powers, no matter upon what terms, for support; while the germs of internal dissension that division had implanted in the heart of every people had created an insurmountable barrier to the normal and secure development of liberty.

To reconstruct the map of Europe, then, in accordance with the special mission assigned to each people by their geographical, ethnographical, and historical conditions, was the first step necessary for all. I believed that the question of the nationalities was destined to give its name to the century, and restore to Europe that power of initiative for good, which had ceased, on the conclusion of the past epoch, by the fall of Napoleon.

But such foreshadowings of the future were seen by few. Hence the question of unity, with me supreme over every other, was not generally held to be important, and the apparent obstacles in the way of its solution easily induced the liberals to neglect it. In France, the instinct of domination which exists, not among the masses, but among the enlightened class, was then, as ever, favorable to any plan or theory tending to surround strong and united France with free but weak confederations. I, however, considered it of more importance, in order to verify my own conception, to ascertain the true instinct of the

masses and the youth of Italy, than to obtain the approval of the half-enlightened either in my own or other countries. I occupied my time, therefore, between the writing of one article and another, in founding and spreading my secret association. I sent statutes, instructions, suggestions of every description, to those young friends I had left behind in Genoa and Leghorn. There, thanks to the brothers Ruffini in Genoa, and to Bini and Guerrazzi in Leghorn, the first congregations were established. It was thus we denominated our nuclei of direction, choosing our title from the memories of Pontida.

The organization was as simple and as free from symbolism as it was possible to make it. Rejecting the interminable hierarchy of Carbonarism, the institution had only two grades of rank — the Initiators and the Initiated. Those were chosen as Initiators, who, to their devotion to the principles of the association, added sufficient intelligence and prudence to justify their being permitted to select new members. The simply initiated were not empowered to affiliate. A central committee existed abroad, whose duties consisted in holding aloft, as it were, the flag of the association, forging as many links as possible between the Italian and foreign democratic element, and generally directing and superintending the working of the association. There were also native committees established in the chief towns of the more important provinces, who managed the practical details, correspondence, etc.; a director or organizer of the initiators in each city, and groups of members, unequal in number, but each headed by an initiator. Such was the framework of Young Italy. The correspondence passed first from the initiated

to the initiators; then through each of these, singly, to the director; through the director to the congregation of his district; and from the congregation to the central committee. All masonic signs of recognition were abolished as dangerous. A watchword, a piece of paper previously cut into a certain shape, and a certain fashion of giving the hand, were used to accredit the messengers sent from the central to the provincial committees, and *vice versa;* and these signs were changed every three months. Each member was required to bind himself to a monthly contribution according to his means. Two thirds of the money thus collected was retained in the provincial treasuries; one third was paid in, or, more correctly speaking, ought to have been paid in, to the treasury of the central committee, to provide for the expenses of the general organization. It was calculated that the expenses of printing would be defrayed by the sale of the writings. The symbol of the association was a sprig of cypress, in memory of our martyrs. Its motto, *Ora e sempre*, "*Now and forever*," indicated the constancy indispensable for our enterprise.

The banner of Young Italy, composed of the three Italian colors, bore on the one side the words, LIBERTY, EQUALITY, HUMANITY; and on the other UNITY and INDEPENDENCE. The first indicated the international mission of Italy; the second, the national. From the first moment of its existence, GOD and HUMANITY was adopted as the formula of the association, with regard to its external relations; while GOD and the PEOPLE was that chosen in its relations to our own country.

From these two principles, which are in fact the

application of one sole principle to two different spheres, the association deduced its whole religious, social, political, and individual faith. Young Italy was the first among the political associations of that day which endeavored to comprehend all the various manifestations of national life in one sole conception, and to direct and govern them all from the height of a religious principle — the mission confided by the Creator to his creature — towards one sole aim, the emancipation of our country and its brotherhood with free nations.

The instructions which, in that first period of the association, I continued to impart to the various committees and directors, as well as the other young Italians with whom I came in contact, were both moral and political. The following is a summary of the bearing of the moral instructions : —

" We are not only conspirators, but believers. We aspire to be not only revolutionists, but, so far as we may, regenerators. Our problem is, above all things, a problem of national education. Arms and insurrection are merely the means without which, in the position of our country, it is impossible to solve that problem. But we will only use bayonets on the condition that they have ideas at their points. It were of little import to destroy, if we had not the hope of building up something better ; of little use to write duty and right upon a fragment of paper, if we had not the firm determination and the faith that we can engrave them upon men's hearts. Our fathers neglected to do this, therefore it is our duty ever to bear it in mind. It is not enough to persuade the various states of Italy to rise in insurrection. What we have to do is to create a nation. It is our religious con-

viction that Italy has not consumed her life in this world. She is yet destined to introduce new elements in the progressive development of humanity, and to live a third life. Our object is to endeavor to initiate this life. Materialism can generate no political doctrine but that of individuality, — a doctrine useful, perhaps, if supported by force, in securing the exercise of some personal rights, but impotent to found nationality or association; both of which require faith in our unity of origin, of tendency, and of aim. We reject it. We must endeavor to take up the thread of the Italian philosophy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; to carry on its tradition of synthesis and spirituality; to rekindle a strong and earnest faith; and, by reawakening the consciousness of the great deeds of their nation in the hearts of the Italians, to inspire them with the courage, power of sacrifice, constancy, and concord, necessary for our great work."

The political instructions declared: "The most logical party is ever the strongest. Do not be satisfied with inspiring a mere spirit of rebellion in your followers, nor an uncertain, indefinite declaration of liberalism. Ask of each man in what he believes, and only accept as members those whose convictions are the same as our own. Put your trust, not so much in the number, as in the unity of your forces. Ours is an experiment upon the Italian people. We may resign ourselves to the possibility of seeing our hopes betrayed, but we may not risk the danger of seeing discord arise in the camp the day after action. You have to elevate a new banner, and you must seek its supporters among the young, who are capable of enthusiasm, energy, and sacrifice. Tell them the whole

truth. Let them know all as to our aim and intent. We can then rely upon them if they accept it. The great error of the past has been that of intrusting the fate of the country to individuals rather than to principles. Combat this error, and preach faith, not in names, but in the people, in our rights, and in God. Teach your followers that they must choose their leaders among men who seek their inspiration from revolution, not from the previous order of things. Lay bare all the errors committed in 1831, and do not conceal the faults of the leaders. Repeat incessantly that the salvation of Italy lies in her people. The lever of the people is action, continuous action; action ever renewed, without allowing one's self to be overcome or disheartened by first defeats. Avoid compromises. They are almost always immoral, as well as dangerous. Do not deceive yourselves with any idea of the possibility of avoiding war, a war both bloody and inexorable, with Austria. Seek rather, as soon as you feel you are strong enough, to promote it. Revolutionary war should always take the offensive. By being the first to attack, you inspire your enemies with terror, and your friends with courage and confidence. Hope nothing from foreign governments. They will never be really willing to aid you until you have shown that you are strong enough to conquer without them. Put no trust in diplomacy, but disconcert its intrigues by beginning the struggle, and by publicity in all things. Never rise in any other name than that of Italy, and of all Italy. If you gain your first battle in the name of a principle, and with your own forces alone, it will give you the position of initiators among the peoples, and you will have them for companions in the second.

And should you fall, you will at least have helped to educate your countrymen, and leave behind you a programme to direct the generation to come."

Many of those who were in contact with me at that time are still living, and can bear witness that the above is the true tenor of my instructions. The experiment succeeded. The *soi-disant* thinkers of that day were confuted by the people. Committees were rapidly constituted in the principal cities of Tuscany. In Genoa, the brothers Ruffini, Campanella, Benza, and the few others who accepted the task of spreading the association, were all very young men, — unknown, and without fortune, or other means of acquiring influence. And yet, nevertheless, from student to student, from youth to youth, the confraternity extended itself with unexpected rapidity. Our first publications supplied the want of personal influence. All who read them joined us. It was a victory of ideas substituted to the power of names, or the fascinations of mystery. Our ideas met with an echo, and evidently responded to the aspirations hitherto dormant or unconscious in the hearts of our Italian youth. And this was enough to encourage us, and to point out to us those duties, which, to say the truth, each and all of that little body of precursors, as far as labor and sacrifice were concerned, most truly fulfilled.

With the exception of the St. Simonians (in whom at that very time the mere semblance of a religion was powerful enough to inspire greater capacity of self-sacrifice than could be found in all the merely political democratic societies put together), I never saw — I declare this from a sense of duty towards the dead, and towards those who are still living, al-

most unknown, and careless of fame — I never saw any nucleus of young men so devoted, capable of such strong mutual affection, such pure enthusiasm, and such readiness in daily, hourly toil, as were those who then labored with me. We were, Lamberti, Usiglio, Lustrini, G. B. Ruffini, and five or six others, almost all Modenese; alone, without any office, without subalterns, immersed in labor the whole of the day, and the greater part of the night; writing articles and letters, seeing travellers, affiliating the Italian sailors, folding our printed articles, tying up bundles, alternating between intellectual labor and the routine of working men.

La Cecilia, at that time sincere and good, worked as compositor; Lamberti, as corrector of the press; and another took upon himself the duties of porter, to save the expense of the carriage of our publications. We lived together, true equals and brothers; brothers in one sole hope and ideal; loved and admired for our tenacity of purpose and industry by foreign republicans. Very often — for we had only our own little funds wherewith to meet every expense — we were reduced to the extreme of poverty, but we were always cheerful, with the smile of faith in the future upon our lips.

Those two years, from 1831 to 1833, were two years of young life of such pure and glad devotedness as I could wish the coming generation to know. We were assailed by enemies sufficiently determined, and underwent many dangers, as I shall have occasion to show. But it was a warfare waged against us by known and avowed foes. The miserable petty warfare of ingratitude, suspicion, and calumny among our own countrymen, too often even among our own

party; the unmerited desertion of former friends; nay, the desertion of our banner itself, not from conviction, but from weakness, offended vanity, or worse, by nearly the whole of the generation that had sworn fidelity to it with us, had not then occurred — I will not say to wither or deflower our souls — but to teach the few amongst us who remained firm, —

"La violenta e disperata pace," [1]

and the stern lesson of labor uncomforted by any individual hope, urged on by duty — cold, drear, inexorable duty alone. God save those who come after us from this.

The method of smuggling our papers into Italy was a vital question for our association. A youth named Montanari, who travelled to and fro on the Neapolitan steamers, as agent for the Steamboat Company, and who afterwards died of cholera in the South of France, and certain others employed upon the French steamers, served us admirably. Before the irritation of the governments against us had risen to fury, we found it sufficient to write upon the packets of papers intended for Genoa the address of some unsuspected commercial house at Leghorn, and upon those for Leghorn an address at Civita Vecchia, and so on. By these means the scrutiny of the police and custom-house officers of the place where the steamer first touched was avoided. The packet remained on board in the custody of the person to whom we had intrusted it, until one of our correspondents, to whom previous notice had been given, could find means to go upon the steamer, receive it, and conceal it about his person. But when the attention of the authorities had been thoroughly roused; when large

[1] "The forced and desperate calm." — DANTE.

rewards were offered for the seizure of any of our papers, and tremendous punishments threatened to all who should in any way aid their introduction into Italy; when Charles Albert issued edicts signed by the ministers Caccia, Pensa, Barbaroux, and Lascarène, condemning those guilty of non-denunciation to a fine and two years of imprisonment, promising to the informer secrecy and half the fine; then began the duel between us and the ignoble governments of Italy, — a duel which cost us great labor and expense, but in which fortune was upon our side.

We now sent our papers inside barrels of pumice-stone, and even of pitch, which we filled ourselves in a little warehouse we had hired for the purpose. Ten or twelve of these barrels were dispatched by means of commission agents ignorant of their contents, and addressed to others equally in the dark, in the various towns to which we wanted to send. One of our associates always presented himself shortly after their arrival as a purchaser, taking care to select a barrel bearing a number already indicated to him by us, as containing our inclosures. I cite this as one of the thousand artifices to which we had recourse.

We were also assisted in our smuggling by French republicans, and above all by the sailors of the Italian merchant navy, who were as good then as they are now, and towards whom much of our educational activity had been directed. Foremost among the best of these were the men of Lerici; and I remember one of them still with admiration and affection, — a certain Ambrogio Giacopello, an excellent type of the Italian *popolano*, who lost his ship and all he possessed through carrying two hundred muskets to the Ligurian coast for us, and who, nevertheless, re-

mained a true and devoted friend to me. I believe he is still living in Marseilles, and I could wish these lines might meet his eye. I am sure he would be glad to know himself so remembered by me. But I have never met with either ingratitude or forgetfulness among the men of the people in Italy.

Unable to put a stop to the diffusion of our writings in Italy, the Italian Governments addressed themselves to the Government of France in order to stifle our voice in Marseilles; and the French Government, having now been recognized by all the others, and having therefore no longer any occasion to seek to alarm the despots of Europe, complied with their request. But I shall have again to speak of the system of persecution commenced against us, and of our conduct during that persecution. Suffice it here to say that it was unable to impede the progress of our undertaking.

The association rapidly spread from Genoa along the two Riviere. Our committees were multiplied. Secret and tolerably secure means of communication were found even with the Neapolitan frontier. Frequent travellers were dispatched from one province to another, in order to convey our instructions, and keep up the ardor of the affiliated. The anxiety to obtain our writings was such that the number of copies we were able to send was quite insufficient to supply the demand. Clandestine presses were established in various parts of Italy to reproduce our works, and issue short similar publications inspired by local circumstances.

Young Italy, thus everywhere hailed and received with enthusiasm, became in less than one year the dominant association throughout the whole of Italy.

It was the triumph of Principles. The bare fact that in so short a space of time a handful of young men, themselves sprung from the people, unknown, without means, and openly opposed to the doctrines of all those men of standing and influence who had hitherto possessed the confidence of the people and directed the popular movement, should find themselves thus rapidly at the head of an association sufficiently powerful to concentrate against it the alarmed persecution of seven governments, is, I think, in itself enough to show that the banner they had raised was the banner of truth.

The ministerial decree by which, in order to please the despotic governments of Italy, I was exiled from France, was issued in August, 1832. It was very important to me to continue the publication of our writings in Marseilles, where I had organized a system of communication with Italy. I therefore decided not to obey; but I concealed myself, in order to allow it to be supposed I had departed. The exiles of all nations were at that time relegated in the departments, and allowed a wretched pittance, in virtue of which they were to submit to special laws, resembling the laws against the suspected in the old revolution, and afterwards against the class known as the *Watched-over* (Attendibili) in the South of Italy. I accepted no subsidy from the government, and I forwarded a protest to the "Tribune," a republican organ of that day. As was to be expected, the persecution increased after the protest. Irritated by our persistence, and incessantly urged by the agents of the Italian Governments, the French minister tried every means in his power in order to suppress the

journal "Young Italy." He threatened several of our compositors and others, whom he supposed contributors, with expulsion; sought to intimidate the publisher by means of sequestration; and redoubled his researches in the hope of taking me.

On our side we sustained the struggle manfully. We employed French workmen in the place of those who had been driven away. A citizen of Marseilles, Victor Vian, became *gerant*, or responsible editor; our contributors distributed themselves in the villages near our centre of operations, and we contrived to dispatch the copies secretly as soon as printed. And then began for me the life I have led for twenty years out of thirty, — a life of voluntary imprisonment within the four walls of a little room.

They failed to discover me. The means by which I eluded their search; the double spies who, for a trifling sum of money, performed the same service for the prefect and for me — sending me immediately copies of every order issued by the authorities against me; the comic manner in which, when my asylum was at last discovered, I succeeded in persuading the prefect to send me away quietly under the escort of his own agents, in order to avoid all scandal and disturbance, and in substituting and sending to Geneva in my place a friend who bore a personal resemblance to me, whilst I walked quietly through the whole row of police-officers, dressed in the uniform of a national guard, — it were useless to relate in these pages, written not for the satisfaction of the curiosity of the idle reader, but simply to furnish such historical information or examples as may be of service to my country. Suffice it to say that I remained for a whole year at Marseilles, writing, cor-

recting proofs, corresponding, and even at midnight holding interviews with any members of the National party who came from Italy, and some of the leaders of the Republican party in France.

At this period an atrocious calumny was circulated against me, which may be regarded as the commencement of that disloyal warfare of unproved and unfounded accusations, and insinuations impossible to confute; of suspicions stated in one journal for the purpose of being made a handle of by another; of Jesuitical conjectures as to motives and intentions; and of detached phrases published without the context, and so mutilated or twisted as to make them appear to express a meaning different from that intended by the writer. This mode of warfare was taught by the police of Louis Philippe to the agents of all our petty tyrants in Italy, and has been systematically carried on by the historians, men in office, anonymous gazetteers, scribblers of pamphlets, aspirants to office or pension, spies and traffickers of the Moderates all over Italy, who have pursued our steps for the last thirty years as carrion crows follow an army. The method of these assailants is to strike in the flank or rear, rarely in front, and in that case anonymously. Even yet they snarl and yelp over my every act, real or invented; and even yet they succeed with the credulous, or with those who, from a sense of their own impotence, abhor all who *act*, as the owl abhors the light of day, in representing and stigmatizing me as a communist, sectarian socialist, terrorist, and man of blood; an intolerant, exclusive, ambitious, and cowardly conspirator.

Such are the accusations that have been heaped upon me, who have published a confutation of the

socialist sects, one by one ; who have written of the French reign of terror as the crime of men inspired by their own fears ; who, regardless even of the disapproval of those dearest to me, have ever sacrificed the inculcation of my own belief to every hope or chance of creating Italy by other means, lending my willing aid in silence to those most adverse to me, so long as they would but *act ;* who careless of every personal feeling, have clasped the hands that have written false and mortal accusations against myself the moment I saw them raised to labor for liberty, and have calmly encountered every personal peril, while they who accused me never even dreamed of dangers more terrible than that of incurring the displeasure of their masters. Such are the weapons, and such the warfare, of the basely wicked and cruel, for, not content with the persecution of those who dissent from them, they seek to wound alike the soul and honor of their adversary. It is the war of cowards, for it is fought without peril, and beneath the shield of power ; it silences defense by violence, and takes advantage even of the disdainful silence of the accused to give force to the calumny. It is a war fatal in its consequences to those peoples who do not put an end to it ; for their very existence is menaced by the introduction of this gnawing worm of immorality that gradually eats away all honor abroad, and all manly vigor of action at home.

The calumny to which I allude accused me of assassination, or, worse, of the still greater crime of issuing an order of assassination. The French Government, irritated at being unable to discover me, imagined that by accusing me of a crime, they might deprive me of the esteem and affection to

which I owed shelter. They therefore obtained from a police agent a pretended historical document, to which the forger had affixed my name, and inserted it, though well aware of its falsehood, in the "Moniteur." On the 20th October, a certain Emiliani had been attacked and wounded (not mortally) in the streets of Rodez, in the department of l'Aveyron, by some Italian exiles. The men who wounded him were sentenced to five years' imprisonment; and shortly after this sentence, on the 31st May, 1833, Emiliani, and a certain Lazzareschi, who was in company with him at a café, were both of them mortally wounded by a young exile of 1831, named Gavioli. Both of the men assassinated were, as I afterwards learned, spies of the Duke of Modena. At the time of the perpetration of the crime, I had never even heard of their existence, and their aggressors were equally unknown to me.

The artifice was ill contrived. The dates did not even correspond with the possibility of reality. The Italian, in which the sentence was written, was full of grammatical errors, which it was certainly not my habit to commit. I protested, in the "National," in the following terms: —

"Sir, — The 'Moniteur' of the 7th June contains a pretended statement of facts relative to the assassination committed in Rodez — of facts said to have preceded and accompanied that sad affair — in which it is affirmed that the death of Emiliani and Lazzareschi was the result of a sentence pronounced against them by a secret tribunal sitting in Marseilles, and belonging to the society of Young Italy. The 'Moniteur' quotes the sentence at full length, and ap-

pends my name to it as President of the Tribunal. That I should have been driven out of France — where I was living independently, and remote from any depot — without either cause or defense, and merely at the arbitrary will of a minister, is an act that will not surprise any one on the part of a corrupt and corrupting government, which has already played the perjurer on the Pyrenees, the police-agent at Ancona, the informer at Frankfort, and the persecutor in the name and for the benefit of the Holy Alliance, wheresoever it encountered the noble pride of an independent soul opposing a manful spirit of endurance to the pressure of misfortune. The war between us patriots and that government is a war unto death.

"But that, after having wounded the adversary, they should thus seek to poison the wound; that, having discharged against him every arrow in the quiver of persecution, they should attack him with the shaft of calumny; that, having bereft him of liberty, comfort, and repose, they should seek to deprive him of honor itself, — is an amount of baseness we never expected to find even in the authors of the 'State of Siege.' I will not waste time by pointing out all the contradictions abounding in that artful and absurd composition. It is false in every particular, from the date of my exile, which took place in August, and not after November, 1832, down to the pretended sentence attributed to Marseilles, while the act itself quotes the authority of a letter from Marseilles, addressed I know not to what place; from the assertion that the proceedings against the supposed authors of the first wounds of Emiliani resulted in a condemnation to five years of imprison-

ment, while in fact those proceedings terminated in an unconditional acquittal; down to the declaration of the minister that the sentence was communicated to him in January, 1833, although the process — begun in October, and continued over the whole of January — makes no mention thereof.

"The accusation springs from too low a source for me to stoop to defend myself from it. But I shall call the 'Moniteur' to account through the medium of the legal tribunals, for the audacity with which it has dared to subscribe that document with the name of an honest man, free from every thought of evil. I shall demand to know how they dare, without other evidence than the copy of a document of whose authenticity they have no proof, to stigmatize me as an assassin. Meanwhile, however, many persons have voluntarily assumed my defense, and they have a right to expect me to deny the charge. Therefore I do deny it. I solemnly deny the statement, the sentence, the whole matter. I give the lie to the semi-official 'Moniteur,' and to the government. And I defy the government, its agents, or the foreign police who fabricated the calumny, to prove a single one of their assertions against me, to produce the original of the sentence and my signature, or to discover a single line of mine that could induce a belief as to the possibility of such an act on my part. Have the goodness to insert, sir, etc.,

"Joseph Mazzini."

The "Moniteur" was silent. The original was never produced. Concealed as I then was in Marseilles, and unable to appear in person, or to give legal power to another to represent me, I could not

at that time commence proceedings for defamation. However, the judicial authorities solved the problem in another manner. The judgment of the Supreme Court of l'Aveyron decided that the crime was the result of a quarrel, and perpetrated without premeditation.

Some years later (I think in 1840), Gisquet, who had been Prefect of Police in 1833, when writing his "Memoirs," and thinking only of the money value of the melodramatic incidents introduced, reproduced the accusation. I cited him before the tribunals, and he there declared his conviction that I was an honest man, and incapable of crime, and the tribunal pronounced sentence accordingly. At a later period, in 1845, an English minister, Sir James Graham, who had dared to revive this calumny, was compelled, by the information he received from the magistrates of l'Aveyron, to publicly ask my pardon in the House of Parliament. Nevertheless, from that first calumny, continually repeated for many years afterwards, both in newspapers and in anonymous libels, and read by men, who, living under despotic governments, had no means of seeing the official documents by which it was refuted, the idea was spread abroad, and slowly became a conviction in many minds, that I was a man of dark and bloody vengeance, and that the statutes of Young Italy contained tremendous laws against those of its members who violated their oaths, and all who dissented from its doctrines.

I abhor, and all those who know me well know that I abhor bloodshed, and every species of terror erected into a system, as remedies equally ferocious, unjust, and inefficacious against evils that can only

be cured by the diffusion of liberal ideas. I believe that all ideas of vengeance or expiation, as the basis of a penal code, are immoral and useless, whether applied by individuals or by society. The only sort of warfare I admit — and even that only as a sad necessity — is an open war waged against the brute force that violates human duty and human right, except in one sole case, of which I shall have to speak hereafter.

CHAPTER III.

YOUNG ITALY AT WORK

1833, 1834.

BESIDES my own writings in "Young Italy," we published many articles, written by other members of the association, in the midst of difficulties, annoyances, and persecutions of every description. To these works, addressed to the youth of the educated classes, we added from time to time little books of popular instruction, excellent amongst which were the "Short Dialogues" of Gustavo Modena, which ought to be reprinted; occasional pamphlets and translations of foreign writers, and certain publications exclusively addressed to Lombardy; as, for instance, the "Tribune," a periodical published in Lugano. Our labors were crowned with success. The national instinct was awakened. The formula of republican unity was accepted with enthusiasm by the youth of every province in Italy. The supporters of tyranny, the Prince Cannosa, Samminiatelli, the editors of the "Voce della Verita," wrote against us, but with such silly ferocity that their attacks only procured us friends. Metternich foresaw the importance of our works, and wrote to Menz of Milan, "I must have two complete copies of 'Young Italy,' of which five volumes have already appeared. I am still awaiting the two copies of the 'Guerrilla Warfare.'"

The society of the "Apofasimeni," with all the members affiliated in Romagna under the direction of Carlo Bianco, was voluntarily merged into our association, Carlo Bianco himself entering as a member of the committee. The society of the "Veri Italiani," which had not then become royalist, also sought an alliance with us. And the relics of Carbonarism — *membra disjecta*, still existing in some of the Italian provinces — accepted our creed and submitted to our direction. The high chief of those who had made Carbonarism a power before the time of Louis Philippe, and the venerated correspondent of all the secret societies in Germany and elsewhere, was Buonarroti, and he entered into regular and friendly communication with me. So did the most influential members of the new French republican associations, Godefroi Cavaignac, Armand Marrast, and the bold writers of the "Tribune," Armand Carrel, and the tacticians of the "National." Lafayette sent us words of encouragement, and the leaders of the Polish emigration were with us. The Italian element, thanks to our labors, was now accepted by all those who were working either separately or together for European progress, as an important element of the future. And in Italy, although there certainly were men who, from cowardice or natural instinct, were adverse to all progress, there were as yet no Moderates.

By the middle of 1833 the organization of the society had become very powerful, especially in Lombardy, the Genoese territory, Tuscany, and the States of the Church. The Tuscan centre of the association was Leghorn, where Guerrazzi, Bini, and Enrico Mayer, were exceedingly active. The

branches of the associations in Pisa, Siena, Lucca, and Florence, were guided by them. Pietro Bastogi (the present minister) was treasurer. Enrico Mayer travelled for us to Rome, where he was imprisoned upon suspicion. When set at liberty he came to Marseilles to see and consult with me. He was one of the sincerest, best, and most devoted men it has ever been my lot to know. Professor Paulo Corsini, Montanelli, Francesco, Franchini, Enrico Montucci, Carlo Matteuci (now a senator), a certain Cempini (son of the minister, and now, I am told, one of our calumniators in the "Nazione"), Carlo Fenzi (also a conspirator with me in those days), a certain Maffei (now one of those most adverse to us), and many others whom it is unnecessary to mention here, followed the lead taken by Leghorn in various cities of Italy.

Guardabassi was the chief of the Umbrian committee. In Romagna nearly all those men who, rich in honors, employments, and pensions, cry anathema upon us at the present day, were then among the agitators who swelled our ranks. There are working men yet living in Bologna who well remember Farini loudly preaching massacre in their meetings, and his habit of turning up his coat-sleeves to the elbow, saying, "My lads! we must bathe our arms in blood!" We had a committee in Rome. In Naples, Carlo Poerio, Bellini, Leopardi, and their friends, had an independent organization of their own; but they assured our travellers — many of whom are still living — that they were at the head of a powerful association of allies, ready to act under our programme, and they corresponded in cipher with me. In Genoa we were not only joined by the youth belonging to

the commercial class, and by the most influential men of the people, but even many of the nobility, recognizing the fact that we had become a power, united with us; amongst others, the brothers Mari, the Marquis Roveredo, the two Cambiasi, and Lorenzo Pareto, afterwards minister. In Piedmont the work proceeded more slowly, but even there there were branches of our association in all the more important points, extending their ramifications even as far as the brave population of the Canavese.

The advocate Azario, Allegra (who had been exiled in 1821), Sciandra a merchant, Romualdo Cantara, Ranco, Moia, Barberis, Vochieri, Parola, Maotino Massino, Depretis (since minister and ultra-moderate), Panietti d'Ivrea (formerly a soldier), a certain Re of Voghera, Stara, and many others, were among the most active of our followers; and many men high in rank and position, whose names it is useless now to record, although they did not join the association, contrived to let us know that they were ready to help us in any enterprise we were able to initiate with vigor. The mass of elements in our hands, and the many dangers incurred by the association in the fulfillment of its double mission of the apostolate and conspiracy, rendered it urgent to take advantage of the increasing enthusiasm we had awakened before it should be crushed by persecution, and to think seriously of action. We did so.

Strong in an organized army, in material resources, in moral influence, and in habits of discipline which would have been most valuable to any who should succeed in taking possession of them, the Sardinian States also offered two strategic positions of the highest importance — Alessandria and Genoa; and

these were precisely the two points where our association was most numerous and powerful. A revolution in the centre, though perhaps easier to create, would not have procured for us the same amount of material support, and would not have excited the same enthusiasm in the rest of Italy. Moreover, I was convinced that at the first news of a movement in the centre, Austria, with the consent of Charles Albert, would have occupied Piedmont, and so rendered all direct and rapid action upon Lombardy — in which I had even then the greatest confidence — impossible. Owing to the semi-independence of the patriots with whom we were in contact in Naples, we could not be certain of a movement there, nor responsible for the principles upon which it might be conducted. Moreover, whatever military men might say, it did not appear to me to be good strategy to convert what ought to be the reserve, into the centre of the revolution.

If the movement were begun in Naples we could not be certain that it would spread quickly — either through an insurgent invasion or any other means — over the rest of Italy; and I feared the disposition, only too common in all countries, to stand still and await the development and watch the result of every action taking place in their rear, and to plan learned and complex designs of insurrection, instead of boldly attacking the enemy and placing them between two hostile camps, so as to cut them off from their basis of operations. Examples of this sort of inertia concealing itself under the veil of profound calculation and art, and always most fatal to the insurrectionary cause, were but too frequent in the past. An insurrection in the south would not save the north and

centre from any of the dangers to which they would be exposed by acting themselves; but a movement in Piedmont would protect both the centre and south from the first shock of foreign arms, and were we to be defeated, the south would still be left to us as a strong reserve. Moreover — and this was an argument of great weight with me, though not easily understood by those who regard revolution as a problem to be solved by normal rules of regular strategy — when peoples that have slumbered for ages arise in revolution, their latent energies burst forth with volcanic power if excited and harassed by dangers to all appearance mortal, but sink again into the former lethargy if they find themselves let alone, and apparently secure. Our enemy was Austria. It was necessary to fling down the gauntlet and assail her at once — trusting to the rising of Lombardy — rather than allow her to attack. The enthusiasm created by war with a foreign foe so hated as Austria would have quenched every internal discord, and laid the foundations of the unity of the country by universality of action.

For these and other reasons I decided to attempt to initiate the national revolution by the insurrection of the Sardinian States. Genoa and Alessandria were to be the two centres of the movement. On a signal from the interior we exiles were to invade Savoy, not only for the purpose of dividing the forces of the enemy, and opening the road to the centre for those Italians whose experience, acquired abroad, fitted them to act as civil or military leaders, but also to establish a link of union between ourselves and the republicans in France, who were rapidly gaining strength, and preparing the working men of Lyons

for revolt. We tried the spirit of the army. The superior officers were unwilling to join us; the subalterns, desirous of change, and disposed to receive the idea of one republican Italy with favor. We succeeded in establishing links and methods of contact with nearly all the regiments, and active centres of action in some. Our relations were most numerous among the artillery in charge of the arsenals of Genoa and Alessandria. We enrolled chiefly corporals, sergeants, and captains. From being in continual contact with the soldiers, they have more influence over them than their superior officers. We remembered how a whole regiment of calvary that had refused to follow their colonel (Sammarzano), had yet been drawn into the insurrection a few days later by a simple captain; the revolt of a whole legion brought about by Sergeant Gismondi, and many incidents of a similar nature. Some of the generals — who are ever ready to follow the successful — Gifflenga amongst others, promised us to join us as soon as we should prove ourselves strong. In short, we arrived at the conviction that the army would either show itself hostile or friendly according to the proportions assumed by the insurrection; and that, at any rate, it would only offer a lukewarm resistance. I proposed the movement, and demanded the necessary pecuniary aid from the congresses. The proposition was accepted and the aid given; but, as usual, far less in amount than it ought to have been, and far below the necessity of the case. It is strange but true that men, who are ready, if need be, to shed their blood for liberty, yet shrink from that pecuniary sacrifice by which that blood might often be spared.

Having communicated the general plan of the movement to our friends of Genoa, Alessandria, Vercelli, Turin, and the Lomellina, I made preparations for leaving Marseilles and going to Genoa, in order to organize the elements for the invasion of Savoy. But before leaving, I desired to come to an understanding with the French republicans. Cavaignac and the party of the "Tribune" needed no excitement from others; they were thirsting for action. Not so the party of the "National." They distrusted the working men of Lyons, upon whom the others rested all their hopes. I requested Carrel to come to Marseilles. He complied, and Cavaignac meanwhile went to Lyons. Armand Carrel, with whom I made acquaintance at the house of Demosthene Ollivier, afterwards member of the assembly in 1848, was a man of aristocratic bearing, cold in appearance, but very capable of energy when required. Unmistakably honest, he was one whose word inspired absolute confidence. He was more attached to the republic than to the republicans, and little disposed to trust the working classes, from whom he was divided by his mode of life, and certain military habits endeared to him by the remembrance of his early years. His intellect, acute and analytic rather than vast, had been educated in the materialist school; and he reverenced the eighteenth century and the doctrine of rights to the point of being willing to give both labor and life to insure its triumph; but rather from a native generosity of soul and high sense of honor, than from any religious idea of duty. He understood many of the aspirations of the age; but only felt the aspiration after liberty.

Carrel's ideal was the republic, such as it exists in

America, where the individual is sovereign, and personal right is supreme, but where the social mission of the governing power is ill understood. Beyond that ideal he was unwilling to look, and all social questions terrified him. Naturally logical, he was led to accept the ultimate consequences of the doctrine of individualism, and amongst them federalism, which he advocated for Italy, Spain, and Germany, only remaining unitarian as regarded France; and this partly because unity in France was *un fait accompli*, and partly because the French instinct of domination, which was very strong in him, seduced him by the idea of securing the constant supremacy of his own nation through the weakness of the federations around her. Nevertheless his mind was progressing, and his ideas were enlarging to the contemplation of a wider horizon, and his last articles clearly prove this. He died in the breach, a republican as he had lived, pure from all base motives, from all immorality, or servile desire of wealth and power, loved by the few who knew him intimately, and respected even by his enemies. It was agreed between us that if Italy should succeed in initiating a republican movement, he should unite with Cavaignac in hastening the revolution at Lyons, and seconding it in Paris.

Meanwhile an incident, insignificant in itself, was sufficient to overthrow all our plans. The general diffusion of our publications, notwithstanding the zealous endeavors of the police to prevent it, was enough to warn the government of the importance of the secret work going on in the Sardinian provinces, and for many months they used every effort to discover some of the threads of the association in order

to trace them to its centre, but in vain. They continued to seek that centre where it had never existed, in the higher spheres of society, and among the conspirators of 1821, and were far from imagining that the leaders of an association evidently so vast, and so capable of eluding the vigilance of the police, were only a few unknown young men, possessed of no other wealth or means than their unexampled activity and energy of will. Fearing, therefore, only to put the true conspirators upon their guard should they exercise severity upon the wrong persons, they continued to lie in wait for some discovery. The insurrection might, therefore, have taken them unawares.

But towards the end of March, or the beginning of April, two artillerymen — one of whom was a member of the association, and had already proposed to the other to join it — happened to quarrel about a woman, and from words they proceeded to blows. They were separated by some carabineers, in whose presence one of them let fall some threats implying that he could, if he chose, make known certain things to the injury of the other. His words were repeated, and they furnished the government with a clew by which to trace the secret of the conspiracy from one man to another. I well remember that I no sooner heard of this incident than I foresaw how fatal the consequences would be, and I wrote immediately to the leaders, saying: Act at once, if possible; if not, you are lost. Either my advice never reached them, or it was disregarded.

The government went to work with an energy that showed they felt the greatness of the danger. A rigorous perquisition was instituted in the barracks,

and in the knapsacks of the artillery, which led to the discovery of some of the publications of Young Italy. The owners were imprisoned, and a few days later their most intimate friends also. They were kept strictly apart, and allowed no sort of communication with each other. The agents of the government studied the countenances of the other soldiers, and all those who exhibited the slightest symptoms of uneasiness, sadness, or unusual pallor, were imprisoned. This was not only the case in Genoa, but the prisons of Turin, Alessandria, and Chambery were filled with the suspected. A certain time was allowed to elapse between one arrest and another, so as to induce those last imprisoned to imagine their arrest the result of the denunciation or confession of the first. Some denunciations, in fact, were made, partly true and partly false, all of them extorted by threats. The prisoners were told they must either confess the names of their accomplices or die. Three soldiers and one civilian were cowardly enough to betray. Others degraded themselves by confessing their own guilt, and imploring pardon, but without betraying their companions. The result was that all those known as their friends were immediately arrested.

These things took place first in the large and then in the smaller cities — Nice, Cuneo, Vercelli, and Mondovi. In consequence of imprudent words spoken, or papers sequestrated, the government had many of the leaders, who were to have given the signal, in their hands, but without being able to identify them. Meanwhile terror spread on every side. Many of ours fled, and others concealed themselves. The leaders hesitated as to beginning the insurrection

after the persecution had commenced: partly because they saw that the government had, in fact, discovered very little, and fancied that the storm would blow over; and partly — I speak particularly of Giovanni and Jacopo Ruffini — from a generous fear that, should the movement now fail, the failure might be attributed to their having hastily given the signal in order to save themselves.

In a few days the insurrection had become impossible. All citizens were prohibited from entering the barracks, which were strictly watched and guarded; and in order to prevent the possibility of the soldiers and townspeople coming to an understanding, the official gazette announced that the papers seized by the government proved the conspirators to be professed atheists, determined upon the destruction of the altar and the throne by any means, however horrible, from the dagger to the torch of the incendiary, that a quantity of poison had been found in the room of two of the officers; that mines had been prepared to blow up the powder-magazine adjacent to the barracks in Chambery; that the city of Turin was devoted to the flames, and that *Vespers* were to be proclaimed in Genoa against the Piedmontese soldiers. These infamous artifices of an immoral government were renewed against us in Genoa, in 1857, when we were preparing to support the noble enterprise of Carlo Pisacane in the south.

If ever an isolated act of ungovernable anger or vengeance is committed in our ranks, the government tools and servants grow crimson with horror, and accuse us of maintaining a "theory of the dagger," as if the dagger of calumny that wounds both honor and soul were less vile than the dagger that wounds

the body. Yet in our case, the wretch who is so false to our principles as to use the knife against his enemy, is at least alone, and deprived of all other means either of protecting himself from him, or bringing him to punishment; while the governments who thus systematically employ the weapon of calumny against those whom they persecute, and, like the Iroquois, torture and insult those whom they slay, are masters of all the resources of wealth, armies, and prisons for their defense.

Having by this system of calumny and terror rendered the insurrection impossible, the government might have relented from their severity, and contented themselves with punishing the offenders according to the legal forms of justice. But they showed themselves more ferocious than ever, rendered doubly cruel by a sense of the danger run, and the consciousness of having shown fear. This page of the history of the Sardinian monarchy is one that only a Tacitus could fitly describe, and he would have to dip his pen in blood. All men should read that history whose souls need to be retempered in their abhorrence of tyranny. Mothers should repeat it to their sons, to teach them what destinies are reserved for enslaved peoples. While the friends and relations of the prisoners were assured that they need not be uneasy, as they would soon be all released, the most terrible scenes were enacted within the prison walls, in order to compel those upon whom suspicion had fallen to confess themselves guilty.

Every means that hatred, inspired by the most infernal science of evil, could suggest, were used in order to extort confessions. With some they tried corruption; with others, the most Macchiavellian

modes of interrogation; terror, sooner or later, with all.[1] To those suspected of being timid, they said: We know that you are guilty, and you are already condemned to be shot within twenty-four hours, but if you will confess the names of your accomplices, your life shall yet be spared. To those who were noted for their virtue or courage, they said: We are grieved for you. You imagined you had joined in a work of devotedness, while in fact you had trusted in men who were quite unworthy that you should sacrifice yourselves for them. By thus remaining silent you are not saving tried and faithful friends. You are but sacrificing yourselves and your families for men who have already denounced you: see, here is their testimony against you. Why should you not, by owning its truth, console the hearts of those who love you by returning to them, since, by persisting in an useless silence, you but condemn yourself to an ignominious death. And then, taking advantage of that moment of hesitation and distress, they placed before them denunciations to which the forged signature of their friends was affixed.[2]

With others, from whom they merely desired to extort a confession of personal complicity, they had recourse to a system of prison *espionage*. They placed a pretended conspirator in the same cell with one of those arrested, who took advantage of every moment of confidence or despair to worm their secret from him.[3] A different species of torture was tried

[1] An infusion of Atropos Belladonna was sometimes mixed with the water given to the prisoners to drink, in order to weaken the intellectual faculties by the excitement it produces.

[2] This infernal artifice was used with Jacopo Ruffini.

[3] A sergeant in the Guards named Miglio, was imprisoned at Genoa with an individual who told him with tears that he too was one of the

with each individual, all of them equally ferocious, ignoble, and cruel. Beneath the prison windows of one the public crier announced the execution of the others. Another was imprisoned opposite the cell of a friend, and only divided from it by a passage. To him they spoke of his friend's danger, and he shortly after heard the trampling of soldiers removing his friend from his cell, and then a discharge of musketry, telling him only too plainly the fate of his friend.[1]

Some of the prisoners were tormented by incessant noises, which were kept up outside their cells, so as to render sleep impossible; and, after three or four nights of this distress and agitation, they were persecuted by examinations and interrogations, so contrived as to become in themselves a torture only to be imagined by those who have experienced it. At length, when the moral courage of the prisoner

conspirators, and added that he had a safe means of correspondence through the medium of his own family. Miglio trusted him; and, opening a vein in his arm, he wrote a few words to his friends with his blood. These words formed one of the most important documents cited in his condemnation.

[1] "After the execution of the sergeants, they endeavored to make me believe in that of Pianavia. He had a habit of singing, but one Saturday his singing suddenly ceased. On Sunday, I heard a constant noise of people passing in and out of his cell. The governor arrived, and remained with him for a long time. At three o'clock, the General-Commandant of the citadel (Alessandria), accompanied by several of his officers, and a chaplain with a face more like an assassin than a priest, entered my cell. They all appeared much moved, and as if they could scarcely abstain from tears. The General asked me if I felt calm, and I answered that I did. He then went away, after causing the chaplain to address a few words to me. All that night the noises continued. At day-break I heard some one — I thought it was Pianavia — hurried along the corridor, and then three discharges of musketry announced an execution; and I wept bitterly over one who had already caused the ruin of so many of his brothers." — From the *Declaration of Giovanni Re.*

Pianavia was an officer who turned informer against the others. He lent his aid in this deception, and his life was spared.

was worn down and exhausted, they offered him a free pardon, on condition of complete confession,[1] and

[1] "My new cell was very dark and gloomy, with one window, guarded by a double iron grating. While the jailer was chaining me to the ring in the wall, he told me that the law of kings was the law of God, and that they who transgressed it must resign themselves to their punishment. My cell was opposite to that of poor Vocchieri, then on the eve of execution. They had cut three holes in my door, and as that of Vocchieri was purposely left open, I saw him, seated, with a heavy chain attached to his legs, and guarded by two sentinels with drawn swords. They allowed him occasionally to change his position, but two sentinels were always with him, who never spoke a single word. Every now and then, two Capuchins came and spoke to him. This spectacle was before me for a whole week, at the end of which time he was executed. And to complete the horror of the time, there was some poor sick wretch in the cell next to mine, who never ceased groaning and imploring help. A few days afterwards, they removed me into another cell, which was scarcely finished, and very damp. I was seized with pains in all my limbs; and when I was thus weakened in mind and body, they recommenced their interrogatories. These were conducted in the way most adapted to make me lose the use of my faculties. Whenever I attempted to explain away any of the charges made against me, Avenati interrupted me, telling me to be careful, as I was evidently confused, and only adding to my own danger. Then afterwards he changed his tone, and told me it was clear I was guilty; that they should take note of everything that told against me, and pay no attention to any defense.

"I was thus convinced they intended my death. Then they brought forward the deposition of my companions — Segré, Viera, Pianavia, Girardenghi — all throwing the whole burden upon me. I felt myself in danger of going insane. However, I asked to be allowed some one to defend me. Sacco, the secretary of the Tribunal, suggested Captain Tarrinu; I wished for one Vicino, but I was not allowed to have either. I thought of preparing my own defense, but although two days had elapsed since the preliminary proceedings were concluded, I had neither ink nor paper. My parents, who had come to the city, were ordered to leave it immediately. At length my Cerberus, Levi, proposed I should accept the advocate Rapallo. He came, but instead of talking about my defense, he — the only one to whom I could turn for protection — informed me that my position was very serious, and said that the government knew that I had been one of the most active members of the association; that it was impossible, therefore, that I should escape punishment, and that there was only one means of safety left to me. He said that my secret had been divulged by all the others, that Stara was about to confess everything, and that he knew from Azario's advocate that he, too, had offered to make revelations, and that they were only waiting for permission from Turin to accept them. He added that I might make the most favorable conditions

profaned the sacredness of domestic love, by bringing with them his aged father or mother to implore him to make disclosures.

Many yielded: others remained firm, and were executed. One only, a young man with a heart so pure and noble, that neither the threats nor promises of all the princes of the earth could have terrified or subdued him, withdrew his soul from the snares of the tempter, and his body from the hands of the executioner. One night he tore a nail from the door of his prison, and opened a vein in his neck. With this last protest against tyranny, he took refuge in the bosom of his Creator. And he could well do this, for he was incontaminate and pure. He was a youth of the sweetest nature, the purest and most constant affections I have ever known. He loved his country, fully comprehending the greatness of her mission; he loved his mother, a model of every virtue, his brothers, and me.[1] He possessed both readiness and grasp of intellect, and a soul capable of the greatest ideas, for the greatest ideas spring from the heart.

for myself, and they would be accepted. Twice did I reject the vile proposal, but at the third interview I succumbed." — From the *Declaration of Giovanni Re.*

[1] He was my friend — my first and best. From our early years at the University to the year 1831, when first a prison and then exile separated me from him, we lived as brothers. He was studying medicine, I law; but botanical rambles at first, then our mutual love of literature, the battles of Romanticism and Classicisim, and above all the instinctive sympathy of the heart, drew us together little by little, until an intimacy succeeded, the like of which I have never found, and never shall find again. I do not believe I have ever known a soul more completely, more profoundly; and I affirm with grief and consolation, that I never saw a blemish in it. His image ever comes to my mind when I see one of those lilies of the valley (*lilium convallium*) we so often admired together, with their corolla of alpine white, without calyx, and their delicate sweet perfume. Like them he was pure and modest. Even the slight bending of his neck towards his shoulder is recalled to my mind by the gentle curvature of the lily's trembling stalk.

Those who knew Jacopo Ruffini intimately still venerate his memory as that of a saint.

Brofferio tells us, in his "History of Piedmont," that Charles Albert, rendered cruel by terror, had acquired such a thirst for blood, that when complaining to Villamarina of the humble station of the first victims, he said: The blood of mere soldiers is not enough; you must contrive to find some officers. I have not myself the means of verifying this, but it is certain that not only Villamarina, who until that time had been considered a man of liberal sentiments and opinions, but all the governors and judges, conducted themselves as if they knew that cruelty was the best means of recommending themselves to the king. All sense of justice was extinct, and even the external appearance of it despised. It was declared that even the civilians accused of complicity should be tried by the military tribunals. The citizens protested, but in vain. Five Genoese advocates, themselves having no part nor concern in the proceedings, also protested with laudable daring against this illegality on the 17th, but on the 25th they received an unfavorable reply.

The lives of those who turned informers were spared. Their testimony, however, did not agree, and on the 12th of May two of them were put into the same cell, in order that they might come to an understanding. A sergeant named Turff then declared, in support of the testimony of Piacenza, a soldier, that he had himself furnished the association with ample information about the artillery; although no mention had been made of this important circumstance in his seven previous examinations. The contradictions and falsehoods of their first statements,

however, still remained uncanceled, and these were carried to such a point that some of the depositions declared that their authors had been members of Young Italy in 1833, at which period no such association was in existence. Upon such revelations and confessions as these was judgment pronounced, and many were sentenced to death, even among those proved to be innocent of all personal complicity, and guilty only of the non-denunciation of others.

The defense of the prisoners was a mockery. The documents given to those retained to defend them were mutilated, and the time allowed too short to admit of any mature consideration of the case. The defenders themselves belonged to the army, and almost all of them were punished shortly afterwards. Perhaps they had shown too clearly the distress and uneasiness they felt. Between the publication of one sentence and another, the government issued decrees they would not have dared to frame under ordinary circumstances; condemning to the galleys, and in some instances to death, all those who were found guilty of circulating any description of writing adverse to the Piedmontese monarchy; besides other edicts, infamous at any time, offering a reward of a hundred scudi to all informers.

Those who suffered the penalty of death were Giuseppe Tamburrelli, captain in the Pinerolo Brigade, on the 22d May, 1833, at Chambery; Antonio Gavotta, a fencing-master, on the 15th June, in Genoa; Giuseppe Biglia, of Mondovi, sergeant in the Grenadier Guards, on the same day, in Genoa; Domenico Ferrari of Taggia, Giuseppe Menardi, Giuseppe Rigasso, Amando Costa, and Giovanni Marini, sergeants in the Cuneo Brigade, on the 14th June, in Alessan-

dria; Effisio Tola, of Sassari, lieutenant in the Pinerolo Brigade, on the 11th June, in Chambery; Alessandro de Gubernatis, of Gobbio, sergeant in the Pinerolo Brigade, on the 14th June, in Chambery; and Andrea Vocchieri, a lawyer, on the 22d June, in Alessandria. Among those condemned to death who succeeded in escaping, were the advocate Scovazzi; Ardoino, lieutenant in the Pinerolo Brigade; Vacarezza, sub-lieutenant in the same brigade; sergeants Vernetti, Enrici, Giordano, and Crina; Scotti, a surgeon; Gentilini, a man of property; the Marquis Carlo Cattaneo; Giovanni Ruffini; the advocate Berghini; Barberis, an officer of division; the Marquis Roveredo, and others. I, too, was then condemned to death. Thappaz, a lieutenant in the royal engineers, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment; General Giuseppe Guillot (retired) to ten years; Orsini, a doctor, to twenty; Noli, a merchant, and one Moja, to imprisonment for life; Lupo, a jeweler, to twenty years; others to five, three, and two years; and many officers imprisoned for a term subject to the royal pleasure. Spinola, Durazzo, Cambiaso, and others of the nobility, were set at liberty, as having been sufficiently punished by the imprisonment already endured.

And all this was done hastily, without regard to legal forms, or any of that external solemnity which produces, at least, an appearance of justice. It was a period of fury, a reign of terror, without the excuse of a great aim or overwhelming necessity. Charles Albert had asked for blood, and blood was given him. It was shed at early dawn, before the darkness of night had dispersed. Their deeds of vengeance were clothed in the color of crime, and the

sword of justice was transformed into the dagger of the assassin. Here and there scenes occurred which one shudders to repeat. The executioners, secure of the royal approbation, surpassed even their master in ferocity.[1] General Morra in Chambery, Governor Faverga in Cuneo, and the Governor-general Galateri in Alessandria, rendered themselves especially conspicuous in brutality. Upon the most cruel among them Charles Albert conferred the order of the Holy Annunciation, with the right of calling the king *cousin*. He deserved it. I thank God that the faith to which I belong has never been contaminated in Italy by similar horrors. The republicans of Naples, Venice, and Rome quitted the government, pure from all base vengeance, and with hands unstained by citizen blood.

I will not speak of my own feelings on the receipt of the terrible details of these events. My purpose is to write facts, and not the history of my own heart. Suffice it that my friends and I felt that the duty and necessity of attempting action were undiminished. The hesitation and uncertainty manifested by the conspirators in Italy already evinced that want of harmony between thought and action which is still the greatest obstacle in the way of our redemption. The revolutionary principles we preached were theoretically accepted, but the necessity of acting up to those principles was not sufficiently felt. It was our duty, therefore, to improve the morality of the party, and prove to them by example that when men

[1] One example will suffice. Vocchieri, when on his way to the scaffold, implored them to alter their route, so as to avoid passing the house where his wife (then preguant), his two children, and his sister lived. The prayer was refused. His sister went mad. Galateri chose to be present at the execution.

who proclaim themselves disciples of a certain faith, and responsible for others in matters of life and death, have once promised to act, they are bound to keep their word in the face of every obstacle, and not allow themselves to be influenced by any individual motives, however noble or generous.

We, too, had assumed the position of leaders of the insurrection out of Italy; we had promised to act, and it behooved us to maintain our promise. Moreover, speedy action had every probability of success. The great majority of the elements we had prepared had remained undiscovered; and although disheartened, uncertain, and without any unity of plan, our party was yet numerically strong, and the first daring initiative taken would have sufficed to unite it.

The rage and horror excited by the cruelties I have described was universal, and by rapidly assuming to ourselves that right of initiative which had been formerly assigned to the conspirators of the interior, we were almost certain of producing an answering movement on the Italian side of the Alps. As a proof that these hopes were well founded, I may mention that the mere announcement of our decision was sufficient to reunite the scattered elements existing in Genoa, and cause them to renew their former designs. By the end of the year all was again prepared for a movement in that city, the failure of which was due to the youth and inexperience of the leaders, who, though very good young men, were almost all of them unknown. Giuseppe Garibaldi took part in that second attempt, and only succeeded in saving himself by flight.[1]

[1] My acquaintance with him dates from that time. His *nom de guerre* in the association was Borel.

We therefore decided upon acting, and I quitted Marseilles for Geneva. I studied the territory upon which we were to act. I knew that the Genevese Government, like every other, would be opposed to any armed insurrection in a neighboring country, but having made acquaintance with many of the most influential citizens, Fazy among others (then very friendly to me, although my enemy since he has been at the head of the government), I perceived that the opposition of the authorities would be very feeble, and that the sympathies of the people would be with us. I succeeded in establishing a friendly understanding with all who were likely to be of use to us when the time should come, helped to set on foot a journal ("L'Europe Centrale"), undertaken for the purpose of promulgating the idea of the emancipation of Savoy, discovered a secure means of secret correspondence with that province, and came to the conviction that it would be very possible to act, even in defiance of the government.

Savoy was oppressed, discontented, and disposed for insurrection. I had interviews with many influential citizens of Chambery, Annecy, Thonon, Bonneville, Evrain, and other towns. When asked what were our intentions with regard to Savoy itself in the event of success, I replied that it would be left to the people to decide whether they would remain united to Italy, or prefer to join France, or the Swiss Confederation; and added that for my own part I hoped they might choose the last. It was, in fact, my opinion then, as it is now, that in the new division of Europe, the Swiss Federation, converted into an Alpine Federation, ought to extend from Savoy on the one side, to and even beyond the German

Tyrol on the other, so as to form a barrier between France, Italy, and Germany. Such a league between the Alpine populations is suggested by their geographical position, by their general similarity of character, and by the special mission of European peace which that intermediate zone, thus strengthened, would fulfill in Europe. And I still believe that unless Switzerland is to be effaced from the map of Europe, by the partition of its provinces between Italy, Germany, and France, this is her future destiny. Unfortunately the fatal policy of Cavour has created difficulties where none previously existed; even as by the cession of Nice it has sown the seeds of future war between two nations intended by nature to advance together in union and affection.

Elements of action were not wanting, but we might have assembled many more Italian exiles had it not been for the heavy expense of conveying them from the various depots in France. Circumstances had brought together many German and Polish exiles in Switzerland; the first of whom had been concerned in the affair of Hambach, and the last sent away from France, either for insubordination to the government regulations or for other reasons. The Germans were in the cantons of Berne and Zurich, the Poles in Neuchâtel, Fribourg, Vaud, and Geneva. We were therefore able to organize them and prepare them for our enterprise without betraying our plans to the government, or awakening suspicion by removing them from those cantons. I rejoiced in the idea of thus linking the cause of Italy with that of the other oppressed nations, and raising the banner of European fraternity upon our Alps. The formation of a Young Europe was in my mind a logical conse-

quence of the parent thought of Young Italy. The reawakening of Italy thus became an act of initiative, and a new consecration of that high mission she had fulfilled in the past, and was destined to fulfill in the future.

Our legion was thus destined to become the germ of a federation of the peoples. When I communicated the design of our expedition to the German and Polish exiles, they accepted it with enthusiasm. They formed committees, and worked hard at the practical military organization of the various groups of men who were to join us in the movement. Several military men also aided me in this work; amongst others, Carlo Bianco, then residing at Nyon, with Gentilini Scovazzi, and others. Those living with me at that time in the "Hotel de la Navigation, au Paquis," were Agostino Ruffini of Genoa, Giambattista Ruffini of Modena (now a major), Celeste Menotti, Nicola Fabrizi, Angelo Usilio, Giuseppe Lamberti, Gustavo Modena, Paolo Pallia, and many others. The hotel was completely ours, and rendered inaccessible to the vigilance of the police. Giacomo Ciani exerted himself to bring over to us many of the rich Lombards then living in Switzerland. Another of the most active was Gaspare Belcredi, a very clever physician, indifferent to fame, and, indeed, to all except the aim in view, and whom I mention here as one of the very few who have never changed, and has always remained a dear and true friend to me.

We collected fresh supplies of money, especially from Gaspare Rosales, a Lombard gentleman, — a man of loyal, generous, and chivalrous nature, — a remarkable example of the harmonious union in thought and action. We provided a good supply of

arms from St. Etienne and Belgium, and prepared cartouches and other necessaries, all working together in glad and untiring harmony. Everything proceeded satisfactorily. But it was necessary to act quickly; and it was just at this moment that the committees of the Interior, and those who had promised us pecuniary aid, raised a difficulty calculated to produce indefinite delay, if not ruin. They demanded a Name. They wanted a military man of rank at the head of the expedition, possessing not only capacity, but the fascination of renown. General Ramorino had been sent to Warsaw during the Polish insurrection by the Parisian Committee of the Friends of Poland. He was connected with the aristocratic party headed by Prince Czartoriski, and his conduct during the last period of the war had been severely criticised by the best among the Polish patriots. Nevertheless, when he returned to France, he had been received with enthusiasm by those who regarded every volunteer in the Polish cause as a representative of the principle of the fraternity of the peoples; and by others who, in applauding one who had fought in Poland, sought to express their sympathy with a brave nation overwhelmed by numbers, but destined to revive. Moreover, his name was popular in Savoy, which was, I believe, his native country; in Genoa, where his mother lived; and, indeed, over all Italy, from the pride a fallen people naturally feel in seeing so much homage paid to one of their own nation; and none cared to inquire further. I was formally desired to put myself in contact with him, and offer him the command of the expedition.

I protested as strongly as I could. Being intimately acquainted with all the best among the Polish exiles,

their reports, and a careful study of the military operations of Ramorino, had caused me to form a different judgment of him from that of the committees. I reminded them that we had all of us preached the principle that new circumstances require new men; that in all great revolutions the enterprise made the man, and not the man the enterprise. I said that there were two stages in such undertakings as ours — the insurrectionary initiative, and the war that would ensue; and that it would be wiser to allow the first stage to be directed by those who had organized the movement, and intrust the leadership of the second to the general, as soon as some first successes had insured the realization of our own programme, and compelled whatever leader we might select to adopt it.

It was of no avail. The *prestige* of a name was then, as it still is, stronger than the power of a principle. I was told that without Ramorino they would not act; and I perceived that my objections were attributed to the ambition of one who aspired to unite in his own person the part of military as well as civil leader. There are those yet living who witnessed the convulsion of bitter tears that overcame me at the first idea of that accusation. I had so little deserved it, that I never even suspected the possibility of its being raised against me. It was, however, a terrible revelation to me of the future of base suspicion, distrust, and calumny, reserved for those who, in all purity of soul and faith in others, consecrate their lives to any great undertaking. And my life has borne sad witness to the truth of that revelation.

I yielded — I think unwisely — and invited Ramorino. He heard the details of our plan, and ac-

cepted the leadership offered him. We arranged that the invading forces should be divided into two columns. The first, of which I undertook the organization, was to start from Geneva. The second, to be formed by Ramorino, was to start from Lyons, where he said he had great influence. He demanded forty thousand francs for the expenses incident to the formation of his column, and I gave them to him. It was agreed that the month of October (1833) should not pass without seeing us in action. He then went away hastily. I recommended to him a young Modenese, in whom we had great confidence, as secretary, and he promised me to watch over Ramorino, and keep us informed of his movements.

"Towards the close of 1833,[1] a short time before the expedition of Savoy, a young man quite unknown to me presented himself one evening at the "Hotel de la Navigation" in Geneva. He was the bearer of a letter from L. A. Melegari, enthusiastically recommending him to me as a friend of his who was determined upon the accomplishment of a great act, and wished to come to an understanding with me. This young man was Antonio Gallenga. He had just arrived from Corsica, and was a member of Young Italy.

"He told me that from the moment when the proscriptions began, he had decided to avenge the blood of his brothers, and teach tyrants once for all

[1] I think in November. I quote here a letter which I wrote to Frederick Campanella in October, 1856, and which he published in the *Italia e Popolo*. I wrote that letter in answer to a request from Campanella; because, although I myself despise calumny and calumniators, I never refuse to state the truth when asked. In his history of Piedmont Gallenga had related the incident, concealing the fact that he was himself the person concerned, and making it appear that I had inspired his act. Hence the questions asked me by Campanella.

that crime is followed by expiation; that he felt himself called upon to destroy Charles Albert, the traitor of 1821, and the executioner of his brothers; that he had nourished this idea in the solitudes of Corsica until it had obtained a gigantic power over him, and become stronger than himself; and much more in the same strain.

"I objected, as I have always done in similar cases. I argued with him, putting before him everything calculated to dissuade him. I said that I considered Charles Albert deserving of death, but that his death would not save Italy. I said that the man who assumed a mission of expiation must know himself pure from every thought of vengeance, or of any other motive than the mission itself. He must know himself capable of folding his arms and giving himself up as a victim after the execution of the deed, and that anyhow the deed would cost him his life, and he must be prepared to die stigmatized by mankind as an assassin. And so on for a long while.

"He answered all I said, and his eyes flashed as he spoke. He cared nothing for life; when he had done the deed he would not stir a step, but would shout *Viva l'Italia*, and await his fate — tyrants were grown too bold, because secure in the cowardice of others — it was time to break the spell, and he felt himself called to do so. He had kept a portrait of Charles Albert in his room, and gazed upon it until he was more than ever dominated by the idea.

"He ended by persuading me that he really was one of those beings whom from the days of Harmodius to our own, Providence has sent amongst us from time to time to teach tyrants that their fate is in the hands of a single man. And I asked him what he

wanted from me. A passport and a little money. I gave him a thousand francs, and told him that he could have a passport in Ticino. Until then he did not even know that the mother of Jacopo Ruffini was in Geneva, and in the same hotel.

"Gallenga remained there that night and part of the next day. He dined with Madame Ruffini and me, but not a word passed between the two.[1] I allowed her to remain in ignorance of his intentions. She was habitually silent from grief, and hardly ever spoke. During the hours we passed together, I suspected that he was actuated by an excessive desire of renown rather than by any sense of an expiatory mission. He continually reminded me that since the days of Lorenzo de' Medici no such deed had been performed, and begged me to write a few words explanatory of his motives after his death.

"He departed and crossed the St. Gothard, whence he sent me a few lines full of enthusiasm. He had prostrated himself on the Alps, and renewed his oath to Italy to perform the deed. In Ticino he received a passport bearing the name of Mariotti. When he reached Turin, he had an interview with a member of the association, whose name he had had from me. His offer was accepted, and measures were taken. The deed was to be done in a long corridor at the court, through which the king passed every Sunday on his way to the royal chapel. The privilege of entering this corridor to see the king pass was granted to a few persons, who were admitted by tickets. The committee procured one of these

[1] Gallenga represents the "young enthusiast" as having been excited to the deed by Mazzini himself, who worked upon his feelings through the tears of Madame Ruffini. — *Translator's Note.*

tickets. Gallenga went with it unarmed to study the locality. He saw the king and felt more determined than ever — at least he said so. It was decided that the blow should be struck on the following Sunday.

"Then it was that, fearful of obtaining a weapon in Turin, a member of the committee named Sciandra, since dead, came to me at Geneva to ask me to give them a weapon, and tell me that the day was fixed. A little dagger with a lapis lazuli handle, a gift, and very dear to me, was lying on my table. I pointed to it, Sciandra took it and departed. Meanwhile, as I did not consider this act as any part of the insurrectionary work upon which I was engaged, and in no way counted upon it, I sent a certain Angelini, one of our party, to Turin, upon business connected with the association, under another name. Angelini, knowing nothing of Gallenga or the affair, happened to take a lodging in the same street where he lodged. Shortly afterwards having, through some imprudence, awakened the suspicions of the police, he was returning one night to his lodging, when he perceived that the house was surrounded by carabineers. He passed on, and succeeded in escaping to a place of safety.

"But the committee, knowing nothing about Angelini, and seeing the carabineers at only two doors' distance from the house of the regicide, supposed that the government had information of the scheme, and were in search of Gallenga. They therefore caused him to leave the city, and sent him to a country-house some distance from Turin, telling him that the attempt could not be made on the next Sunday, but that if all things remained quiet they would send

for him on one of the Sundays following. A few Sundays after they did send for him, but he was nowhere to be found. He had gone away, and I saw him again some time after in Switzerland. Our acquaintance continued, but I discovered that his was a nature more than proud. He was vain, inclined to egotism, and scorning every political faith save only the one idea of independence from the foreigner. He, however, worked with us, was a member of our Central Committee, and affixed his name as secretary to our appeal to the Swiss against their trade in mercenary soldiers. Afterwards he withdrew, and occupied himself in writing books and articles in reviews. He wrote both for and against the Italians, his friends, and me. Some time before 1848 he again joined us, and formed part of a nucleus organized under our name.

"In the year 1848, when I left England for Italy, he asked permission to accompany me. In Milan he separated from me, telling me that he was a man of action and was going to the camp. Instead of going to the camp, however, he went to Parma, where he took to addressing the assembled people in the squares and streets in favor of the inauspicious fusion[1] which was the ruin of the movement. He then became secretary to a federal society, presided over by Gioberti (against whom he had written *plagas* in his English articles upon Italy), wrote circulars in exaltation of the Piedmontese monarchy, and was appointed by the government to I know not what petty embassy in Germany. I encountered him again in Geneva after the fall of Rome. He addressed me; and as I am always indifferent to

[1] The fusion of Lombardy with Piedmont.

praise or blame, I spoke with him. He accused the Lombards of not having seconded the king. I related to him the whole of that grievous history, of which I had been an eye-witness and he had not, and proved to him the falsehood of the accusation. He appeared convinced, and urged me to write upon the subject.

"Some time afterwards, when I returned to London, I found that immediately after his arrival in that city he had published a libel against the Milanese, in which he had gone the length of calling them cowards. Grieved and disgusted to see that noble and betrayed people calumniated among foreigners by an Italian, I determined to see him no more, and I have never seen him since."

When this revelation was published, such a storm was raised against Gallenga in Turin that he was terror-stricken. He wrote letters of abject repentance for his "juvenile error;" resigned his seat in the Chamber of Deputies; sent back I know not what order that had been given him, as being unworthy to wear it; and solemnly declared, in the "Risorgimento," in November, 1856, that he withdrew from all political life, whether active or literary, from that time forward. At a later period he begged the post of deputy from an ignorant constituency, and became the paid Italian correspondent of the "Times," in the columns of which paper he pours forth insults against the Garibaldian volunteers, the army of the south, our working-men's associations, the party of action, and myself, twice a week.[1]

[1] Written in 1861. The London correspondent of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* writing of the comments in the London Press upon Mazzini after his death refers to Gallenga's relations with Mazzini: "The article in the *Times* can only proceed from the pen of Gallenga, a malignant en-

Is it, then, decreed that every man who joins the Moderate sect must entirely lose all moral sense, all conscience, and all dignity?

Everything was ready on my side by the first days of October. Not so with Ramorino, to whom I wrote and rewrote without receiving any answer. I did receive, however, most disheartening accounts from the secretary, telling me that Ramorino was completely given over to his passion for gambling, much in debt, and occupying himself with anything rather than the formation of his column. I sent messenger after messenger to him, Celeste Menotti amongst others, who was obliged to follow him to Paris, where he had gone without any apparent motive. Urged and reproached, Ramorino asked for more time, saying that unforeseen obstacles had arisen. We unwillingly conceded November; but even November passed by. At length, in December, he informed me that he found it impossible to collect one hundred of the thousand men he had promised us; that the Parisian police had got wind of the project; that he had been interrogated about the intended movement; that he had contrived to put them off the scent, but that nevertheless every step he took was watched;

emy of Mazzini's and a doubtful friend of Italy. You have not forgotten his charge some years ago to the effect that, in his youth, Mazzini was privy to an agreement to assassinate the King of Sardinia. 'It is but too true, I regret to say,' was Mazzini's defence, 'and *you* were the one who undertook to do it.' Gallenga was in the service of Victor Emmanuel at the time, but he was compelled after this exposure to leave the court, and he has resided here almost ever since. When Italy was forming herself into a kingdom, Gallenga employed his pen in traducing her efforts through letters written in the *Times* in the pretense of friendship. You know the 'candid' sort of friend, and how his frankness supplies the enemy. Signor Gallenga's letters to the *Times* were about as friendly to Italy as were Dr. Charles Mackay's American letters in the same journal, during the rebellion, to the abolition of slavery." — *Editor's Note.*

and he could not, therefore, fulfill his promise at that time. He then sent me back ten thousand of the forty thousand francs confided to him. I afterwards learned that, yielding partly to the threats of the French Government, and partly to their offer to pay his debts, he had pledged himself to them, not exactly to betray us on the field of action, but to contrive to prevent any action from taking place.

Meanwhile, the opportune moment was lost. In the Interior our party was decimated, disheartened, and beginning to fall into anarchy. Abroad, the secret confided to hundreds of Italians, Frenchmen, Poles, and Swiss could not long remain unknown to the police of all their respective countries. Police agents, in fact, poured into Geneva from every side, who set spies over our movements, accumulated obstacles in our path, and insisted upon the Genevese authorities dispersing the numbers of exiles assembled in the canton. We distributed them as widely apart as we could, in order to avoid exciting attention and suspicion; but when thus removed from the centre of direction and abandoned to their own guidance, they became discouraged by the continued delays and frequent promises never fulfilled, lost all sense of discipline, and came and went as they chose in search of occupation, etc. Some, the most needy, applied to the Central Treasury for assistance, and thus exhausted the funds we had reserved for the moment of action.

Deputations were incessantly dispatched to us from the more impatient of the exiles belonging to other countries demanding that we should act, and arbitrarily fixing a time beyond which they threatened either to disperse or act alone, which would have been fatal.

The French embassy offered pardon, passports, and money to the Polish exiles whom they had recently driven away from Besançon, on condition of their return; and the Swiss committees of association no sooner heard of those offers, than they refused to allow them any further supplies. In order, therefore, to secure them, we were obliged ourselves to keep them in pay.

All this while I was unable to reveal the true state of the case. In the Interior all the party believed that Ramorino was to conduct the enterprise, and made it a *sine qua non*. To propose to act without him would have been to discourage all the conspirators of Savoy, and the obvious interpretation would have been that he declined the leadership, because he judged the enterprise impossible. And, suspected as I was of desiring to remove him as a rival, my assertions as to his misconduct would have obtained no credence, unless supported by documentary evidence, which I did not possess. And as if all these difficulties were insufficient, Buonarroti, who until then had acted in concert with me, now secretly commenced working in opposition. He abruptly changed his mind, and negatived all idea of action. Narrow and intolerant in his opinions, he considered my allying myself with Giacomo Ciani, Emilio Belgiojoso (who had offered himself as aide-de-camp to Ramorino), and other nobles and rich Lombards, whom he scornfully named the Bankers, to be a deviation from the principles of pure democracy. But above all, from passing his life in conspiracy in Paris, he knew nothing of the Italian revolutionary element. He never dreamed of the possibility of transferring the revolutionary initiative either to Italy or any other country.

He could not admit the idea of a movement begun — I will not say out of France, for he was adverse even to a movement in Lyons — but out of Paris.

Buonarroti therefore excommunicated us, and his excommunication did us a serious injury, for the whole Swiss element, indispensable to our success, was composed of Carbonari; and Buonarroti, along with Testa, Voyer d'Argenson, and a few others, composed the *Vente Supreme* of the order. The most important part of my edifice was thus suddenly undermined, and my whole machinery came to a stop, without my being able to discover the cause. How I bore up against such difficulties ever renewed I know not. It was the struggle of Antæus acquiring new energy by every fall to earth. I had to win over the Swiss agents again, and withdraw them from the influence of Buonarroti one by one. I contrived to collect fresh funds. I prevented the Poles from leaving. I sent agents to form the nucleus of a column rapidly in Lyons, in order that an important diversion which formed part of our design should still take place. The direction of the column was in the hands of Rosales, Nicolo Arduino, and Allemandi. Manfredi Fanti formed one of that little band. He is now a general, a minister, and our enemy.

Why did I not renounce the enterprise? Besides the reasons for perseverance mentioned above, the fact of suddenly declaring to all those who were awaiting our action in the interior, to all the foreigners and Italians of our own party abroad, to the French Republicans, and to those who had furnished the funds — four fifths of which were already exhausted — that the whole expedition was a dream, would have been to decree the moral death of that

party from which I still hoped the salvation of Italy. It was better to fall on the field of battle, and at least leave an example to those who come after us. Moreover, if any of my readers have ever been at the head of a large collective enterprise, they will know that, when that enterprise has reached a certain degree of development, it becomes master in its turn of those who once ruled its destinies, and renders their retreat impossible.

The whole of November and December were consumed in these new labors. The universal want of confidence created, and the exhaustion of our funds, was such, that action had become an imperative necessity. I therefore decided to fix the end of January, and urged those of Lyons to act at the same time. I wrote to Ramorino, telling him that I intended to act at any cost, desiring him to come and assume the command of the expedition, at least as soon as he should receive information of our having entered, if not before. The day fixed was the 20th January. While awaiting his answer, I made all the necessary preparations for the movement. The day and hour for the departure of the various little companies from their different starting-points was decided; the *ordres du jour*, the routes to be followed, the mode of obtaining provisions, and of sending couriers from point to point, — all were arranged. Depots of arms for those arriving from Nyon were prepared along the shores of the lake. Boats and rafts were got ready to enable the conspirators to cross the lake, and assemble at the rendezvous, *Carouge*, in order to prevent the necessity of their joining us at Geneva, where we should inevitably have met with opposition from the government. The

depots of arms for those arriving from Geneva and the neighborhood were also formed at Carouge. All the details of military organization were completed, the leaders were chosen, and the proclamations were prepared.

It is useless to describe the plan of action. Suffice it that the centre of operations was St. Julien, on the road to Annecy. As we neither desired nor were able to fix the moment for the insurrection of Savoy, I ordered the delegates of the different provinces of that country to repair to St. Julien, in order to be able to give the signal in those places over which they had control, immediately on our arrival. Our force was large enough to render all serious resistance in St. Julien impossible. My hope was that Ramorino should decide to accept the alternative given him of joining us after the movement had begun. But I was disappointed. He wrote to me promising to join us in time. And this promise was the cause of new and still more disastrous delay. He stopped on the road, sending me messages to induce me to await, day after day, until the 31st January, when he at last arrived, accompanied by two generals — one a Pole and the other a Spaniard — an aide-de-camp, and a doctor. I saw him. His face wore the suspicious expression of one who knew himself suspected, and with reason. He never raised his eyes from the ground while speaking to me. I knew nothing, as yet, of the engagement he had entered into with the French Government, but I foresaw the possibility of his betraying us. I determined to keep ever by his side, and as soon as we arrived at St. Julien prevent his taking the command, if possible. I hoped that when once the insurrection

was initiated, the party would feel their own strength, and attach less importance to the prestige of his name. I spoke not a single word about the past. I gave him a list of our forces, and communicated to him the plan of operations. I asked if he approved the choice of officers. He agreed to everything. However, he insisted on at once assuming the command, which I desired to withhold until we reached St. Julien, alleging as a reason the responsibility that weighed upon him, and in this he was supported by all those who believed the salvation of the expedition depended upon the supremacy of the military leaders; and he at once availed himself of it to appoint certain chiefs chosen by himself; amongst others, the leader of the band of Poles, who were to cross the lake from Nyon. In order to bind him to us securely, I took him to a secret interview with General Dufour, in which the plan of the enterprise was again studied and discussed.

We started on the 1st February. The government of Geneva attempted to impede the movement even more energetically than I had expected. Our boats were seized. The hotel where I was staying was surrounded by gensdarmes. Our men were arrested whenever the slightest incident — the shape of their hats, or the possession of a weapon or cockade — aroused any suspicion. But the whole population, long prepared by us for that moment, arose to protect us. The officers and soldiers regarded us with an eye of favor, and easily yielded to the half-threatening remonstrances of the citizens. All our men were able to reach the place of meeting and to arm themselves. I waited to the last, in order to organize their mobilization, and crossed the lake late at night

with Ruffini and a few others, in a boat which had been condemned as unfit for service. I reached the camp, where all was gladness, enthusiasm, and confidence.

But a terrible series of deceptions yet awaited us. The German exiles who were to join us from Berne and Zurich were so full of enthusiasm that they believed the undertaking far easier than it really was, and forgot the certain and inevitable opposition of the Swiss Government. They therefore started in large bodies at a time, wearing the German republican cockade, and their hats adorned with oak-leaves, so as to leave no doubt as to the aim of their journey. The distance they had to travel before reaching the general rendezvous was very great, and the authorities had therefore plenty of time to take measures of repression. Some of the little bands were surrounded; others were dispersed; some succeeded in overcoming every obstacle and reaching the appointed place, but they were obliged to take different routes, and arrived too late. Very few of them joined us in time, and this was a very serious loss to us. The Polish column which crossed the lake from Nyon had been placed by Ramorino under the orders of one Grabski. He committed the unpardonable error of separating the men from their arms. Some Swiss boats filled with soldiers belonging to the contingent seized the raft upon which the arms were placed, and then easily took the men prisoners. These and other similar incidents not only deprived us of three fourths of our numbers, but, what was worse, afforded Ramorino the pretext he wanted.

To any one possessed of a spark of insurrectionary genius and determination to succeed, our position

was clear. We might, even with our diminished forces, enter and take possession of St. Julien. There were no troops in the place. The Piedmontese leaders, seeing the impossibility of defending it, had at once abandoned the position, and stationed themselves half way between it and Annecy, so as to cover that place. Had we once reached St. Julien, and dispatched the delegates who were awaiting us for aid, our small numbers would no longer have been of any moment. Moreover, the enthusiasm already shown by the populations would have been redoubled by this first success, and would have compelled the government to set our other columns at liberty, and enable them to join us.

The news of the departure of the troops from St. Julien was communicated to Ramorino. Believing that he would now maintain his promise, and desirous of avoiding all suspicion of rivalry with him, I therefore took a musket, and joined the ranks as a simple soldier. Ramorino made the capture of the Poles on the lake an excuse for suddenly altering the whole plan of the expedition, wandering away from the direction agreed upon, and following the shore of the lake for four-and-twenty hours, so as to tire out, dishearten, and destroy all discipline among our men. I will not give the details here, but content myself with relating my personal share in what followed. I had presumed too much upon my physical strength. The immense fatigue I had gone through during the foregoing three months had completely prostrated it. During the whole of the last week I had never once gone to bed, and the only sleep I had was such as I could snatch for a quarter of an hour at a time, in my chair. Then the anx-

ieties, the distrust I felt within me, the presentiment of treachery that oppressed me, the unexpected deceptions, the necessity of animating others with the outward appearance of a confidence I did not feel, and the sense of the responsibility that weighed upon me, had exhausted both my mental and bodily energies.

When I entered the ranks I was already consumed by fever. I should often have fallen had I not been supported by those on each side of me. The night was intensely cold, and I had carelessly forgotten my cloak. My teeth chattered as I walked on in a sort of dream. I felt some one — it was poor Scipione Pistrucci, of whom I shall have to speak again — putting a cloak over my shoulders, but had not the strength to turn round and thank him. Every now and then it struck me that we were not moving in the direction of St. Julien, and then, collecting my faculties by a supreme effort of will, I ran to Ramorino, conjuring him to follow the route agreed upon. And he always answered me with a Mephistophelian look, reassuring me, promising, and solemnly declaring that in a few moments we should come up with the Polish contingent of the lake. I remember that during the last words I had with him, and while he was most determinately resisting my entreaties, some musket-shots were fired by our little vanguard. I ran to the stand of guns, with a sense of deep gratitude to God that the decisive moment had arrived at last. After this I remember nothing more. My sight left me, and I fell to the ground in delirium.

Between one fainting fit and another, in that twilight of intelligence to which my senses returned

only to be again lost in darkness, I heard the voice of Giuseppe Lamberti asking me, What have you taken? He and a few other friends were aware that, fearing to be taken prisoner and tortured into making revelations, I had concealed a powerful poison about my person. Tormented as I had been by the distrust of me which I fancied I had seen in some of the party, I interpreted the question to mean what sum of money had I taken to betray my friends. And the anguish of that idea caused me to fall again into convulsions. All those now living who formed a part of the expedition can testify to the truth of what I write. That night was the most terrible night of my life. God forgive those who, in the blindness of party feeling, have made it the subject of epigram and jest.

When Ramorino heard what had happened to me, he knew that the one obstacle in the way of his plans was removed. He called for his horse, read an order of the day dissolving the column, and rode away. Carlo Bianco was requested to replace him in the command, but he shrank from the great responsibility in the face of the evident disorganization of the elements. The column dispersed. On coming to my senses I found myself in a barracks, surrounded by foreign soldiers. My friend Angelo Usiglio was near me. I asked him where we were. He answered in a voice of deep grief, In Switzerland. And the column? In Switzerland.

The first period of Young Italy was concluded.

CHAPTER IV.

YOUNG EUROPE.

1834–1837.

THE first period of Young Italy was concluded, and concluded with a defeat. Was I to retire from the arena, renounce all political life, wait patiently until time, or men more capable or more daring than myself, should have matured the destiny of Italy, silently pursue the path of my own individual development, and concentrate myself in those studies most congenial to my nature? Many advised me to do this. Some, because they were convinced that Italy, radically corrupted by long servitude, would never accept our ideal, and work out its triumph through her own efforts; others, because they were already weary at the commencement of the struggle, desirous of occupying themselves with their own individual existence, and terrified at the tempest visibly darkening above our heads. And the circumstances that eusued after the unfortunate expedition of Savoy gave weight to their arguments. A tremendous clamor of blame arose, uttered by all the worshippers of success. The waves had beaten and broken against the rocks, and were now retiring.

From Italy we heard of nought but discouragement. News came to us of flights, desertions, imprisonment, and disorganization. Around us in Switzer-

land, the favor with which our design had at first been received had given place to irritation. Geneva was tormented by diplomatic notes, imperious commands to get rid of us, accompanied by threats; and now that we were fallen, the majority began to imprecate against us as foreigners who endangered the tranquillity of the country, and destroyed the harmony and good-will existing between Switzerland and the European governments. The Federal authorities dispatched commissioners, and set on foot trials and inquiries. Our war stores were seized; our financiary resources were almost exhausted; while the condition of the exiles, the greater number of whom were without the necessaries of life, was wretched in the extreme, and suffering and disappointment were already sowing the seeds of dissension and recrimination even amongst ourselves. Darkness and gloom were on every side. It is true that we received assurances of an imminent and probably victorious republican insurrection in France, but I believed the French initiative to be over; and this our only promise of better things left me incredulous. More powerful upon me than any advice, or any danger, was the exceeding grief and anxiety of my poor mother. Had it been possible for me to have yielded, I should have yielded to that.

But there was that within me which outward circumstances were unable to overcome. My nature was strongly subjective, and master of itself. Even at that time I regarded self as an active force, called upon to transform the medium by which it was surrounded, rather than passively to submit to its influence. The life within me radiated from the inward to the outward, not from the outward to the inward.

Ours was not an enterprise of mere reaction; nor like the movement of the sick man who strives to ease his sufferings by changing his position. We sought liberty, not as an end, but as a means by which to achieve a higher and more positive aim. We had inscribed the words Republican Unity upon our banner. We sought to found a nation, to create a people. What was a defeat to men with such an aim as this in view? Was it not a part of our educational duty to teach our party a lesson of calm endurance in adversity? Could we teach this lesson better than by our own example? And would not our renunciation have been received as a new argument proving the impossibility of unity? The fundamental vice of Italy, by which she was condemned to impotence, was clearly no lack of desire of freedom: it was a want of confidence in her own strength, a tendency to discouragement, and the want of that constancy of purpose, without which even virtue is fruitless. It was a fatal want of harmony between thought and action.

The moral education of the people, by means of writings and lectures on a scale proportionate to the necessity of the case, which might have cured this radical vice, was rendered impossible in Italy by the scourge of police persecution. A living apostolate was therefore necessary; a nucleus of men strong in determination and constancy, and inaccessible to discouragement; men capable of defying persecution, and meeting defeat with the smile of faith, in the name of a great idea; of succumbing one day but to arise again the next; men ever ready to do battle, and, spite of time or adverse fortune, ever full of faith in the final victory. Ours was not a sect, but a relig-

ion of patriotism. Sects may be extinguished by violence, religions never. I shook off my doubts and determined to persist. It was evident that our work in Italy was unavoidably retarded. Some time must be allowed to elapse in order that our men might recover themselves, and that our masters might believe their victory secure and sink again into repose. But we might, in the mean time, make up for our losses at home by exertion abroad, and endeavor to insure at our second rising the support of foreign allies and of European opinion. During the accomplishment of the gradual dissolution which I recognized of every foregone regenerative principle, or initiative of European progress, I conceived that we might prepare the way for the only idea I believed to have power to resuscitate the Peoples, the idea of Nationality, and for the initiative influence of Italy in the coming movement. Nationality, and the possibility of an Italian initiative, — such was the duplex ruling thought of all my labors from 1834 to 1837.

Our publications had attracted attention abroad. The daring attempt upon Savoy had collected a multitude of exiles around our committee. The greater number of these were Germans and Poles; but there were some from France, Spain, and elsewhere. Amongst these I may mention Harro Haring, a writer of merit and a true pilgrim of liberty; for he had fought and striven in her cause in Poland, Germany, and Greece. Born on the shores of the North Sea, he cherished the aspiration and idea of Scandinavian unity; an idea shared only by myself at that time, but nevertheless destined sooner or later to be realized. Before persecution should scatter us to different centres, I determined to sow among these

exiles the first seeds of that Alliance of the Peoples universally invoked, but seldom attempted.

The Carbonari, headed in France by Buonarroti, Teste, and (I think) Voyer d'Argenson, naturally endeavored to extend their work into all lands, and admitted men of every nation into their ranks. But it was a cosmopolitan association, in the philosophical sense of the word. It recognized only the human race and individuals; and it regarded its members simply as individuals. In their *Ventes* neither altar nor banner was raised in the name of the Father-land. When once initiated, the Pole, the Russian, the German, all became Carbonari, and nothing more. Idolatrously worshipping the doctrines of the French Revolution, they went not a step beyond. Their aim was the conquest for each and all men of what they termed their rights, rights of liberty and equality, nothing more. They regarded every collective idea, and consequently the national idea, as useless, or, if judged by its results in the past, as dangerous.

Theoretically, their error lay in their blindness to the fact that the individual has no rights except as a consequence of duties fulfilled; they forgot that the law of the individual can only be deduced from the law of the species; they denied the instinct of collective life within us, and the conception of the work of transformation which every individual is bound to endeavor to accomplish on earth for the good of humanity. Practically, their error lay in attempting to act with a lever from which the fulcrum was withdrawn, and thus condemning themselves to impotence.

I regarded the question of Nationality, as it ought to be regarded by all of us, not as a mere tribute to local pride or local rights, but as a question of Euro-

pean division of labor; and I believed that this question of Nationality was destined to give its name to the century. Italy — the Italy I foresaw and loved, — might, I thought, become the initiatrix of the National movement in Europe. And she will be so yet, if she free herself from her present cowardly and immoral tribe of rulers, and awaken to a sense of her duty and her power. I believed it necessary to extend our labors among the Peoples desirous of constituting themselves as nations. The French were so constituted already. They had achieved their unity before any other people, and the great questions then agitating France were of a social nature.

There are in Europe three families: The Hellenic-Latin, the German, and the Slavonian; and Italy, Germany, and Poland may be regarded as the representatives of these families. Greece, though sacred from her great memories, and destined to fulfill a high mission in Eastern Europe, was as yet too small to become the initiatrix of the movement of Nationality in Europe. Russia still slept the sleep of death; and even had I believed her likely so soon to awaken to self-consciousness, she possessed no visible centre whence to asume the practical direction of the energy of her reviving life.[1] It was our duty, therefore, to form our first pact of alliance with the three peoples capable of taking an initiative. Greece, Switzerland, Roumania, the Slavonians of the South of Europe, and Spain, would gradually group them-

[1] The revival of Russia has surpassed alike my expectations and those of others, and the importance and influence of her movement over the rest of Europe is undeniable. Nevertheless, I still believe that the resurrection of Poland will exercise a greater and more direct influence over the organization of the various branches of the Slavonian family. (1862.)

selves, each around that one among these three peoples most akin to themselves. These considerations determined the formation of the association we termed Young Europe.

Meanwhile the persecutions against us increased. Many of the exiles were seized, conducted like criminals to the frontiers, and sent to England or America. Some, under the protection of feigned names, sheltered themselves in the villages of the cantons of Vaud, Zurich, Berne, and Basle Campagne. We Italians, though more sought for than the rest, succeeded in escaping. I left Geneva accompanied by the two Ruffinis and Melegari. For some time we remained concealed in Lausanne, but we were afterwards permitted to take up our abode in Berne.

"They were but two hundred," I said in a little pamphlet treating of the persecution of the exiles, and published at Lausanne under the title "Ils sont Partis," — "they were but two hundred, and yet, seized with terror and hatred at the sight of them, old Europe has donned her antiquated armor of notes and protocols, and determined to do battle against them; has put in motion her whole body of diplomatists, police agents, aristocratic bravos, prefects, troops, and spies, under every description of disguise. From one extremity of Europe to the other, the whole of that double-faced tribe — creatures whom God tolerates here below but as a test and trial of the good — thronged the doors of the various embassies, awaiting instructions before dispersing themselves over every corner of Switzerland to search out, calumniate, and denounce their victims. Then began the exile hunt. For a space of four months diplomatic notes

fell thick as hail upon poor Switzerland, or like the swarms of crows and flies that surround a corpse. Notes came from Naples, from Russia, from all the four points of the compass; all of them, in language more or less bitter, threatening, and enraged, bidding her expel the exiles. And yet at times they pretended to despise them. According to their journals these exiles were but inexperienced lads fresh from school; conspirators in embryo. They were morally intoxicated; they were dreamers, seekers after the impossible. It was well to give them a lesson and punish them for their folly; but there was nothing to fear from them.

"Yes, they were very young, although their open brows were lined with sad and solemn thought; although torn from every maternal caress and every domestic joy; they were the infants of a new world, the children of a new faith; for at the commencement of their pilgrimage, the Angel of Exile, seeing them pure from egotism, and ready for sacrifice as youth is, had whispered to them I know not what sweet and holy words of universal brotherhood and love, and of the religion of the heart, which had elevated them above the men of their day. Touched by the angel's wing, their eyes beheld things unknown to riper age; they forefelt the new Word agitating the ruins of feudal Europe, and saw a new world eager to behold it emerge from those ruins into the light of victory. They saw nations regenerated, and races long divided advancing together in brotherhood, confidence, and joy, while the Angel of Liberty, Equality, and Humanity spread his white wings above them. Enamored of the spectacle, they turned to the Angel of Exile, asking: What must we do for this?

And the angel answered them: Follow me; I will guide you through the sleeping Peoples; and the lesson I have taught you, you shall preach to them by example. You shall cheer the unhappy and oppressed. None shall give you comfort; you shall be rejected by indifference, and prosecuted by calumny; but I will recompense you beyond the grave.

"So they went forth to journey among the Peoples; to preach the holy word. And wheresoever the cry of a brave and oppressed People smote upon their hearts, they hastened thither; wheresoever the lament of a degraded People met their ears, they said unto them: Rise, and learn the strength that is in yourselves. Even as the angel had foretold to them, did they meet with calumny and ingratitude on their way; but ever did the trace of their pilgrimage remain, and the very Peoples that rejected them marveled to find that a change had come over themselves, and that they were worthier than before. These things had been foretold to the kings, for even the spirit of evil can foretell the future, though doomed to combat against it. All the oppressors hated the exiles, for they feared them. A *cordon* of scaffolds was drawn around Italy, to drive them back from her frontiers. Germany searched the thickets of her Black Forest, in terror lest any of the youthful wanderers should be hidden there. France — the France of privileged electors and doctrinaires — permitted them to traverse her provinces, but made of their path a bridge of sighs, over which they passed on their way to die of want and suffering in other more distant lands. She even defrauded them, by subtracting from the paltry sum allowed for the necessities of the journey, the pay of the gensdarmes

to whose saddle-bow they were bound, and the cost of the chains she frequently riveted round the neck of her noble victims.

"And now they are all gone! The last, a few young German exiles, guilty of the publication of some earnest words addressed to their fellow-countrymen, were handed over by the Swiss gensdarmes to the French gensdarmes at Befort, a few days since, to be conveyed to Calais. They departed, casting a long look of grief and reproach upon this Helvetian Land, which had given such solemn promises to the exiles of Europe, only to break them through fear; upon these mountains raised up by God to be the home of liberty, and which diplomatic materialists have converted into the footstool of foreign tyrants; upon these sons of Switzerland, who had surrounded them with affection and applause in the days of hope and promise, but who now withdrew their hand from the grasp of vanquished men. They had sought to combat for the freedom not only of their own, but of all countries; for that liberty implanted by God in the hearts of the good; for the rights of all men; for the enlightenment of all men; yet even the Swiss, these so-called republicans, denied them in their misfortunes; and not a single voice has been raised here among the Alps, daring to answer these scribblers of notes, and say to them: No, we will not violate the sacredness of misfortune; we will not drive out the exiles, and if you attempt to seize them by force, God, our Alps, and our rifles shall defend us against you.

"Yet the utterance of bold words like these would have caused the oppressors to retire. Diplomatic Europe, which has been so troubled and disturbed

for four months by these two hundred youths, would not have dared to front the opposition of a people that yet remembers Sempach and Mortgarten. For did they not — think of this you who are yourselves the issue of revolution, though you now betray it — did not these foreign kings, who only threaten because they see you tremble, draw back in terror from the idea of war in 1831? Did they not stand by, impotent and motionless, and see the democratic element, the popular principle, invade the constitution of your cantons one by one? Then you stood firm, and addressed yourselves with confidence to the people; then your federal contingents flocked cheerfully to the frontier threatened by Austria, and brave voices urged them on, bidding them defend the land of their fathers against every assailant. Upon which these terrible kings receded. Be you now what you then were, and they will again recede. For they know not how many thrones may be crumbled to the dust, how many peoples may rise in revolt, between the first cannon fired by the Kings, and the last cannon fired by the Peoples in a war of independence. You hold in your hand the revolutionary lever, of which one extremity touches Italy, and the other Germany.

. . . . . .

"You knew not how to dare. You have made yourselves the ignoble instruments of monarchical persecution. You have violated the rights of misfortune. You have cast forth those who implored shelter at your hearth. You have denied the most sacred link between man and the deity — compassion.

. . . . . .

"When the depositaries of a nation's duty prove

themselves incapable of maintaining the sacred trust intact, it becomes the part of the people to arise, first to admonish its unfaithful servants to change their course, and if they fail to do so, to overthrow them and take the neglected duty upon themselves.[1]

. . . . . .

"They are gone! May God watch over them, and shed his peace upon their hearts, in the long pilgrimage to which inhospitable Europe has condemned them. Despair not, young exiles! despair not of the future you bear within your hearts. Elevate your pilgrimage to the height of a religious mission. The new faith of which you are the apostles has need of martyrs to secure its triumph; and suffering nobly borne is the brightest gem of the crown with which the angel of European destiny encircles the brow of his soldiers. The days foreseen by you will surely come. There is that written above us, which all decrees of councils and diets, and all ukases of Tzars are as powerless to efface as are the storm-clouds to efface the sun from the vault of heaven — the universal moral law, the progress of all through all. And there is that on earth which no tyranny can long repress — the people — the power and the future of the people. Their destiny will be accomplished, and the day will surely come — even when their enemies most firmly believe them blinded, enchained, and crushed forever, when the people — Samson of humanity — will raise their eyes to heaven, and with one blow of the arm by which thrones are shattered, burst every bond, break every chain, overthrow every barrier, and arise in freedom, master of themselves.

[1] I reread this with real grief. Does it not seem as if it were written for our Italy at the present day? — (1862.)

"They will arise! they will arise! And the holy law of humanity, the sacred words of Jesus, Love one another — Liberty, Equality, and Association — all will be fulfilled, according to the decrees of God. The peoples will mingle their past sorrows and their future hopes in the embrace of fraternal love. And if any of these exiles, these sublime pilgrims outlawed by humanity for having loved it too well, should then be living, mankind will bless them. And should all save one have fallen in the fight, that one will kneel down upon the tomb that covers the bones of his brothers, and whisper to them through the thick grass, Brothers, rejoice! for the angel's words were truth, and we have vanquished the ancient world. And he will be the last exile, for the peoples alone will reign."

It was at Berne, in the midst of uncertainty as to the future, present troubles, and constant annoyances from the police, who tormented us afresh at every fresh diplomatic note, that eighteen of us — if I remember rightly — Poles, Germans, and Italians, met together to draw up the following Pact of Fraternity, for the purpose of directing the efforts of the liberal party among the three Peoples towards a single aim. It was as follows: —

We, the undersigned, men of progress and liberty; believing in the equality and fraternity of all men; believing that humanity is destined to achieve, through a continuous progress under the dominion of the universal moral law, the free and harmonious development of its faculties, and the fulfillment of its mission in the universe; that this can only be achieved through the active coöperation of all its members freely associated together; that true, free association

can only exist amongst equals, since every inequality implies a violation of independence, and every violation of independence is the destruction of free agreement and consent; that liberty, equality, and humanity are all equally sacred; that they constitute the three inviolable elements of every positive solution of the social problem; and that whensoever any one of these elements is sacrificed to the other two, the organization of human effort towards the solution of that problem is radically defective:

Convinced that although the ultimate *aim* to be reached by humanity is essentially one, and the general principles destined to guide the various human families in their advance towards that aim are identical for all, there are yet many paths disclosed to progress; convinced that every man and every people has a special mission; the fulfillment of which determines the individuality of that man or of that people, and at the same time bears a part in the accomplishment of the general mission of humanity; convinced, lastly, that the association both of individuals and peoples is necessary to secure the free performance of the individual mission, and the certainty of its direction towards the fulfillment of the general mission:

Strong in our rights as men and citizens; strong in our own conscience and in the mandate given by God and humanity to all those truly desirous of consecrating their energies, their intellect, and their whole existence to the holy cause of the progress of the Peoples; having already constituted ourselves in free and independent national associations as the primitive nuclei of *Young Poland*, *Young Germany*, and *Young Italy;* assembled together by common con-

sent for the general good, this 15th April, 1834, we, constituting ourselves, as far as our own efforts are concerned, securities and pledges for the future, have determined as follows: —

I. *Young Germany*, *Young Poland*, and *Young Italy*, being Republican associations, having the same Humanitarian aim in view, and led by the same faith in liberty, equality, and progress, do hereby fraternally associate and unite, now and forever, in all matters concerning the general aim.

II. A declaration of those principles which constitute the universal moral law in its bearings upon human society, shall be drawn up and signed by the three national committees. It shall set forth and define the belief, the purpose, and the general tendency of the three associations. Any of the members who shall separate their own work from that of the association will be regarded as guilty of culpable violation of this Act of Fraternity, and will take the consequences of such violation.

III. In all matters not comprehended in the Declaration of Principles, and not appertaining to the general interest, each of the three associations will be free and independent.

IV. An alliance defensive and offensive, expressive of the solidarity of the Peoples, is established between the three associations. They will work together in harmony in the cause of the emancipation of their several countries. In matters peculiarly or specially concerning their own countries, they will each have a right to the assistance of the others.

V. An assembly of the National Committees or their delegates, will constitute the Committee of Young Europe.

VI. The fraternity of the three associations is decreed, and each of them is bound to fulfill every duty arising out of that fraternity.

VII. The Committee of Young Europe will determine upon a symbol, to be common to all the members of the three associations. A common motto will be inscribed upon all the publications of the three associations.

VIII. Any people desirous of sharing the rights and duties established by this alliance, may do so by formally adhering to this Act of Fraternity, through the medium of their representatives.

BERNE, 15*th April*, 1834.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

FOR THE INITIATORS.

Young Europe is an association of men believing in a future of liberty, equality, and fraternity for all mankind; and desirous of consecrating their thoughts and actions to the realization of that future.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

1. One sole God;

One sole ruler, — his Law;

One sole interpreter of that law, — Humanity.

2. To constitute humanity in such wise as to enable it throughout a continuous progress to discover and apply the law of God by which it should be governed, as speedily as possible: such is the mission of Young Europe.

3. As our true well-being consists in living in accordance with the law of our being, the knowledge and fulfillment of the law of humanity is the sole source of good. The fulfillment of the mission of Young Europe will result in the general good.

4. Every mission constitutes a pledge of duty. Every man is bound to consecrate his every faculty to its fulfillment. He will derive his rule of action from the profound conviction of that duty.

5. Humanity can only arrive at the knowledge of its Law of Life, through the free and harmonious development of all its faculties. Humanity can only reduce that knowledge to action through the free and harmonious development of all its faculties. Association is the sole means of realizing this development.

6. No true association is possible save among free men and equals.

7. By the law of God, given by Him to humanity, all men are free, are brothers, and are equals.

8. Liberty is the right of every man to exercise his faculties without impediment or restraint, in the accomplishment of his special mission, and in the choice of the means most conducive to its accomplishment.

9. The free exercise of the faculties of the individual may in no case violate the rights of others. The special mission of each man must be accomplished in harmony with the general mission of Humanity. There is no other limit to human liberty.

10. Equality implies the recognition of uniform rights and duties for all men — for none may escape the action of the law by which they are defined — and every man should participate, in proportion to his labor, in the enjoyment of the produce resulting from the activity of all the social forces.

11. Fraternity is the reciprocal affection, the sentiment which inclines man to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him.

12. All privilege is a violation of equality. All arbitrary rule is a violation of liberty. Every act of egotism is a violation of fraternity.

13. Wheresoever privilege, arbitrary rule, or egotism are introduced into the social constitution, it is the duty of every man who comprehends his own mission to combat them by every means in his power.

14. That which is true of each individual with regard to the other individuals forming a part of the society to which he belongs, is equally true of every people with regard to humanity.

15. By the law of God, given by God to humanity, all the peoples are free — are brothers and are equals.

16. Every people has its special mission, which will coöperate towards the fulfillment of the general mission of humanity. That mission constitutes its nationality. Nationality is sacred.

17. All unjust rule, all violence, every act of egotism exercised to the injury of a people, is a violation of the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the peoples. All the peoples should aid and assist each other in putting an end to it.

18. Humanity will only be truly constituted when all the peoples of which it is composed have acquired the free exercise of their sovereignty, and shall be associated in a Republican Confederation, governed and directed by a common Declaration of Principles and a common Pact, towards the common aim — the discovery and fulfillment of the Universal Moral Law.

These two acts were signed for the Italians by L. A. Melagari, Giacomo Ciani, Gaspare Rosales, Ruffini, Ghiglioni, and myself; others signed for the Poles and Germans. Afterwards our little group

separated and dispersed in different cantons. Rosales went to the Canton Grisons; Ciani to Lugano; Melegari to Lausanne; Campanella to France; and all of them were very active in spreading the association. The greater number of the Poles and Germans remained in Switzerland, but dispersed through different cantons. Gustavo Modena remained in the Bernese territory, where he shortly afterwards became attached to Giulia Calame, now his widow, a woman admirable for her beauty, depth of feeling, devotion, constancy, and love for her second country. She remained by her husband's side through all the dangers of the war in Venetia. I learned to appreciate her during the siege of Rome in 1849. The two Ruffinis, Ghiglioni, and I went to the baths at Grenchen (Canton Solothurn), kept by the excellent family of Girard; all of whom, men and women, vied with one another in kind and protecting care of us, and spared us many of the dangers and annoyances with which we were threatened by the Central Government.

The ideal of the association of Young Europe was the federal organization of European democracy under one sole direction; so that any nation arising in insurrection should at once find the others ready to assist it — if not by action, at least by a moral support sufficiently powerful to prevent hostile intervention on the part of their governments. We therefore decided to constitute a National Committee of each nation, around which all the elements of republican progress might rally by degrees, and arranged that all these committees should be linked with our Central Provisional Committee of the Association, through the medium of a regular correspondence.

We diffused secret rules for the affiliation of members, decided upon the formula of oath to be taken, and chose, as the common symbol, an ivy leaf. In short, we took all the measures necessary for the formation of a secret association. I did not deceive myself, however, by an exaggerated conception of the extent or diffusion of the association, nor imagine it possible that it should ever attain any compact force capable of being brought into action. I knew that it embraced too vast a sphere to allow of any practical results, and that much time and many severe lessons would be required in order to teach the peoples the necessity of a true European fraternity. My only aim, therefore, was to constitute an apostolate of *ideas* different from those then current, and to leave them to bear fruit how and where they might.

Buchez declared in the "Europeén" that the doctrines taught in our Act of Fraternity were entirely new; but he added, in the true spirit of sectarian monopolization, that it was evident to him that the writers had derived their inspiration from the labors and oral communications of his school. The school of Buchez, though more advanced on moral questions, and in the substitution of the idea of duty for the bare idea of rights then in vogue with the republican party, yet attempted — more I think from tactics than from deep conviction — a thing then and forever impossible, the reconciliation of the Christian dogma with the new faith in a law of progress; and professed to revere the Papacy as an institution to which the teachings of religious democracy were destined to give new life, and to reconstitute as the initiatrix of all future progress. The school which it was my

object to found (and of which Young Europe was the germ) by the very first words of its general instructions: "One sole God; one sole ruler, — his law; one sole interpreter of his law, — Humanity:" rejected every doctrine of external, immediate, and final revelation. It substituted for these the doctrine of the slow, continuous, indefinite revelation of the providential design, through the collective life of humanity. It deliberately rejected the idea of any intermediate source of truth between man and God, other than genius united with virtue; and of every power owing its existence to any pretended right divine, whether monarch or pope.

At any rate, if not new in the sphere of thought, the idea of nationality, regarded as the sign of a mission to be fulfilled for the good of humanity, was quite new among the political associations of that day. New also was the idea of the supremacy of the moral law over every power, and consequently of the unity destined to cancel the hitherto existing duality between the temporal and spiritual powers. The idea of political liberty, so defined as to exclude the absurd theory of the sovereignty of the individual on the one hand, and the dangers of anarchy on the other, was also new; as were many other of the ideas contained in that document. And it may be that these ideas, repeated and diffused as they were by numbers of those who had become members of our association, did aid in promoting that gradual transformation both of doctrine and tendency which is visibly going on in the ranks of Democracy at the present day — a transformation without which it may be possible to create *émeutes*, but no lasting revolution. I speak of the tendency now manifest

in European Democracy to abandon the mere materialistic spirit of rebellion that denies and destroys, but is unable to build up; in order to assume the character of a positive, organic, religious mission; seeking to substitute a true and freely accepted authority for the false authorities now ruling Europe.

We signed this pact of Young Europe three days after the insurrection of Lyons, when all hope of a French movement had vanished. It was our answer to the victory just obtained by the Republican Monarchy over the people which had been so deluded as to put trust in it. As I understood the document, it was an assertion on the part of Democracy of its existence in virtue of its own collective European life, and not through the initiative of any one people, French or other. Even under that aspect, I think the new institution was of use. The idea that even those peoples whose nationality was restrained or denied might assume the lost initiative, and that the European movement might be recommenced under their banner, began to be generally diffused.

Towards the end of 1834 I founded the association called Young Switzerland, and organized committees in the cantons of Berne, Geneva, Vaud, Vallais, Neuchâtel, and elsewhere. Switzerland was then, and still is a country of great importance, not only in itself, but with regard to Italy. Since the 1st of January, 1338, that little people has had neither king nor master. It presents the spectacle — unique in Europe — of a republican flag floating for five centuries above the Alps, though surrounded by jealous and invading monarchies, as if to be an incitement

and a presage to us all. Charles V., Louis XIV., Napoleon, passed away; but that banner remained, sacred and immovable. There is in this fact a pledge of life and nationality, not destined to be lost. The three-and-thirty shepherds of Grütli — all of them the equal representatives of sister provinces — who raised that republican banner against Austria five centuries ago, were also the unconscious representatives of a programme confided by Him who traced the gigantic barrier of the Alps to the keeping of the hardy race he had raised up upon their flanks. Along the whole chain of those Alps there is an uniformity of popular traditions, legends, customs, and habits of independence, clearly indicating a special mission. In the future territorial division of Europe, the Helvetian will be transformed into an Alpine Confederation, including Savoy on the one side, the German Tyrol, and possibly some other districts, on the other; so as to extend a complete zone of defense between France, and Germany, and Italy. This was the idea I sought to diffuse, and which I still believe should direct the action of all who occupy themselves seriously with the future of the European nations. It is true that monarchy has retarded its realization by the cession of Savoy to France; but who can foresee the result of the crisis of European transformation now rapidly approaching?

At the time of the formation of the association of Young Switzerland, the influence of the nation which is guardian of the Republican banner in Europe was nullified by her want of internal cohesion, giving rise to a sense of weakness and servility that shaped an ignominious and suicidal policy towards the monarchies of Europe, of which we were soon

afterwards to feel the effects. Leaving aside the moral causes tending to destroy in Switzerland all collective faith, and the conception of duty which is its consequence — causes which still prevail over the whole of Europe, and lead men to wrap themselves in the mantle of atheistic indifference as to good or evil — that sense of weakness was the direct consequence of the fundamental vice (still obstinately maintained) of the Swiss Constitution, — the want of a *national* representation. The conception of a Federal Republic includes the idea of a double series of duties and of rights. The first series comprehends the special duties of each of the states composing the Confederation; the second their duties as a whole, or nation. The first defines the sphere of individual activity — the duties of individuals as citizens of the separate states, and their local interests; the second defines the sphere and duties of the same individuals as citizens of the whole nation — their general interest. The first is determined by the delegates of each of the states composing the Confederation; the second by delegates representing the whole — the Country.

This, the true conception of a Federal Republic, is violated by the Swiss Constitution. The states or cantons of Switzerland are represented and governed by authorities more or less directly, more or less democratically delegated by the people of the cantons. The Diet, or Central Government, is composed of delegates from each canton, chosen by the Grand Conseil of the cantons themselves. Switzerland, the Swiss nation, therefore, has no representatives; the national power is but a second exercise of the cantonal sovereignty in a new form. In this diet, thus

chosen under the influence of local interests, every canton — whatsoever its extent, population, or importance, and notwithstanding the fact that the contributions of each to the national treasury are determined by the number of its inhabitants — has one vote. One vote is given to Zurich, which has a population of 225,000, sends a contingent of 4,000 to the Federal army, and contributes between 70,000 and 80,000 francs to the national treasury ; and one vote to Zug, which has only 14,000 inhabitants, sends a contingent of only 250 soldiers, and contributes only 2,500 francs to the treasury. One vote represents the 355,000 inhabitants of Berne, and the 13,000 of Uri. When, therefore, the small cantons choose to unite for any special purpose, a minority, consisting of little more than half a million, is enabled to resist the will of the majority, two millions. And, as if to prevent the possibility of any national conception arising to any purpose in the brain of any of the delegates, an imperative mandate nullifies all spontaneity of thought and conscience. The representatives are furnished with precise instructions by the Grand Conseil of their cantons, and no unforeseen question that may arise, however urgent, may be solved by them without their having again recourse to that first source of their authority.

Owing to this system foreign cabinets easily succeed in dominating a confederation so loosely bound together. It would not be easy for them to corrupt or terrify two millions and a half of united Republicans ; but by addressing themselves separately to the small cantons, working upon their aristocratic tendencies, or flattering and alluring any one of them by holding out hopes of small concessions to the prej-

udice of another, they are enabled to gain over a minority, which is legally strong enough to counterbalance the will of the majority of the Swiss people. By such methods of seduction, alternated by threats — which the Swiss are very wrong to fear — of ceasing to respect the imaginary security of a neutrality which is the cause of the dependence, not the safety of the country, they succeed in perpetuating that weakness in the Swiss Confederation, to which a better political organization would put an end. The result of the Swiss political system, therefore, is not, as it should be, to harmonize the individual life of the separate cantons in a general aim; it simply maintains their individual independence. The Federal authority has not sufficient direct contact with the citizens, and lacks the power to compel or restrain those who violate its decrees. Their absurd aristocratic representative system also maintains a fatal source of inequality in the very heart of the nation, and creates constant jealousy and rancor between canton and canton. The cantons are joined together, but they are not united; and the whole confederation lacks the sentiment, the consciousness of national unity. The diversity of the civil and political organization of each, and indeed of their whole political creed, is too great. And were it not for the power and vitality inherent in Republican institutions, the arts of the surrounding governments would long ago have plunged Switzerland into anarchy, or degraded her to impotence and slow decay.

I have alluded to these things at once as a justification and explanation of the purpose of the association of Young Switzerland. To conspire for the mere sake of conspiring, has been the fault of too many in

past days; but it was no fault of ours. Deliberate interference in the internal affairs of a foreign nation is a serious and a dangerous matter. But when the consequences of a vice in the political system of a nation are such as to affect all Europe, — as in the case of military capitulations to the advantage of despotism, ecclesiastical concessions to Papal Rome, power conferred upon the order of the Jesuits, or the constant violation of the right of asylum, — every man who believes himself able to interfere efficaciously against it, is bound to do so. Liberty is an European right. Arbitrary power, tyranny, and inequality cannot exist in one nation without injury to others. The governments of Europe are well aware of this; and it is time that we too should learn to know it. The purpose and aim of Young Switzerland was to combat the vices I have described; and if any of them are wholly or partially extinct at the present day, the apostolate we founded has had its share in their destruction.

In June, 1835, I founded a journal for the purpose of extending our association and its ideas in Switzerland. It was issued twice a week, and was printed in double columns — one French and the other German. We had purchased a printing-press at Bienne, in the Canton Berne. Professor Weingart, a Swiss, directed our establishment, into which we introduced French and German workmen from amongst the exiles. A committee of Swiss gentlemen, some of them (like Schneider) members of the Grand Conseil, supplied the means, and either suggested or approved the work done. Besides our journal, we published many political pamphlets, and an Economic Popular Library. I edited the journal, which bore the name

of our association, "La Jeune Suisse," and was inscribed with the formula, Liberty, Equality, Humanity; but as I was obliged to remain in a sort of half concealment, the ostensible editor was a certain Granier, formerly editor of the "Glaneuse" of Lyons, who had been thrown amongst us after the unsuccessful insurrection of that city. Our German translator was one Mathy, a very intelligent young man, and at that time a perfect enthusiast of our doctrines; but who, on his return to his native country, became, I am told, a conservative.

Our object was to form a school which should raise political science above the miserable squabbles of parties and factions, and the exclusive worship of material interests, to the high principles of religious morality; without the guidance of which no political transformations can endure, but are converted into the mere struggles of sects or individuals desirous of power. We adopted a calm, serious, and philosophical style, unusual in the polemics of the journalism of that day. Nevertheless, its novelty attracted attention, and gained us friends and correspondents in all the various cantons; few but good, as Manzoni says of the poems of Tosti. Most of them were young men weary of mere rebellious skepticism or negations; others were Protestant ministers inquiring into the religious character of our doctrine of progress; some were mothers, who had sought until then to restrain their sons from mixing in the turmoil of party politics, as productive of nought but strife and danger, but who had been awakened by our writings to the perception of a duty of love and truth to be fulfilled and taught. Six months after the first publication of "La Jeune Suisse," although violently as-

sailed by the materialists of the old school of political economy, like Fazy, and others of his class, we found ourselves at the head of a number of Swiss, who had joined our Italian apostolate, and were ready to unite in an earnest endeavor to awaken their countrymen to a comprehension of the mission assigned to them by God.

The pamphlets published from time to time by German or Swiss writers associated with us; our journal, and the visibly increasing influence of the Italian apostolate in a country strategically important, but which had until that time remained indifferent to the European movement, served as a pretext for another and a yet more relentless persecution. So long as Paris, by the common consent of the enslaved peoples, had been the sole focus of republican agitation, it was easy to watch over and restrain it. It was otherwise when the minds of men were released from the subservience which confided the perennial initiative into the hands of France, and the agitation broke forth in various directions, even taking the offensive in those countries where there existed a strong instinct of Nationality, and a consciousness of violated rights. The governments all beheld with uneasiness the increasing power of a party whose avowed aim was a new partition of Europe, and the raising of a banner which they foresaw would sooner or later become the banner of the Epoch. And it was determined among them to crush it.

The diplomatic agents of the various governments of Europe, from France to the petty princes of Italy, from Russia and Austria to the little states of Ger-

many, intimated to the weak and illiberal Swiss Government that it must put an end to our apostolate, and disperse our association. To facilitate the disgraceful concession, they adopted the usual methods of *espionage* and false accusations. Upon the occasion of the assassination of a certain Lessing, who was stabbed by an unknown hand near Zurich, they built up a complete edifice of imaginary secret societies, after the antique model; of terrific oaths, Vehmic tribunals, and sentences of death pronounced by Young Germany. From some chance hasty word, the expression of an unfulfilled desire, they composed long and minute revelations of designs made, orders given, and arms collected for the purpose of invading some part of the German frontier. And in order to obtain notes and evidence of imprudent or exciting language held by the exiles, they introduced a number of spies and agents of their own into our ranks. One Jules Schmidt of Saxony contrived, by pretending the most extreme poverty, to obtain employment in our printing-office. A German Jew named Altinger, who assumed the name of Baron Eib, began enlisting German workmen with an ostentation of secrecy that courted discovery. A circular was composed at the French Embassy (then directed by the Duke of Montebello) in my name, and sent to several of the exiles who had been driven out of Switzerland after the expedition of Savoy, and were living in different towns in France, inviting them to come to Grenchen where I then was, for the purpose of starting from thence to invade Baden. I might quote twenty facts of this nature, but their chief characteristics of profound immorality and perfidy are all summed up in the affair of Conseil, which I am about to relate.

Secret accusations were sent in support of the public notes. The diplomatic warfare waged against us, though inspired and directed by Austria, Prussia, and Russia, was finally concentrated under the direction of France. It was ever the custom of the French monarchy to do evil in order to prevent others from doing it, and the despotic monarchies took advantage of this old system to achieve their purpose, and throw the responsibility upon the constitutional monarchy they both feared and suspected. They threatened intervention, in order that France might hasten to intervene, and succeeded in their object. Thiers was the ruling spirit of the French Ministry, and he undertook the management of the ignoble affair. Meanwhile, the Central Government of Switzerland (the Vorort) giving credence to all the absurd denunciations made against us, commenced a cowardly persecution of the Republican exiles. On the 20th May I received intelligence from a friend of mine, an engineer in the Canton Solothurn, that cartridges had been distributed to the little garrison of that city, previously to dispatching them upon an expedition of some danger. A few hours after, two hundred soldiers and a handful of gensdarmes surrounded and entered the Bath House, where I and the two brothers Ruffini lived. In the interval between the warning and the coming of the soldiers, Harro Haring had unexpectedly arrived from France. He had received one of the false circulars, and had thought it his duty to hasten to join us. He had an English passport, and I warned him to pretend not to know us; but when he heard the captain of the troop sent against us order us to accompany them to Solothurn, he gave his true name, and was imprisoned with us.

We were taken to the prison of Solothurn, and after twenty-four hours' detention, set at liberty without being interrogated in any way. The young men of the city had threatened that they would set us free themselves. During the long perquisition made at the Bath House at Grenchen, they did not discover a single rifle, proclamation, circular, or indeed any indication of the pretended expedition into Germany. Nevertheless, we were ordered to quit the canton. We crossed the frontier, and took refuge in the first village on the other side, Langenau, in the Canton Berne, in the house of a Protestant clergyman, who received us as the apostles of a religion proscribed, but holy, and destined to triumph in the future.

But the persecution did not stop here. The Central Government, while pursuing its investigations, had discovered several of those exiles who had been ordered to quit the country in 1834, and in order to curry favor with foreign governments it determined to send them back to the frontiers. A submissive dispatch was sent to the French Ambassador on the 22d June, announcing this determination, and asking permission to send the exiles into the French territory: adding, as a proof of devotion, a list of the exiles thus condemned to be driven away, and a note of the most suspected amongst us. Every cowardly concession renders the enemy more insolent and exacting, as Italy, thanks to her ministers, has reason to know at the present day. The Duke of Montebello answered on the 18th July with a note as threatening and insulting as possible. He asked, or rather demanded a system of coercive measures against the exiles, and declared that if Switzerland

did not cease all toleration of the incorrigible enemies of the repose of governments, France would take the matter into her own hands. It was a gauntlet of defiance flung down, without a shadow of pretext, to that Switzerland wherein Louis Philippe had found shelter during his misfortunes. And in order to obtain some show of pretense they adopted a means so immoral as to be worth recording here, for the purpose of making known how low the Constitutional Governments of the present day can stoop, as well as for the consolation of the Republican Party, against whom no such accusations can be brought.

Early in July, 1836, one Auguste Conseil, an *employé* of the Parisian police, had been dispatched to Switzerland by the French Minister of the Interior, upon a mission concerning the exiles. His orders were, first, to use every endeavor to get into contact with us, for which purpose he was directed to represent himself as an accomplice of Alibaud, who a short time before had attempted the life of the king, by which means it was supposed he would obtain our confidence. Then, when we were sent out of the country, he was to accompany us to England, and remain constantly near us as a permanent spy. In the mean time his presence amongst us would appear to confirm the truth of the accusation of regicidal designs which had been brought against us in various diplomatic notes. And in order to insure our placing confidence in him the French Embassy was to receive a formal denunciation of him as an accomplice of Fieschi and Alibaud, and be commissioned to demand of the Swiss Government his extradition or expulsion. By this means he would be enabled to follow us without exciting our suspicions. Money

was given him, with a passport bearing the name *Napoleone Cheli*, and an address through which to correspond with his employers. He started to come to us on the 4th July. The false denunciation against him was sent off shortly after, and on the 19th July it was transmitted by Montebello to the Swiss *Directoire*. Conseil was in Berne by the 10th.

At Berne he contrived to form acquaintance with two Italian exiles named Boschi and Primavesi, and afterwards with Aurelio Bertola, a pretended count from Rimini, himself one of the worst species of adventurer and cheat, whom I caused to be imprisoned in London some years later, but who at that time found it to his interest to play the part of a persecuted patriot. While Conseil was seeking to enlist them in the French secret society *Les familles*, in order that they might swell its ranks in Berne, he spoke to them of his pretended connection with the regicides, announced the probability of other attempts, and asked for an interview with me, for the purpose of making important revelations. I at once guessed him to be a spy. An accomplice of Alibaud would certainly not have revealed himself to men unknown to him whom he had met by chance in a street or café. I refused the interview, and recommended that he should be threatened and frightened into giving up his papers. But before this could be done, having been misdirected in some manner by the police of Berne, he went to Besançon for fresh instructions, more money, and a new passport. These were given to him, with orders to return to Berne and seek instructions from the French Ambassador, who was also made an accomplice in the plot. He returned on the 6th August under the name of *Pietro*

Corelli, and had an interview with the Duke of Montebello in the evening. On the 7th, Boschi, Primavesi, Migliari, and Bertola met him at the "Hotel du Sauvage," and, following my advice, threatened and frightened him until they succeeded in making him give up his papers, and extorting from him a complete confession of the whole affair.

It was important to demonstrate still more clearly the complicity of the Ambassador. Conseil was therefore compelled to present himself again at the Embassy, but closely followed and watched. He went, did not see the Ambassador himself, but saw his secretary, Belleval, from whom he received some more money, another passport, and a list of the exiles whom he was to watch. The list contained of course my name, that of the brothers Ruffini, and those of others among the French and German exiles. The proofs we had obtained from him were quite sufficient to make the whole matter clear, and furnish the Swiss Government with a powerful weapon wherewith to check French insolence and audacity. We therefore made the whole thing known to the police. A governmental inquiry was set on foot on the 16th August, and concluded by a report containing the full confession of Conseil.[1] Nevertheless, in a note of the 27th September, the Duke of Montebello unblushingly assumed a tone of calumniated innocence, suspended all diplomatic relations with Switzerland, and threatened worse. The whole tribe of the gentry that goes by the names of diplomatists, ambassadors, secretaries of legation, etc., lives and breathes in lies as in its native element. Yet the politicians

[1] This document is quoted *in extenso* by Louis Blanc in the last volume of his *Histoire de dix Ans*, chap. iv.

of our day consider themselves honored by their intercourse, and labor to obtain from them a smile or a shake of the hand. I should regard my own as contaminated by their touch. The highest among them is beneath the honest workman who roughly speaks the truth, and blushes when detected in wrongdoing.

The men who governed Switzerland at that time were opportunists, Macchiavellians, Moderates, and consequently immoral and cowardly. By imitating what they called governmental traditions and customs, which are in fact a departure from the only moral and logical idea of government — the representation by a people among the peoples of the just and true — they had lost the severe morality, and the energy and vigor belonging to Republicans. Instead of saying to the Ambassador: You have lied, and requesting his government to recall him; instead of saying to foreign cabinets: You have no right of judgment in our affairs, let us alone; notwithstanding the certainty they might have felt from past experience that none of them would have ventured to cross the frontier and attack them, they returned a submissive answer to the Ambassador's note, complaining of having been misunderstood, and appealing to old alliance and old friendship.

The governments, seeing them intimidated, became more insolent than ever. I told the Swiss at that time: "The safety and independence of your country lie in your ancient courage, virtue, and sense of honor. Her enemies are they who are false to these ancient virtues, and stain the honor of the republican flag that waves over the graves of their fathers. Of what value is the precarious enjoyment of the rights of association and freedom of the press,

if you do not feel the true sacredness of those rights; if, instead of recognizing in them the application of an universal principle, a fragment of the law of God, you allow your children to learn to regard them merely as a simple fact? Of what worth is Liberty, if with fear in her heart, and shame upon her brow, she drag herself, like a degraded courtier, from embassy to embassy, imploring from monarchical diplomacy the alms of a few days' existence? Liberty such as this is a bitter irony, and like the scornful legend nailed by impious hands upon the cross of Christ, it but proclaims the eternal condemnation of those who inscribe it upon their banner and crucify the Just beneath. Woe upon those who, feeling nothing of the sacredness of exile, trampling under foot the holiness of hospitality, speculate upon the isolation of the proscribed, and place the crown of thorns upon the brow consecrated by suffering and sacrifice! Woe upon the people capable of beholding that spectacle with indifference, and without lifting up their hands to declare: The exiles are brothers sent amongst us by God: respect both them and us! The liberty won by their fathers will dissolve at the first trial, like snow before the sun. The tears their egotism caused to flow will arise in judgment against them, and cancel their glory and their name. For Christ has said unto us: Feed the hungry, and give drink to them that thirst. But liberty is the bread of the soul, and hospitality is the dew sent down by Heaven upon the virtuous, to cool the furrowed brow wearied and worn by persecution."

The people, however, were, as they always are, better than their rulers, and ready to make any sacrifices to maintain the honor of their country.

The excitement was general, and general the desire to resist. The patriotic meetings of ten thousand held at Reiden, and twenty thousand at Viediken, were a proof of this. But to all the fears and hesitations mentioned above were added those causes of division inherent in all confederations, and these were fomented by the different foreign governments which exercised an influence over the separate cantons, — Prussia over Neuchâtel, Austria over the small cantons, and France, through her embassy, over Berne.

In the face of the Conseil scandal, and notwithstanding the energetic opposition of several of the deputies, the Diet retracted every expression of accusation or reproof contained in their former letter to the French Government, and decided to proceed against the unfortunate exiles with greater severity than ever. This was preparing the way for an arbitrary abuse of power, and it was carried to the extreme. Being either unable or unwilling at once to suppress "La Jeune Suisse," the Government, upon various pretexts, imprisoned, first the German translator, then the corrector of the press, then the French and German compositors, and finally some of the contributors. Amongst these were several Swiss citizens, like Weingart and Schüler. The wandering life we were compelled to lead, and the impossibility of all regular communication, prevented our taking their place in the periodical work. The journal was therefore compelled to cease towards the end of July.

In one of my last articles (18th June) I said: "The icy blast of the north has breathed upon the souls of men. I hear voices around me whispering words hitherto unknown in this republican land: Let us

have done with the exiles; let us renew alliance with the Government, and sacrifice this handful of agitators to them; let us proscribe the proscribed, and lay upon their heads the faults of which the governments accuse us. Lists of proscription have been drawn up; and exiles have been arbitrarily imprisoned, against whom there is no charge nor accusation; a category of *the suspected* has been formed, including ninety individuals; denunciation is recompensed; a price is set upon men's heads. The journals are crammed with calumny: we are neither interrogated nor examined. Denounced as leaders of armed bands, we are destined, some of us, to be sent to England, some of us to America. Wherefore? In virtue of what right? In consequence of what discoveries? What crimes have we committed? Upon what law is the sentence based? What testimony is appealed to? As in Venice of old, the persecution is founded upon secret denunciations. The condemnations are not based upon any written or known laws. For us there is no law. Our present and our future are at the mercy of an unwritten, unknown arbitrary will, upon an uncertain indefinite something, an authority blind and deaf as the Inquisition of Schiller. And the voice of no influential patriot is raised to protest in favor of men to whom all protest is forbidden, and declare: The exiles are men; they have a right to human justice; every sentence passed upon them which is not based upon the laws binding upon us all, is iniquitous; every judgment not preceded by public discussion and free unrestrained defense, is a crime before God and man. No! not one. It seems as if monarchy, in exiling us from our own countries, had exiled us from humanity.

"From humanity? Yes; and God knows that the grief I feel in writing these words springs from no personal consideration, — I have never felt so profoundly the truth of those words of Lamennais: God comfort the heart of the poor exile, for he is everywhere alone.

. . . . . .

"I write without bitterness or hatred. The last was ever unknown to me. But my heart is filled with profound indignation when I reflect how the liberty, dignity, and honor of a people are thus made the sport of a *Chancellerie;* when I see the delegates of a Republic thus organize a system of transportation for the benefit of monarchical police-agents; when I hear men who are themselves husbands, brothers, and fathers, — standing, it may be, by the cradle of their children, — speaking thus lightly of expelling to America men who have already lost all that life holds dear, and whose sole consolation is to gaze upon the Alps or the Rhine, and remember that beyond them lies their Father-land. Do they know what they are doing? Do they remember that we exiles have mothers, fathers, sisters? Do they know what may be the consequence of their thoughtless words to us and them?"

One day in 1834 a man came to me asking fraternal aid. He was an exile; had been an exile for twenty years; had slowly consumed the whole of the bitter cup offered by exile to the solitary and poor. They had driven him away from Berne to Geneva, and from Geneva to France. France, too, had expelled him, because he had no papers *en règle*. He had once again traversed the country on foot, and taken

refuge in Berne, where some Italians had taken care of him. He was again delivered over to the gensdarmes and sent to Geneva. There he was at first imprisoned for having dared to return, and afterwards driven out again as a man who had no legal domicil. I saw him when he was sent upon this third journey. The tears ran down his cheeks as he told me his history. I was deeply moved. Shortly afterwards he was ordered to go to England; and he started, travelling through Switzerland and France on foot. He was a Neapolitan: his name was Carocci. He died while crossing the sea. His mother and father were still living. He had brothers and sisters also. God forgive the Republicans who poisoned their existence with a sorrow such as this. The remonstrances I published were inspired by no individual grief. Throughout all the persecutions I have met with, I have never endeavored to excite compassion for myself. When a *conclusum* of the Diet condemned me to perpetual exile from Switzerland, I did but shrug my shoulders, and remain. I remained, searched for in vain on every side, until December in that year, and should have stayed there indefinitely had not the mode of life circumstances compelled us to adopt threatened serious injury to the health of the two friends who shared these persecutions with me. In January, 1837, I arrived with them in London.

CHAPTER V.

IN ENGLAND.

1837–1844.

THE last months of that year had inured me to suffering, and rendered me "*ben tetragono ai colpi di ventura*,"[1] as Dante has it. I know not to what peculiarity of mind it is owing that I have never been able to remember the dates of even the most important events of my individual life. But were I to live for a century I could never forget the close of that year, nor the moral tempest that passed over me, and amid the vortex of which my soul was so nearly overwhelmed. I speak of it now with reluctance, and solely for the sake of those who may be doomed to suffer what I then suffered, and to whom the voice of a brother who has escaped from that tempest, storm-beaten and bleeding indeed, but with retempered soul, may perhaps indicate the path of salvation.

It was the tempest of Doubt, which I believe all who devote their lives to a great enterprise, yet have not dried and withered up their soul, like Robespierre, beneath some barren intellectual formula, but have retained a loving heart, are doomed, once at least, to battle through. My soul was overflowing with and greedy of affection; as fresh and eager to unfold to

[1] "On all sides
Well squared to fortune's blows."
CARY'S *Dante*, Par. Canto xvii.

joy as in the days when sustained by my mother's smile; as full of fervid hope, for others at least, if not for myself. But during those fatal months there darkened around me such a hurricane of sorrow, disillusion, and deception, as to bring before my eyes, in all its ghastly nakedness, a foreshadowing of the old age of my soul, solitary, in a desert world, wherein no comfort in the struggle was vouchsafed to me.

It was not only the overthrow, for an indefinite period, of every Italian hope; the dispersion of the best of our party; the series of persecutions, which had undone the work we had done in Switzerland, and driven us away from the spot nearest Italy; the exhaustion of our means, and the accumulation of almost insurmountable material obstacles between me and the task I had set myself to do; it was the falling to pieces of that moral edifice of faith and love from which alone I had derived strength for the combat; the skepticism I saw rising around me upon every side; the failure of faith in those who had solemnly bound themselves with me to pursue unshaken the path we had known at the outset to be choked with sorrows; the distrust I detected in those most dear to me as to the motives and intentions which sustained and urged me onward in the evidently unequal struggle. Even at that time the adverse opinion of the majority was a matter of little moment to me; but to see myself suspected of ambition, or any other than noble motives, by the one or two beings upon whom I had concentrated my whole power of attachment, prostrated my soul in deep despair. And these things were revealed to me at the very time when, assailed as I was on every side, I felt most intensely the need of comforting and

retempering my spirit in communion with the fraternal souls I had deemed capable of comprehending even my silence, of divining all that I suffered in deliberately renouncing every earthly joy, and of smiling in suffering with me. Without entering into details, I will merely say that it was precisely in this hour of need that these fraternal souls withdrew from me.

When I felt that I was indeed alone in the world, — alone, but for my poor mother, far away and unhappy also for my sake, — I drew back in terror at the void before me. Then, in that moral desert, doubt came upon me. Perhaps I was wrong, and the world right? Perhaps my idea was indeed a dream? Perhaps I had been led, not by an Idea, but by *my* idea; by the pride of my *own* conception; the desire of victory rather than the purpose of the victory; an intellectual egotism, and the cold calculation of an ambitious spirit, drying up and withering the spontaneous and innocent impulses of my heart, which would have led me to the modest virtues of a limited sphere, and to duties near at hand and easy of fulfillment?

The day on which my soul was furrowed by these doubts I felt myself not only unutterably and supremely wretched; I felt myself a criminal — conscious of guilt, yet incapable of expiation. The forms of those shot at Alessandria and Chambery rose up before me like the phantoms of a crime and its unavailing remorse. I could not recall them to life. How many mothers I had caused to weep! How many more must learn to weep, should I persist in the attempt to arouse the youth of Italy to noble action, to awaken in them the yearning for a com-

mon country! And if that country were indeed an illusion? If Italy, exhausted by two epochs of civilization, were condemned by Providence henceforth to remain subject to younger and more vigorous nations, without a name or a mission of her own, whence had I derived the right of judging the future, and urging hundreds, thousands of men, to the sacrifice of themselves, and of all that they held most dear?

I will not dwell upon the effect of these doubts upon my spirit. I will simply say that I suffered so much as to be driven to the confines of madness. At times I started from my sleep at night, and ran to the window in delirium, believing that I heard the voice of Jacopo Ruffini calling to me. At times I felt myself irresistibly impelled to arise and go trembling into the room next my own, fancying that I should see there some friend whom I really knew to be at that time in prison, or hundreds of miles away. The slightest incident, a word, a tone, moved me to tears. Nature, covered with snow as it then was around Grenchen, appeared to me to wear a funereal shroud, beneath which it invited me to sink. I fancied I traced in the faces of those who surrounded me, looks, sometimes of pity, but more often of reproach. I felt every source of life drying up within me; the death of my very soul. Had that state of mind lasted but a little longer, I must either have gone mad, or ended it with the selfish death of the suicide. Whilst I was thus struggling and sinking beneath my cross, I heard a friend, whose room was a few doors distant from mine, answer a young girl, who, having some suspicion of my unhappy condition, was urging him to break in upon my solitude, by saying, — Leave him alone; he is in his element, conspiring, and

happy. Ah! how little can men guess the state of mind of others, unless they regard it, and this is rarely done, by the light of a deep affection.

One morning I awoke to find my mind tranquil and my spirit calmed, as one who has passed through a great danger. The first moment of waking had always been one of great wretchedness with me; it was a return to an existence of little other than suffering, and during those months of which I have spoken, that first moment had been, as it were, a summing up of all the unutterable misery I should have to go through during the day. But on that morning it seemed as if nature smiled a smile of consolation upon me, and the light of day appeared to bless and revive the life in my weary frame. The first thought that passed across my spirit was: Your sufferings are the temptation of egotism, and arise from a misconception of life.

I set myself to reëxamine, now that I was able to do so calmly, both myself and surrounding things. I rebuilt my entire edifice of moral philosophy. In fact, the great question of a true or false conception and definition of life dominated all the secondary questions which had roused that hurricane of doubts and terrors, as the conception and definition of life is, whether recognized or not, the primary basis of all philosophy.

The ancient religion of India had defined life as contemplation; and hence the inertia, the immobility, and submerging of self in God, of the Aryan families. Christianity had defined life as expiation; and hence earthly sorrows were regarded as trials to be endured with resignation, even with gladness, and without any duty of struggling against them.

Hence the earth was viewed as an abode of suffering, and the emancipation of the soul was to be achieved through indifference and contempt for earthly things. The materialism of the eighteenth century had gone back two thousand years to repeat the pagan definition of life as a search after happiness; and hence the spirit of egotism it instilled into the souls of men under various disguises; hence the hateful spectacle of whole classes rising to do battle in the name of the happiness of all men, only to withdraw from the struggle and abandon their allies as soon as they had achieved their own; hence the instability and inconstancy of the most generous impulses, the sudden desertions whenever suffering overbalanced hope, and the sudden discouragement caused by the first adversity; hence the setting up of material interests above principles, and the many other evil results of that false theory which still endure.

I perceived that although every instinct of my soul rebelled against that fatal and ignoble definition of life, yet I had not completely freed myself from the dominating influence exercised by it upon the age, and tacitly nourished in me by my early French studies, and the admiration I felt for those who had preached that doctrine; as well as an instinctive feeling of opposition to those governments and castes who denied the right to happiness of the multitude, in order to keep them prostrate and enslaved. I had combated the evil in others, but not sufficiently in myself. In my own case, and as if the better to seduce me, that false definition of life had thrown off every baser stamp of material desires, and had centred itself in the affections as in an inviolable sanctuary. I ought to have regarded them as a blessing

of God, to be accepted with gratitude whensoever it descended to irradiate or cheer my existence; not demanded them either as a right or as a reward. I had unconsciously made of them the condition of fulfillment of my duties. I had been unable to realize the true ideal of love — love without earthly hope — and had unknowingly worshipped, not love itself, but the joys of love. When these vanished, I had despaired of all things; as if the joys and sorrows I encountered on the path of life could alter the aim I had aspired to reach; as if the darkness or serenity of Heaven could change the purpose or necessity of the journey.

I had been false to that faith in the immortality of life, and in a progressive series of existences, which, in the eyes of the believer, transforms our sufferings here into the trials and difficulties of one who ascends a steep mountain at the summit of which is God; a series of existences which are linked together and gradually develop all that on earth is but a germ or promise. I had denied the sun himself because I found myself, in this brief earthly stage, unable to illumine my feeble lamp by his ray. I had been a coward without knowing it. I too had given way to egotism, while I believed myself most free from it, simply because I had transported the *Ego* into a higher and purer sphere than that in which it is adored by the majority.

Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim. Were it not so, of what avail were the movement, the Progress, which all are beginning to

recognize as the Law of life? And that aim is one: to develop and bring into action all the faculties which constitute and lie dormant in human nature — Humanity, — and cause them harmoniously to combine towards the discovery and application of that law. But individuals, according to the time and space in which they live, have various secondary aims, all under the direction of and governed by that one supreme and permanent aim; and all tending to the constant further development and association of the collective faculties and forces. For one man, this secondary aim may be to aid in the moral and intellectual improvement of the few immediately around him; for another, gifted with superior faculties, or placed in more favorable circumstances, the secondary aim is to promote the formation of a Nationality; to reform the social condition of a people; to solve a political or religious question.

Our own Dante understood this, when, more than five centuries ago, he spoke of the great Sea of Being upon which all existences were led by power divine towards different ports. Mankind is young yet, both in knowledge and power, and a tremendous uncertainty still hangs over the determination of the special aims to which we are bound to devote ourselves. But the logical certainty of their existence is sufficient, and it is enough to know that it is the part of each — if our lives are to be life indeed, and not mere vegetation — to endeavor during the few years granted us on earth, more or less to purify and transform the element, the medium in which we live, in harmony with the one transcending aim.

Life is a mission: duty, therefore, its highest law. In the comprehension of that mission, and fulfillment

of that duty, lie our means of future progress, the secret of the stage of existence into which we shall be initiated at the conclusion of this earthly stage. Life is immortal; but the method and time of evolution through which it progresses is in our own hands. Each of us is bound to purify his own soul as a temple; to free it from egotism; to set before himself, with a religious sense of the importance of the study, the problem of his own life; to search out what is the most striking, the most urgent need of the men by whom he is surrounded; then interrogate his own faculties and capacity, and resolutely and unceasingly apply them to the satisfaction of that need. And that examination is not to be undertaken in a spirit of mere analysis, which is incapable of revealing life, and is ever impotent save when assisting or subserving some ruling synthesis; but by hearkening to the voice of his own heart, concentrating all the faculties of his mind to bear upon the point, — by the intuition, in short, of a loving soul, fully impressed with the solemnity of life. Young brothers, when once you have conceived and determined your mission within your soul, let nought arrest your steps. Fulfill it with all your strength; fulfill it, whether blessed by love or visited by hate; whether strengthened by association with others, or in the sad solitude that almost always surrounds the martyrs of thought. The path is clear before you; you are cowards, unfaithful to your own future, if, in spite of sorrows and delusions, you do not pursue it to the end.

"Fortem posce animum, mortis terrore carentem,
Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Naturæ, qui ferre queat quoscumque labores
Nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil." . . . .

The verses of Juvenal sum up all that we should ask of God, all that once made Rome both mistress and benefactress of the world. There is more of the true philosophy of life in those four lines of one of our ancient authors, than in fifty volumes of those sophists who for more than half a century have led the too plastic mind of youth astray, beneath the disguise of analytic formulæ and learned nomenclature. I remember a passage of Krasinski, a Polish poet of great power, unknown in Italy, wherein the Deity addresses the poet, saying: "Go, and believe in my name. Think not of thine own glory, but of the good of those whom I confide to thee. Be calm amidst the pride, oppression, and scorn of the unjust. These things will pass away, but neither my thought nor thou wilt pass away. . . . . Go, and let action be thy life. Even should thy heart wither in thy bosom, shouldst thou learn to distrust thy brother men, and to despair of my support, live in action — ceaseless, unresting action — and thou wilt survive all those nourished in vanity, all the happy and illustrious; thou wilt live again, not in barren illusions, but in the work of ages, and thou wilt become one of the children of Heaven."

This poetry is as beautiful and true as any I know. Nevertheless — perhaps because the author, a Catholic, was unable to extricate himself from the influence of the doctrines taught by Catholicism of the purpose of life — there breathes throughout the lines an ill-repressed spirit of individualism, a promise of reward, that I could wish to see banished from all souls consecrated to good. The reward assigned by God will be given; but we ought not to think of that. The religion of the future will bid the believer, —

Save the souls of others, and leave the care of thine own to God. The faith which should guide us shines forth, I think, more purely in these few words of another Polish poet, even less known than Krasinski, — Skarga, — which I have often repeated to myself: "The threatening steel flashes before our eyes, and wretchedness awaits us on the path; yet the Lord hath said: 'Onwards, onwards without rest.' But whither go we, O Lord? 'Go on and die, ye who are bound to die; go on and suffer, ye who are bound to suffer.'"

How I was at length enabled to accept these words; through what process of intellectual labor I succeeded in arriving at a confirmation of my first faith, and resolved to work on so long as life should last, whatever the sorrows and revilings that might assail me, towards the great aim which had been revealed to me in the prison of Savona, — the republican unity of my country, — I cannot detail here; nor would it avail. I noted down at that time a record of the trials and struggles I underwent, and the reflections which redeemed me, in long fragments of a work fashioned after the model of "Ortis," which I intended to publish anonymously, under the title of "Records of an Unknown." I carried them with me, written in minute characters upon very thin paper, to Rome, and lost them in passing through France on my return. Were I now to endeavor to rewrite the feelings and impressions of that period, I should find it impossible.

I came to my better self alone, without aid from others, through the help of a religious conception which I verified by history. From the idea of God I descended to the conception of progress; from the

conception of progress to a true conception of life; to faith in a mission and its logical consequence — duty the supreme rule of life; and having reached that faith, I swore to myself that nothing in this world should again make me doubt or forsake it. It was, as Dante says, passing through martyrdom to peace,[1] — a "forced and despairing peace" I do not deny, — for I fraternized with sorrow, and enwrapped myself in it as in a mantle; but yet it was peace, for I learned to suffer without rebellion, and to live calmly, and in harmony with my own spirit. I bade a long sad farewell to all individual hopes for me on earth. I dug with my own hands the grave, not of my affections, — God is my witness that now, gray-headed, I feel them yet as in the days of my earliest youth, — but to all the desires, exigencies, and ineffable comforts of affection; and I covered the earth over that grave, so that none might ever know the *Ego* buried beneath. From reasons — some of them apparent, some of them unknown — my life was, is, and, were it not near the end, would remain unhappy; but never since that time have I for an instant allowed myself to think that my own unhappiness could in any way influence my actions. I reverently bless God the Father for what consolations of affection — I can conceive of no other — He has vouchsafed to me in my later years; and in them I gather strength to struggle with the occasional returns of weariness of existence. But even were these consolations denied me, I believe I should still be what I am. Whether the sun shine with the serene splendor of an Italian morn, or the leaden corpse-like hue of

[1] "Da martirio
E da esiglio venne a questa pace."
Paradiso.

the northern mist be above us, I cannot see that it changes our duty. God dwells above the earthly heaven, and the holy stars of faith and the future still shine within our own souls, even though their light consume itself unreflected as the sepulchral lamp.

The first period of my sojourn in England was unpropitious to my political labors. The moral crisis I had undergone in Switzerland was succeeded — partly in consequence of obligations I had contracted for Italian matters to which I had devoted the money sent to me by my parents for my personal use, and partly of expenses incurred for others — by a crisis of absolute poverty, which lasted during the whole of 1837 and half of 1838. I might have extricated myself from it by making known my condition to my father and mother, who would have made light of every sacrifice endured for my sake; but they had already sacrificed too much on my account, and I therefore thought it a duty to conceal it from them.

I struggled on in silence. I pledged, without the possibility of redeeming them, the few dear souvenirs, either of my mother or others, which I possessed; then things of less value; until one Saturday I found myself obliged to carry an old coat and a pair of boots to one of the pawnbroker's shops, crowded on Saturday evenings by the poor and fallen, in order to obtain food for the Sunday. After this some of my fellow-countrymen became security for me, and I dragged myself from one to another of those loan societies which drain the poor man of the last drop of blood, and often rob him of the last remnant of shame and dignity, by exacting from him forty or fifty per cent. upon a few pounds, which he

is compelled to pay back in weekly payments, at certain fixed hours, in offices held in public houses, or gin and beer shops, among crowds of the drunken and dissolute.

I passed, one by one, through all those trials and experiences; bitter enough at any time, but doubly so when they have to be encountered by one living solitary, uncounseled, and lost amid the immense multitude of men unknown to him, in a country where poverty — especially in a foreigner — is an argument for a distrust often unjust, sometimes cruel. I, however, did not suffer from these things more than they were worth, nor did I feel either degraded or cast down by them. I should not even allude to trials of this nature, were it not that others, condemned to endure such and disposed to feel humbled by them, may perhaps be helped by my example. I could wish that mothers would bear in mind that in the actual state of Europe, none of us is certain of remaining the arbiter of his own destiny, or that of those dearest to him, and could be convinced that by giving their children a sterner education, fitting them for any position in life, they would provide better for their future welfare, for their true happiness, and for their soul's good, than by surrounding them with every luxury and comfort, and thereby enervating the character that should be inured to fatigue and privation in early years. I have seen young Italians — tempered by nature for nobleness of life — sink miserably into crime, or save themselves by suicide from trials which I have undergone with a smile; and I have mentally cast the responsibility upon their mothers. My own mother — blessed be her memory — with the earnest deep-sighted love

that looks forward to the future, had prepared me to stand unshaken in the midst of every misfortune.

Having surmounted that first stress of poverty, I now began to support myself by the aid of literature. I made some acquaintances, and became known. Admitted as a contributor in several reviews, I wrote for them as much as would enable me, with the help of my own modest allowance, to meet those daily expenses which are heavier in England than elsewhere. Either by choosing Italian subjects, or by frequent allusions to Italian matters, I made them a means of calling English attention to our national question, at that time completely neglected, and of preparing the way for the Italian Apostolate I began in England after 1845, and to which, I believe, much of the actual sympathy with the cause of our unity may be attributed.

In England, a country wherein a long education in liberty has generated a high sense of individual dignity and respect for individuality, friendships are slow and difficult to make; but they are more sincere and durable than elsewhere, and individuals in England possess more of that unity of thought and action which is the pledge of all true greatness. A certain exclusively analytical tendency, inborn in the Anglo-Saxon and strengthened by Protestantism, renders Englishmen suspicious of every new and fruitful synthesis, and retards the advance of the nation upon the path of philosophical and social progress; but in virtue of that unity of life of which I have spoken, every advance once achieved is achieved forever; every idea once decisively accepted by the intellect is certain to be soon reduced to action; and every opinion, even when not accepted, is received

with respectful toleration, when the actions of those who profess it attest their sincerity.

Friendships, once formed, are firmly based, and sincerely proved in action rather than in words, even among those who differ upon this or that question or opinion. Many of my ideas appeared then — some still appear — unrealizable, or even dangerous, to many English minds; but the logical proof of the sincerity of my convictions afforded by my life, sufficed to gain me the friendship of some of the best minds of the island. Nor shall I ever forget it while I live, nor ever pronounce without a throb of gratitude, the name of the land wherein I now write, which became to me almost as a second country, and in which I found the lasting consolation of affection, in a life embittered by delusions, and destitute of all joy. And I would gratify my own heart by citing many names both of men and women if I were writing the records of my individual life rather than of our political movement; but I cannot refrain from inscribing on these pages the name of the dear, good, sacred family of Ashurst, who surrounded me with loving cares that — but for the memory of my own dear ones who died without me by their side — might have made me at times forget even exile.

The acquaintances I now formed among literary men, and the articles I wrote upon the intellectual movement in Italy during the first years of my life in England, reawakened the desire I had long nourished of spreading the fame of a writer, to whom more than to any other, Alfieri alone excepted, Italy owes whatever of manly vigor her literature has developed during the last sixty years. I speak of Ugo Foscolo, whom our professors of literature still affect

to neglect; but who is none the less our master, not as regards ideas, which have altered with the times, but in having taught us a higher and nobler view of art, a retempered style, and a devotion to the great idea of Father-land, forgotten by all those authors of his day — and they were the majority — who wrote in the name of princes, patrons, or academies.

I knew that among the many works he had begun during his exile many had only been partially completed; while others, owing to the poverty and isolation in which he lived, had been lost. I set to work to search them out, and after long and fruitless seeking I found — besides several letters to Edgar Taylor, now nearly all included in the Lemonnier edition, which I helped to collect — all that he had completed of his work upon the great poem of Dante, and the proof-sheets of about two thirds of the "Lettera Apologetica," at that time quite unknown in Italy. This last discovery was a real joy to me. These pages, without any title and without the author's name, were thrown aside with several torn papers, evidently destined to be destroyed, in a room at the house of Pickering the publisher.

That none among the many Italians established in London, or travelling to England for their amusement, should have sought for those papers earlier, when all of them might probably have been saved, and that the honor of restoring them to our country, at least eleven years after Foscolo's death, should have been left to another exile, in poverty also, like myself, is one among many proofs of the indifference and ingratitude which are the common vices of enslaved peoples. But it is more sad that at the present day, while the Italians boast themselves free, no

voice should be raised to say: "Instead of sending gifts to princesses who never have done, nor will do anything for your country, and raising monuments to ministers who have done mischief to her, — in the name of gratitude raise a stone in memory of him who preserved the dignity of Italian literature, and of his own soul inviolate, when all, or nearly all, prostituted both." But, however, it is perhaps better as it is. The Italy which, either through cowardice or hypocrisy, crouches before the Nephew, could ill appease the spirit of the only man who stood forth the inexorable and incorruptible judge of the tyrannical ambition of the Uncle. It was I, then, who discovered those works, and I mention it here, because, whether from accident or intention, all have been silent on the subject. But the publisher, who, from ignorance of their value, had hitherto despised them, became exacting when he saw my eagerness on the subject, and refused to part with them unless I also purchased the work on the text of Dante, for which he demanded £400.

I was very poor; I could not at that time have answered for four hundred pence. I wrote to Quirina Magiotti, an exceptional woman and exceptional friend, to help me to redeem these relics of the man she had loved and esteemed beyond all others. She did so; but the bookseller persisted in not selling the one work without the other, and she could not purchase both. How at last, after many useless attempts, I succeeded in persuading Pietro Rolandi, an Italian publisher, settled in London, who was very friendly to me, to pay that sum, and take upon himself the expenses of the edition, I really do not know. It was a miracle which my earnest determination to succeed

wrought upon a man, prudent and timid both from necessity and habit, but at heart more tender of his country's glory than booksellers generally are. Other pages of the precious little book, the very pages following those I had acquired, were shortly afterwards found in a trunk full of papers belonging to Foscolo, which had been saved from dispersion by the Canon Riego, — the only man who watched by the bedside of the exile during his last illness, — which afterwards came into the possession of Eurico Mayer, and other friends at Leghorn, but had never been examined until then. The discovery of the last fragments awakened an energy in all of them, which resulted in giving to Italy, first, the volume of the Political Writings of Foscolo, which I published at Lugano, and then the Florentine edition, directed with *l'intelletto d'amore*, by Orlandini. A biography was still wanting: this I undertook, but adverse circumstances and many cares prevented me from writing it. The man who could and ought to have done so was G. B. Niccolini. He also is now dead, and his own life is still unwritten. But the Foscolo edition of Dante cost me far greater labor. I offered, as it was my duty towards the generous publisher to do, to edit the work and correct the proofs. Owing to stress of poverty and illness, Foscolo had only completed the first part of his undertaking ("L'Inferno"). The "Purgatory" and "Paradise" consisted only of leaves of the common edition, to which strips of paper were attached, for the purpose of writing the various readings; but these, and the alterations and corrections were wanting, as well as all trace of selection or revision of texts.

For some time I remained in doubt whether it was

not my duty to tell Rolandi everything; but Pickering was inexorable; he would sell all or nothing, and the Italian bookseller would not be likely to give such a sum for the "Inferno" alone. It appeared to me a sacred duty, both towards Foscolo and the study of Dante, not to allow the work already completed to be lost; and I believed myself to be able to complete it according to the rules and plan laid down by Foscolo in his corrections of the first part, by identifying myself, as it were, with his method; the only one, in my opinion, which, by purifying the work from the influence of municipalities (Tuscan or Friulian mattered little), restored its profoundly Italian character. I was silent, therefore, and undertook myself the task of selection from the various readings, and the orthographical correction of the text. I did the work in the most conscientious manner possible, tremblingly anxious not to let my solicitude render me irreverent either towards the genius of Dante or the talent of Foscolo. I religiously consulted the MSS. texts (unknown in Italy) of Mazzuchelli and Roscoe. For six months my bed, for I had but one room, was covered with editions of the poem, in which I studied the various readings which the want of an original text, the ignorance of copyists, or local conceit, had accumulated throughout long ages upon almost every verse. At the present day I think it right to declare the truth, and to separate my work from that of Foscolo.

In 1844 the expedition of the brothers Bandiera took place. As the "Records of the Brothers Bandiera," which I published shortly after their death, contain all that is important on the subject, I do not

intend to enter upon it here.[1] But the incident of the violation of my correspondence at the English post-office deserves a few words of notice. It is an episode of ministerial immorality worthy to be set beside the affair of the spy Conseil, which I have already related; a species of immorality still systematically carried on by the monarchical governments of Europe.

About the middle of the year 1844 — I do not now remember whether in June or July — I discovered that the letters of my correspondents in London — amongst whom were several bankers, through whom I was in the habit of receiving my foreign letters — always reached me at least two hours after the right time. The letters are sent from the different post-offices in London to the General Post-office,[2] where they are stamped with a stamp indicating the hour of their arrival. The distribution to their several addresses takes place during the two hours ensuing. I now carefully examined the post-marks, and found the letters invariably bore the mark of two different stamps: the one intended to efface the other; the object of which appeared to be to make the hour of delivery correspond with that in which the letter had been received, and so to prevent the original stamp, or attestation by the receiver of the time when the letter was posted, being evidence of the fact of its detention.

This was enough for me; not so for others who were incredulous of any violation of what they termed British honor, and they received the expression of my suspicions with ironical smiles. The

[1] These *Records* are inserted as Chapter VI.

[2] It will be remembered that Mazzini is describing the post-office arrangements as they existed in 1844. — *Translator.*

stamps were so managed to render it difficult to decipher the two different hours, and merely to give an appearance of their having been rendered illegible through haste. To be quite sure, therefore, I posted at St. Martin's-le-Grand letters directed to myself, early in the forenoon, when the receiver's stamp would be 10 F N 10. After having been thus stamped, the letters directed to my name were — by superior orders — conveyed to a secret office, where they were opened, read, resealed, and given to the postman whose duty it was to deliver them in the street where I then lived (Devonshire Street, Queen's Square). This evil work consumed about two hours' time, and consequently the letters came to hand in the afternoon with the receiver's mark 10 altered into 12; the figure of 2 being stamped upon the original 0, but not so as entirely and successfully to conceal it. I then, in the presence of witnesses, posted at one and the same time letters addressed to my own name, and others addressed to fictitious persons at the same residence. The witnesses came to my house to be present at the delivery of the letters, and they deposed in writing to the fact that the letters addressed to my name invariably arrived two hours later than the others. I adopted other contrivances to complete the chain of evidence. Letters directed to my name were posted, containing grains of sand, poppy seeds, or fine hairs, and so folded that the sand, the seed, or the hairs could not fall out unless the letters were opened. Other experiments were tried with the seals. A wafer carefully cut square was found to have altered its shape in passing through the post-office; and in the case of wax seals, the exact appearance of the impression being care-

fully noted, it was found that the subsequent post-office counterfeit was placed more or less upright than the original.

When by these and other means I had accumulated a mass of proofs, I placed the whole in the hands of a Member of Parliament, Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, and petitioned the House for an inquiry into the matter. The accusation produced a perfect tempest. Questions were asked of the Ministers on every side, to which at first they returned evasive answers; then, having made inquiries about me, and satisfied themselves that I should not have hazarded such an assertion without positive proofs, they confessed the fact, sheltering themselves partly by appealing to an old act of Parliament, passed under exceptional circumstances in the reign of Queen Anne, and partly by calumnies against my character.[1] I refuted these, so as to compel Sir James

[1] NOTE BY TRANSLATOR. The following letter, sent by Thomas Carlyle to the *Times* newspaper on this occasion, will be read with interest by all Englishmen: —

"*To the Editor of the Times.*

"SIR, — In your observations in yesterday's *Times* on the late disgraceful affair of M. Mazzini's letters and the Secretary of State, you mention that M. Mazzini is entirely unknown to you, entirely indifferent to you; and add, very justly, that if he were the most contemptible of mankind, it would not affect your argument on the subject.

"It may tend to throw some further light on this matter if I now certify to you, which I in some sort feel called upon to do, that M. Mazzini is not unknown to various competent persons in this country, and that he is very far indeed from being contemptible, — none farther, or very few, of living men. I have had the honor to know M. Mazzini for a series of years; and, whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if ever I have seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men, numerable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr souls; who, in silence, piously in their daily life, understand and practice what is meant by that. Of Italian democracies and Young Italy's sorrows, of extraneous Austrian emperors in

Graham, the minister who uttered the accusations against me publicly to apologize to me in the House of Commons.

With regard to their other defense, I seized the opportunity of laying bare the whole extent of the evil before the English people. It was not to be credited that this should have been the only occasion upon which either the actual ministers, or those who preceded them, should have availed themselves of the antiquated act of Parliament. I therefore caused a committee of inquiry to be demanded both in the Upper and Lower House; and their reports — though couched in language seeking rather to palliate the evil than to display it in all its ugliness — proved that from 1806 to 1844, all the ministers — Lords Palmerston, Russell, and Normanby in-

Milan, or poor old chimerical popes in Bologna, I know nothing, and desire to know nothing; but this other thing I do know, and can here declare publicly to be a fact; which fact all of us that have occasion to comment on M. Mazzini and his affairs may do well to take along with us, as a thing leading towards new clearness, and not towards new additional darkness regarding him and them. . . . .

"But it is a question vital to us that sealed letters in an English post-office be, as we all fancied they were, respected as things sacred; that opening of men's letters, a practice near of kin to picking men's pockets, and to other still viler and fataler forms of scoundrelism, be not resorted to in England, except in cases of the very last extremity. When some new Gunpowder Plot may be in the wind, some double-dyed treason or imminent national wreck not avoidable otherwise, then let us open letters; not till then. To all Austrian kaisers and such like, in their time of trouble, let us answer, as our fathers from of old have answered: Not by such means is help here for you. Such means, allied to picking of pockets and viler forms of scoundrelism, are not permitted in this country for your behoof. The Right Honorable Secretary does himself detest such, and even is afraid to employ them. He dare not; it would be dangerous for him! All British men that might chance to come in view of such a transaction would incline to spurn it, and trample on it, and indignantly ask him what he meant by it?

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS CARLYLE.

"CHELSEA, *June* 15, 1844."

cluded — had successively degraded themselves by stooping to this method of obtaining information. Not only my letters and those of other exiles had been opened, but the letters of many Englishmen, and Members of Parliament, of Thomas Duncombe himself, had been violated; and the crime had invariably been concealed by artifices punishable by the criminal law, — falsification of seals, imitation of stamps, etc. My own letters had been opened for the space of more than four months. It was proved that the arts of Talleyrand and Fouché had been thus practiced against me by English Ministers, not in consequence of any suspicions that I had conspired against the state, or in any way mixed myself up in English affairs, but from a mere servile desire to please foreign despotic governments — the governments of Naples and Austria — and the English Ministers had regularly transmitted such portions of the contents of the letters I received as they deemed likely to be of importance to those governments.

Many of the letters addressed to me which were opened at that time were concerning the proposed expedition of the brothers Bandiera — which I reprehended and opposed — and the relevations thus made suggested to the Neapolitan Government the atrocious scheme of promoting the execution of their design, and luring them on, for the purpose of destroying them. The English Ministers had made themselves accomplices in that murder. They felt this, and blushed for it. Lord Aberdeen, the gentleman most respected in England for loyalty and frankness, whose word was accepted as gospel, was drawn on to lie to the House in the most shameless manner. When interrogated, at my instigation, as to whether the con-

tents of my letters had been communicated to foreign governments, the noble lord declared, amid the applause of the House — what ministerial affirmation is not applauded by parliaments the issue of privilege? — that "not one syllable of that correspondence had ever been submitted to any foreign power." Shortly afterwards the reports of the two committees of inquiry threw it in his teeth that "certain parts of the information thus obtained were submitted to a foreign government" (Report of the Lords' Committee); "So much of the information thus obtained was communicated to a foreign power as might frustrate the attempt about to be made" (Report of the Committee of the House of Commons). The day after, I wrote to the English papers with regard to the calumnies insinuated against me by Sir James Graham, and said, that when statesmen once descended to play the part of liars and forgers, it was not to be wondered at that they should turn calumniators also.

Nor it is to be wondered at. Every government founded on the absurd privilege of hereditary power, and maintained by such empty formulæ as, The head of the state reigns, but does not govern; the maintenance of a perennial equilibrium between three powers is the true method of progress; and the similar stock phrases of constitutional monarchies, — is inevitably drawn into immorality sooner or later. Instead of deriving their inspirations from the action of the collective upon the individual conscience, they are based upon the fictions and imaginary laws in force in a small and privileged fraction of society, and are of necessity in a constant state of antagonism, more or less open, with the unprivileged classes. And

every existence bearing within it a radical vice of artificiality or immorality, wanders astray from the truth, and from that communion with humanity which leads to truth. Thus these statesmen, naturally good and honest, having been taught to venerate the artificial formulæ fabricated to sustain a conception as artificial and remote from the true and innate nature of things, had gradually lost that just moral sense that inculcates the oneness of life, and they consequently committed themselves as statesmen to actions from which they would have shrunk with horror as private individuals. Meanwhile their political immorality spread immorality among their inferiors, who naturally learned to say to themselves: If it is lawful to break the seals and violate the secrets of others, — to subtract and transfer the property of others for the good of the state, — why should it not be lawful for us to do so for the good of our families?

There is perhaps no country in Europe where letters are so frequently opened as in England, and when speaking of letters containing money, the secretary of the post-office (Colonel Maberley), in his examination before the Post-office Committee, declared that they might as well be thrown down in the street as put into the post-office; and added, there has been enormous plunder and robbery; the plunder is terrific, etc. If the majority of men at the present day were not mentally slavish, and educated by the usages of monarchical countries to regard the man less than the habit he wears; if, rejecting the immoral distinction between the politician and the private individual, and understanding that the first, precisely because he assumes the position of a leader and instructor of the nation, has a still

greater duty of scrupulous honesty, all his fellow-statesmen had punished Lord Aberdeen's fault with due severity; if, on the day after the utterance of the lie, the door of friendly intercourse had been closed upon him as upon a dishonored man, the lesson would have been of great avail, at least to his successors. But the prestige of aristocracy and high office prevailed over English moral sense; and while the country declared its hostility to the abuse, it allowed its perpetrators to remain in the Ministry. Therefore the secrecy of correspondence is violated in the English post-office at the present day, precisely as it was in 1844, though perhaps somewhat more rarely.

It was a logical consequence of my opinions and belief that I should endeavor to work, not only for the people but with the people; and I had found the few Italian workmen with whom I had come in contact since my arrival in London, so disinterested and worthy as greatly to encourage me in making the attempt. Until then I had had few opportunities of studying that precious element of our nation — the working-class. An opportunity was unexpectedly presented to me, and I eagerly embraced it. By conversing occasionally with some of the lads who wander about the streets of the vast city playing upon the organ, I learned, with profound grief and astonishment, the history and method of a traffic carried on by a few speculators, only to be qualified as a species of white slave-trade; a disgrace to Italy, to its government, and to its clergy, who might, had they chosen to do so, have prevented it.

There are five or six Italians established in Lon-

don who appear to be capable of almost any iniquity, and careless of all but gain. They revisit Italy from time to time, and travelling through the agricultural districts of Parma and Liguria, they contrive to introduce themselves into those families among the peasantry where there are many sons; to whom they make the most seducing offers, promising that they shall be well fed, clothed, and lodged, on condition of their entering their service for two years and a half; by the end of which time they agree to allow them to return, and undertake to furnish them with a sum of money sufficient to pay the expenses of the journey and leave them a handsome recompense for their trouble. A contract to this effect is duly drawn up, for the poor ignorant mountaineers are not aware that no contract drawn up in Italy is valid in England unless signed by the English consul.

The poor lads thus brought to England are treated by their masters like slaves. They sleep crowded together in one room: by day the elder lads are given an organ, the younger a squirrel or white mouse, and each is bound to bring in a certain sum of money every evening. In the morning they are given a cup of tea and a bit of bread; but their evening meal is contingent upon their success. He who fails to bring home the required sum, is beaten and given no food. I frequently saw them out late on winter nights, when — as often happens at that season — their day's labor had been insufficient, trembling with cold and hunger as they implored the hasty passers by for half-pence, in the hope of making up the sum without which they dared not return home. One of these unfortunates, driven out into the streets by his master, though consumed with disease,

and bearing the stamp of death upon his face, was carried by the police to a hospital, where he expired without opening his lips.

The masters, in their cupidity, frequently trade upon the infirmities which they have occasionally seen attract the compassion of English servants, etc., and compel the lads to feign dumbness, lameness, or epilepsy. Thus compelled to falsehood for the advantage of their masters, the poor lads who left their mountains innocent and good, learn to lie and deceive on their own account, and return to their native country completely corrupted. Not unfrequently, at the expiration of the thirty months, the masters take advantage of some slight inexactitude in the performance of their part of the contract, and refusing to pay the lads the stipulated sum with which they were to have returned to their families, turn them out into the street, where they have to choose between the existence of a mendicant and death by starvation.

The Italian Government might send a circular to the syndics and parish priests of the different communes, desiring them to use the great influence they possess in those small localities, to enlighten the parents as to the miserable fate to which they exposed their children by trusting to the promises and representations of these speculators. This proceeding, if it did not put an end to their traffic, would, at least, greatly diminish it. By compelling the masters to obtain the signature of the English consul, so as to legalize their contracts, and giving instructions to agents of the Italian Government in England to watch over and protect these unfortunate youths, it might at any rate mitigate the wretchedness of their position. But monarchical governments are occupied

with very different matters, and as to the Italian clergy in London, their bigoted opposition to the Italian Gratuitous School, and the calumnies they disseminated against its founders, suffice to show how little they understand their mission, and how destitute they are of faith and charity.

I sought another method of alleviating the sufferings of those poor boys, and founded an association for their protection, and a gratuitous school, wherein they might learn somewhat of their duties and their rights; and be able to give good counsel to their fellow-countrymen on their return. On several occasions I brought those of the masters who had been guilty of violence to justice in the English courts, and when they found they were watched, they gradually became less cruel and arbitrary in their conduct. But the school had to struggle against the most determined opposition from them, from the priests of the Sardinian chapel, and from the agents of the various Italian governments.

The Italian Gratuitous School was founded on the 10th November, 1841, and was kept open until 1848, when my long absence from England, and the idea that the Italian movement, if successful, would open up new means of popular education in Italy, determined those who aided me in its management and direction to close it. During those seven years we gave both moral and intellectual instruction to several hundred youths and children who were in a state of semi-barbarism, and who, half afraid at first, and urged only by curiosity, came to our humble rooms at 5 Hatton Garden, to be gradually tamed and civilized by the gentleness and kindness of the masters, until at length they learned to rejoice with a certain

conscious pride in the idea of returning to their country possessed of education. They used to come between nine and ten o'clock at night, bringing their organs with them. We taught them reading, writing, arithmetic, simple geography, and the elements of drawing. On the Sunday evenings we gathered all our scholars together to listen to an hour's lecture upon Italian history, the lives of our great men, the outlines of natural philosophy; any subject, in short, that appeared to us calculated to elevate those unformed minds, darkened by poverty and their state of abject subjection to the will of others. Nearly every Sunday evening for two years, I lectured to them upon Italian history or elementary astronomy; a subject eminently religious, and calculated to purify the mind, which, reduced to popular phraseology and form, should be among the first subjects chosen for the education of the young. And upwards of a hundred discourses upon the duties of man, and various moral subjects, were declaimed by Filippo Pistrucci, once well known in Italy as an improvisatore, whom I had made director of the school, and who identified himself with his mission with unexampled zeal.

It was a second period of fraternal labor and love, refreshing to my own soul and to the souls of other weary exiles, fortifying them in serious thought and earnest purpose. It was indeed a holy work, holily fulfilled. Every assistance given was gratuitous. The director, the vice-director (Luigi Bucalossi, a Tuscan, who was most untiring and devoted), the masters, all who in any way aided in the education of our scholars, were unpaid. Yet they were all of them men who had families to support by their own

exertions. The drawing-masters were Scipione Pistrucci, the son of the director, and Celestino Vai (at present employed in the office of the "Unità Italiana," at Milan), than whom I have never known a man more gentle and kindly to his scholars, or more deeply convinced of the duty that binds us to the poor and uneducated.

The reading and writing masters were workingmen, who not only subscribed to our school, but sacrificed the little time left to them after their hard day's work, in order to consecrate the evening to their self-imposed duty. On the 10th of November, every year (the anniversary of the opening of our school), we invited all our pupils, about two hundred, to a distribution of small prizes, which was followed by a modest supper, carved and served by ourselves, and enlivened by patriotic songs and the improvisations of the director. One of those evenings was equal in moral influence and effect to a whole year of mere instruction. Those unfortunate lads whom their masters treated like slaves, learned to feel that they were men, our equals, living souls. Many English friends, both men and women, came to our workmen's supper, and went away touched and improved themselves. I remember poor Margaret Fuller coming there when recently arrived from the United States, where for some reason she had learned to regard us with a certain distrust. But she had not been with us one hour, on the occasion of one of those suppers, before she was like a sister amongst us. Her pure and noble nature, responsive to every generous impulse, understood and felt the treasure of affection which had been disclosed amongst us by a religious sense of the holiness of our aim.

Our example bore fruit: first in London, where the priests of the Sardinian chapel, finding all their efforts to put down our school unavailing, were reduced to opening one themselves in the same street; then in America, where I, in the mean time, had formed some friendships. Schools like ours were established, in 1842, in New York by Felice Foresti and Giuseppe Avezzana; in Boston by Professor Bachi; and in Monte Video by G. B. Cuneo. The school, as I have said, afforded me a means of contact with the Italian workmen in London. I selected the best among these to help me in a work more directly national in its purpose. We formed an association of working men, and published a journal called the "Apostolato Popolare," bearing as a motto the words: "Work, and its proportionate recompense." During these years also the bonds of friendship formed in Switzerland between ourselves and the Poles were strengthened; but it is unnecessary to record here the details of the international labors we undertook together.

CHAPTER VI.

RECORDS OF THE BROTHERS BANDIERA.

1842–1844.

"But should I succumb beneath the tempest in the midst of which I am now struggling, let not my dear ones blush for the love they bore me, but plant one flower in remembrance of me, to purify my name from the infamy which our tyrants are certain to cast upon it." — *Letter of Attilio Bandiera, November* 14, 1843.

"Adieu, adieu! Poor in all things, we elect you our executor, so that we may not perish in the memory of our fellow-citizens." — *Letter of Emilio Bandiera, March* 10, 1844.

I WRITE these pages in obedience to the last wishes of the brothers Bandiera, and in order that the Italians may learn what manner of men they were who died for the liberty of their country at Cosenza. And I write them now, although for many reasons I should have preferred to fulfill my task a few years later, because the Austrian journals and the Italian police are diffusing a series of calumnies with regard to the Bandiera; calumnies which are echoed and repeated by numerous cowards, and numberless fools, in order to defame — I do not speak of the living, for what are such attacks to us? — the character and reputation of martyrs whose name every Italian should utter with head bowed down in veneration.

It is commonly said, in speaking of the Bandiera, that the liberty of Italy is ill attempted by twenty

men; that enthusiasm so unregulated by the calculations of reason touches the confines of madness, and injures the cause it is meant to serve. It is said that the brothers were drawn into the Italian conspiracy by others, and urged on to their attempt upon Calabria, as the first step of an insurrection which had been planned and brought about by exiles; more especially by myself, and an intimate friend of mine residing at Malta, Nicola Fabrizi. And this assertion, deliberately false, has been followed up by hastily assumed consequences, declaring Italy impotent to act alone; every attempt at action injurious, and all who preach or promote it, guilty of imprudence, or worse. Such things are a disgrace to the times, and to those who, not having the courage to be strong, yet unwilling to own themselves cowards, systematically spread discouragement, for fear of being called upon to act along with their fellow-countrymen.

The result is to strip the souls of our youth of every noble and generous affection, and of reverence for the more devoted few; instead of being bound together in a vast and potent unity of idea and aim, their minds are held asunder, or allowed to stray in a moral anarchy that ultimately leads to apathy and inertia, while our masters sneer at and despise us. The few whose opinion is dear to me well know that I should never order nor set on foot any armed expedition, the dangers of which I did not share in one way or another. As to the opinion of any others, the last ten years have taught me to value it no more than it is worth. I have too many real sorrows on my soul to be able to feel the stings of calumny, and I believe one may die without remorse,

so long as one is at peace with one's own conscience, and with God. To me, therefore, such accusations are of no moment; but were they so, I could not stoop to profane, by self-defense or recrimination, these pages, sacred to the memory of men so far superior to each and all of us.

But it is of moment to all of us that the name of the brothers Bandiera should be handed down to those who are to come after them pure and free from all reproach, and that our young men should learn to venerate them as martyrs, and not regard them as mere partisan leaders; it is of moment that all men, friends and enemies, should know, to their terror or consolation, that the national Italian idea springs up spontaneously and innate, without need of any external impulse given, even in the hearts of those Italians who have had to struggle against the greatest personal danger, the influence of domestic example, the habits of military discipline, an isolated position, and the suspicions of their fellow-citizens. And the few fragments of their letters [1] which I intend to quote here will suffice for this. The originals are in my possession, and religiously preserved as relics of souls

[1] I say fragments, because the duty of not running the risk of dragging good men into danger, and of not betraying secrets which may at a future time be of benefit to our country, will often compel me to suppress some portions of this correspondence. But where these reasons do not exist, I do not feel that I have any right to cancel a single syllable, even in those cases where a natural sense of modesty would prompt me to do so. The praises bestowed upon me by the brothers in their letters are too evidently unmerited by a life which has been but a series of aspirations which I have been unable to reduce to action, to allow me — the executor of their last wishes — to make any claim for modesty by suppressing them. The reverence expressed by them for an exile, and for his constant manifestation of his belief — undiminished by the fact that constancy in exile is not productive of much real danger — is an illustration of their own nature which I could not conceal, from mere individual considerations, without remorse.

the purest, most nobly tempered, and most sanctified by love and sacrifice, which it has been granted to me to meet, for ten years past, on earth.

Attilio and Emilio Bandiera were born at Venice. They were the sons of Baron Bandiera, Rear-admiral of the Austrian navy, so unfavorably known to Italy for having (in defiance of the articles of the capitulation of Ancona in 1831) captured the insurgents who were on their way to France by sea. From their earliest years the brothers had worshipped the idea of the national unity of Italy, and long before they were able to obtain any contact with Italian exiles, or the conspirators in the centre of Italy, they had themselves endeavored to prepare the way for the realization of that idea. Towards the close of 1842 I received a letter from the elder of the brothers, signed with a name evidently assumed, saying: —

"Sir, — For many years I have esteemed and loved you, for I have learned to regard you as chief of those who represent in our generation the national opposition to the tyranny and consequent infamy that now contaminates Italy. I know that you are the founder of a secret society called 'Young Italy,' and that you were the editor of a journal bearing that title; but I have never been able to procure myself a single copy of that or any other of your works, until a few days ago, when I succeeded in obtaining the first and second numbers of your 'Apostolato Popolare.' They were doubly welcome to me, because, to the gratification I received in finding my own political principles shared by a man like yourself, was added the satisfaction of discovering a

means, however indirect, of forwarding to you this letter. I have been seeking to discover your address for more than a year, leaving no means untried. Amongst others, I have commissioned a friend of mine, who will land in England this August, to go on to London, in order to find out your lodging, see you, speak to you of me, and inform you that I intend, with your permission, to open a correspondence with you, which may possibly result in some benefit to our country. Before entering upon a subject so delicate, however, I think it my duty to give you some information as regards myself, so that you may have no reason to reproach yourself hereafter with having bestowed your confidence too hastily upon one unknown to you. If the friend of whom I have spoken has executed my commission, you have by this time learned my real name. But his stay in England was destined to be so short, and his time occupied with so many duties, that I much fear he may not have been able to fulfill his promise. I am an Italian, not proscribed; my profession is that of arms.

. . . . . .

"I believe in God, in a future life, and in the progress of Humanity. I school myself to direct my thoughts first to the welfare of Humanity, then of my country, then of my family, and my own individual life." "Firmly believing that justice is the basis of every right, I have long considered that the Italian cause is but an offshoot of the cause of Humanity, and in reverence for this incontrovertible truth, I find consolation for the sorrows and difficulties of the times, by remembering that to serve Italy is to serve Humanity. Being by nature tempered to

act readily, as well as to think boldly, from the conviction of the truth of the above principles, to the determination to dedicate my whole life to their practical realization, was but a brief step with me. The study of the condition of our country has proved to me that the sole path upon which it is possible to labor for the emancipation of Italy from her present degradation, is of necessity the darksome path of conspiracy. In fact of what but secret means can the oppressed avail himself while preparing the struggle for freedom? "

. . . . . .

"Since I determined to devote my life to my country, my fundamental idea has been the absolute necessity that all those desirous of laboring towards the same aim should enter into relations with and know one another, before making any open attempt, in order to unite their forces and combine all their individual ideas in one unitarian formula; for without this, dissensions must sooner or later arise fatal to the best founded hopes. For this reason I am very anxious to send you a writing of mine; and your 'Apostolato,' which I have recently read, confirms me in this desire. I come to you repeating your own words: Let us counsel, discuss, and act together fraternally. Do not disdain my offer. It may be that you will find mine the arm first ready to raise the standard of our regeneration and independence."

This letter was from the elder of the two brothers, Attilio. The friend whom he had requested to seek me out and communicate verbally with me, executed his commission. This was Domenico Moro, lieutenant of the *Adria*, also born at Venice. He died a

martyr at Cosenza along with those who had been his brothers in arms and in belief. On the 28th March, 1844, in a letter written after their flight from Italy, Emilio Bandiera completed the exposition of the political principles by which he and his brother were guided. "My brother and I," said he, "convinced that it is the duty of every Italian to devote himself wholly to the amelioration of the destiny of our unhappy country, sought in every direction to find a means of uniting ourselves with that Young Italy which we knew had been secretly formed for the purpose of organizing insurrection. For three years every effort was vain. Your writings had ceased to circulate in Italy, and the agents of the government declared that you were all dispersed and weakened by the ill success of the expedition of Savoy." . . . . "Though we did not then know your principles, our own entirely agreed with them. We too desired a free, united, republican country. We too proposed to depend solely on our national resources, to repudiate all idea of foreign aid, and to throw down the gauntlet as soon as we should be strong enough to do so."

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To these ideas as to the method of redeeming their own nation, the brothers added some of their opinions regarding the political regeneration of Europe, ... not all of which perhaps are exactly correct, but which display a very just idea of the general tendencies that will govern the future movement of the peoples, and reveal the faith that alone can sanctify revolutions, and save them alike from anarchy and the bitter delusions that purchase a change of name at the price of blood. God, Human-

ity, and the Father-land were the foundations upon which the Bandiera built the edifice of their political belief. From the conception of God they deduced their belief in the unity and collective life of the human race, in the law of harmonious progressive development by which all creation is governed, and in the holy idea of duty as the rule of life for the creature. From the conception of Humanity, as the progressive interpreter and executor of that law, they deduced the nature of the mission assigned to the nationalities — to the Father-land; and, from their conception of the Father-land, the nature of the mission assigned to individual man.

These ideas, which our century has laboriously acquired throughout the long experience of many errors and bloody sacrifices, were in them — cut off as they had been by their position from all participation in the intellectual movement of Europe — the revelation of souls rendered pure and strong by enthusiasm and love; and inspired by a religious faith in action as a constant duty — a faith which was further stimulated by the thought that the banner which waved above them, and of which they were, to all outward appearance, the defenders, was a foreign banner, the banner of Austria. They believed that it was the part of the Lombardo-Venetians to give the signal of the Italian enterprise, and strike the first blow at the very heart of the enemy. The hope of doing this was the soul of their existence. They were both of them tenderly attached to their mother, but theirs was the love that raises man to the angels, not degrades him to the brutes; the love that recognizes its first duty of rendering the soul a temple to the highest and noblest affections, by purifying it

from every form of egotism, and consecrating it to the just, the beautiful, and the true. Attilio was both a husband and a father; but the mission confided to him by God of educating a young soul to virtue, was rather an incitement than a restraint upon enterprise in him; and the wife he loved — now dead through grief, as I shall have occasion to relate — was worthy of him, and the confidant, as far as was possible, of his secrets.

Of the correspondence which ensued between the Bandiera and myself up to the time of their flight from Italy, and of their patriotic schemes, I cannot, for reasons which all will understand, give further details. But the only fragment (written towards the end of 1843) which I can transcribe without endangering others, will suffice to show that they were less under the influence of any special premeditated design than of a feverish desire of action, immediate personal action; the desire that shortly afterwards led them to death in Calabria. "The insurrectionary ferment in Italy," wrote Attilio, "still endures, if I may believe the reports I receive; and thinking that this may perhaps indicate the dawn of the great day of our resurrection, I believe it to be the duty of every good patriot to coöperate therein as far as in him lies. I am therefore seeking a means of going myself to the scene of action.

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And should I fail in this, it will not certainly be through any fault of my own. My plan would be, as soon as I arrived, to put myself at the head of a guerrilla band, betake myself to the mountains, and there fight for our cause to the death. I am well aware that the material importance of this step would

be very small; but the moral influence would be far greater; because I should awaken a sense of distrust in the heart of the most powerful of our tyrants; I should set an example to all those who like me have been bound by absurd and impossible oaths, and strengthen the confidence of our own party, which owes its present weakness chiefly to a want of faith in our own resources, and to an exaggerated idea of the forces of the enemy."

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When Attilio in the above lines (written on the 14th November) expressed his anxiety to adopt the extreme course of abandoning certain elements which might at a future time have been of decisive importance to the Italian insurrection, in order to execute the desperate scheme of leading a few followers to the mountains, the worm of discouragement, with regard to the men of his own day, had already eaten into his soul. The reader may perhaps remember that from August to November, 1843, an unusual state of ferment and excitement existed in Central Italy, produced in part by the promises (unfulfilled) of conspirators; but far more by misgovernment, and the natural impatience of an enslaved and oppressed people. From this ferment among the people, so serious and so general that had it been rightly directed it might have been made the forerunner of an Italian movement, but which through a series of faults and mistakes it is needless to discuss here, resulted in the death, exile, or imprisonment of the best men, — the Bandieras had derived the hope and energy of men who feel that the hour of action is near. Full of the hopes inspired by the indication given, by the guerrilla bands of the Muratori, of the adoption of a bet-

ter method of insurrectionary warfare, by the constant skirmishes between the people and the Pontifical troops in all the cities of the Romagna, and the rumors of insurrection in the centre, the Bandieras at last succeeded in entering into communication with some of the more influential individuals there, and found their proposals of action (some of which were really important and possible of realization even with limited means) met, first with promises of acting at a distant date; then by unnecessary and fatal delays, and endless illusory schemes of insurrection upon a vast and utterly impracticable scale; while the paltry sum of money they required for their purpose was denied.

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Then began for the Bandieras that sad experience that has driven so many a naturally noble mind into skepticism, but to which they put an end by martyrdom.

Of all these deceptions and delusions, — whether from natural dignity of mind, or whether because he feared to speak against men whom I regarded as friends, — Attilio kept silence with me. But in a letter written after their flight from Italy (March 28, 1844), Emilio, who was younger, and of a disposition, I will not say more frank, but more impulsive, gave vent to his feelings, saying: "In the autumn of 1833 the rising in Central Italy might have become national if it had been helped, and we asked the aid of ten thousand francs, but instead

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"I know not whose the fault, but no help was given. They despised a demonstration which might perhaps have secured a victory, if only through the

contagion the example of our devotion might have spread among the forty thousand Italians who, though bound by an empty oath, yet love their country. Meanwhile we had compromised ourselves. We did not fear violence; an imprudent order of arrest (would it had been pronounced!) would have raised up more defenders than were wanted. All was undone; the Bolognese were dispersed; arrests multiplied; and to us, who were burning with excitement and already too completely discovered, they sent a message, as if in derision, bidding us, like vegetables, wait for the spring. But we were not discouraged."

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"For this I required only a few thousand francs. My brother answered that they were denied him on every side. Meanwhile, the government, alarmed, and supecting us, as well known to be seditious, yet not daring to arrest us by force, employed artifice. They sent to recall my brother to Venice, causing him at the same time to be watched by German spies. He made another appeal for money, promising that we would risk the attempt in spite of every obstacle. He was refused, and on the eve of the term fixed for his return to Venice, he fled; whilst I at the same time fled from Trieste."

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"May the evil consequences be on the heads of those who denied and despised us; of those who, when warned by . . . . that we should be lost if the means of action were not furnished within a month's time, replied: Do not speak any more of your friends, ... for from what you say they are surely lost already. Forgive me if I have

allowed myself to use the language of one forsaken; I do so because I know how innocent you are of all the delay and neglect to which we have fallen a sacrifice; but tell those who counseled them that when once Italy shall be free, I will arraign them before the tribunal of their country as conspirators who conspired to prolong her slavery and dishonor."

Whatever others may think of these words, I have transcribed them deliberately here; because they touch upon a disease which will, I believe, be mortal to Italy, if the present generation do not rid itself of it at whatever the cost. During the last eight or nine years a class of men has arisen among those who profess to be lovers of their country, whom one might really imagine had set before themselves the task of rendering the Italians infamous in their own eyes, and in those of other nations, not merely as cowards, but as cowards and boasters at one and the same time. These men are influential, some of them from position or riches, all from a reputation for liberal sentiments, perhaps sincere, but certainly lukewarm. Not without talent, but lacking every spark of genius, and morally ruined by the habit of a narrow and destructive system of analysis borrowed from the writers of the eighteenth century, their minds are made up beforehand against every idea of action, partly from a deficiency of true revolutionary science and partly from cowardice. They are anxious, however, from a dim sense that such is the mission and duty of every Italian, to pass for energetic agitators.

These men, to the disaster of Italy, stand to the best youth of the Peninsula in the position of oracles and leaders; and make themselves the eternal

pacificators of every movement of popular discontent that threatens to lead to serious action, and modifiers of every bold design formed by men who truly love their country, and are determined to sacrifice all they hold most dear to render her free and great. By the help of two or three wise saws borrowed from the decrepit policy of diplomatic conservatism, and certain mock arguments and cunning conceits, which they insult the genius of Macchiavelli by terming Macchiavellian, they act like the torpedo upon the minds of those who are really desirous of life and movement. When the exasperation of the people against their masters has not as yet burst forth in any visible form, and the proposal to act arises only from the few who can read the signs of its latent force, they adopt the plan — and it is then they are least harmful — of openly declaiming against the possibility of an Italian insurrection until all the kings of Europe are engaged in deadly warfare, one against the other, and Europe in flames from one end to the other. They mourn over the corruption of the Italian youth, the omnipotence and illiberal tendencies of the clergy, and evoke, computing and recomputing until the number appears three times as large as it is, the eighty thousand Austrians stationed in Lombardy, the other eighty thousand that would be brought over from Bohemia and Hungary, and then the eighty thousand more that would follow from no one knows where.

When, however, as was the case in that part of Italy last year, the cry of insurrection arises, not from a few conspirators only, but from the people, and they see reason to fear that others will take the field without them, they feign to accept the idea of

acting with joy, only reserving to themselves — and it is then that they are most harmful — the right of discussing as to how and when. And then if the agitation has arisen in autumn, they propound their theories of waiting for the spring, when the flowers are in blossom, and a little blood-letting is of service to the health; or, if the agitation occurs in the spring, waiting for the autumn when the rains have swollen the torrents, and the leafy vineyards will protect the ambuscades. All the simple straightforward plans suggested by the logics of revolution to men of action, are frustrated by proposals of vast and imposing designs; the sole defect of which, as they well know, is that they are impracticable. Grand schemes are suggested of substituting a movement in the capitals for movements in the provinces; of previously achieving the fusion of utterly heterogeneous elements, instead of acting at once with the homogeneous elements already at hand; of insurrections so skillfully contrived as to burst out at a given hour upon one point to-day, another to-morrow, and a third the day after; but in none of these, should any unforeseen chance interfere to prevent the exact execution of the plan on the first point.

Thus they create delays from fortnight to fortnight, from month to month; and meanwhile the popular excitement, which it is impossible to regulate by clock-work, finds vent in miscroscopic *émeutes* or disturbances, useless, nay, injurious, to the cause, until it gradually subsides altogether; and the young, who, though naturally disposed to action, are always easy of discouragement, begin to doubt, and to calculate dangers, until they desist from the enterprise; and a few martyr-spirits cast themselves into the

whirlpool of some desperate attempt, in the forlorn hope of putting an end to all these unworthy delays by the power of example.

Meanwhile our Italian governments, who have always the *Mene Tekel Upharsin* of Heaven before their eyes, begin, first in one city and then in another, cautiously and silently to imprison the men whom they have reason to fear, one by one; to collect their forces, redouble their spies, and spread a sense of fear of discovery, treason, and foreign intervention, until the proposed enterprise, now rendered really impossible, fades away upon the distant horizon of an uncertain future; the good cover their faces with shame, the bad sneer and laugh, and the weak and ignorant pronounce the resurrection of Italy an Utopia.

Then do our mothers weep over their sons slain on the scaffold, while the police throw themselves like hyenas upon their corpses, to profane, if possible, even the memory of the dead; our governments prate for a few months of probable concessions; and the counselers of waiting for the spring, having sought both abroad and at home — best of all if not only abroad, but in exile — for a scapegoat to bear the burden of their own sins, and impudently foisted orders, counter-orders, errors, and imprudences upon one who, it may be, was all the while warning the youth of Italy: You will never do anything serious until you rid yourselves of these men, — calmly recommence the enumeration of their eighty thousand Austrians multiplied by three. I might myself furnish an historical commentary upon what I now say; and I shall do so yet, though not here.

Successful insurrections in Italy can never be

brought about by what is termed the fusion of heterogeneous elements, each having a different aim in view, and united solely for the work of destruction; because it is a logical necessity that every different aim requires a different method of action. Successful insurrections can never be brought through vast, intricate, and long-premeditated designs, so calculated as to produce simultaneous risings on various different points at a given hour; because such vast designs are invariably discovered by the governments in time to enable them to take measures to prevent them. Insurrections will not succeed — except in very rare instances — if commenced in metropolitan centres, where the governments naturally concentrate their means of repression, espionage, and corruption, and where a first failure is decisive and necessitates the inaction of the whole province. Finally, it is vain to expect insurrection as the result of a popular virtue and education which is impossible where there exists neither father-land nor nation, nor any means of popular education other than Austrian, Jesuitical, or Neo-Catholic, all equally bad, and where the insurrection itself is therefore the necessary first step towards the education of the people in courage and virtue. A really virtuous people would never need insurrection, for it could never be enslaved; but the French in 1789, the Spaniards in 1808, and the Greeks in 1821, were no less corrupted than we are at the present day, and nevertheless they performed prodigies of valor and self-sacrifice.

Insurrection can only succeed in Italy when those who desire to act, believing in one sole pact, and agreed as to the aim and the means to achieve it, shall be united in one sole phalanx, and ready to

take advantage of the first popular commotion — whether spontaneous or purposely excited — general in Italy, and to act unexpectedly in the name of all Italy upon the point where a first victory is easiest, displaying a simple and clear programme, and throwing away the scabbard. One first real success achieved, everything will then depend upon the choice of the five, three, or one man chosen to direct and extend the insurrection, and bring it to a successful issue. The whole question lies in deciding whether through universality of discontent, or patriotic instinct, the people of Italy are ripe for the struggle. The Bandieras believed — and in this I agreed with them — that they are ripe, because eager for action; and indeed had it not been for the waiters for the spring, they would have acted. Meanwhile the brothers were suspected and watched, and to the discoveries made by the Austrian Government by means of its spies, were added the arts of a traitor. Attilio wrote to me from Sira on the 19th of March: —

"Events of great importance, not less to myself than to our cause, have taken place here since the middle of last January. A certain T. V. Micciarelli, whom perhaps you know by reputation, betrayed all my plans. . . . . I was obliged to obey, and in fact the vessel destined to convey me *dove non è che luce*[1] was to start on the 3d of this month; but I, having from previous causes learned the perfidy of Micciarelli, and fearing that this first blow might be followed by another less easy to avert, had secretly prepared to fly; and on the 29th of last month I

[1] Where nought of light is.

started on my escape, and after an eventful pilgrimage, succeeded during these last few days in accomplishing it. I succeeded in sending word of my intention to my brother, then in Venice — who was also known to my betrayer — in order that he might follow my example; but as yet I have no news of him. How will my mother and my wife bear the news of these misfortunes? they who are so delicate, and, it may be, unable to endure such sorrows! Ah! the idea of serving humanity and my country ever was, and I hope ever will be, my first desire; but I must confess it costs me very dear."

When Attilio wrote these lines his wife was already dead. Having been warned by Emilio of his brother's projected flight, she had, so long as the uncertainty lasted with regard to their escape, kept silence, and maintained sufficient strength of mind to hide the mortal terror by which she was tormented; but almost immediately after receiving the news of her husband's safety, she sank under her sufferings. All who have known her describe her as a woman remarkable alike for her beauty and for her intellectual and moral qualities. She fell a victim, like Teresa Confalonieri, Enrichetta Castiglioni, and many others, unknown save to the few left behind to deplore them, of that fatal condition of Italy which condemns the patriot to the double martyrdom of himself and of those dearest to him. Emilio had taken refuge in Corfù, where the most terrible of trials was in store for him. The Austrian Government, alarmed at the excitement occasioned in the fleet by the desertion of the two brothers, and fearing the effect which their example, and, still more,

the revelation of the existence of a hitherto unsuspected national element in the heart of the enemy's camp, might produce among the more seditious of their Italian subjects, endeavored to give the matter the appearance of a mere juvenile escapade, rather than the deliberate purpose of determined and resolute men. They therefore decided to try gentle means.

"The Archduke Rainieri," said Emilio to me in a letter from Corfù (April 22d), "Vice-regent of the Lombardo-Venetian Provinces, sent one of his agents to my mother to tell her that if by the exercise of that authority which parents should possess over their children, she could persuade me to return from Corfù to Venice, he would pledge his *sacred* word that I should not only be pardoned, but be restored to my commission, nobility, and honor. He added that he would himself be security for my impunity, as a youth whose inexperience had been seduced by *impious agitators;* that although the same excuse could not be made for my brother, and a pardon would therefore be more difficult to obtain in his case, yet he doubted not that it would be obtained, from the clemency of his magnanimous nephew, Ferdinand.

"My mother, hoping, believing, instantly started to come hither; and I leave you to imagine the struggles, the scenes I have had to endure.

"In vain I told her that my duty commands me to remain here; that I long above all things to return to my country; but that when I do return to her, it may not be to live a life of shame, but to die a noble death; that the only safe-conduct with which I can return to Italy lies at my sword's point; that no affection

ought to avail to induce me to abandon the cause I have embraced; that the flag of a king may be forsaken, the banner of our country never. My mother, tortured, blinded by anguish, cannot comprehend me; she upbraids me as unnatural, impious, a murderer. Her tears break my heart; her reproaches, though undeserved, are to me as the wounds of a dagger; but my misery cannot deprive me of my reason. I know that the responsibility of her tears and anger rests upon our tyrants, and if hitherto I was animated by love of country alone, I am now inspired by hatred against the despots and usurpers whose infamous ambition reduces families to misery such as this. . . . . Give me a word of consolation: your approval will compensate me for the thousand absurd accusations cast upon me by deluded fools, egotists, and cowards."

Of all the acts of the Bandiera, their death even not excepted, which will cause their name to be held in veneration by posterity, I believe this refusal to yield to the prayers of a mother to be the most sublime. I know too well how many will disagree with me in this; how many would not only have given way, but have embellished their weakness with fine phrases of the power of the ties of blood, and the omnipotence of family affections over all others; phrases which are accepted as both true and affecting by those who do not reflect deeply; but which to me appear in fact to mean, We are but egotists, striving to elevate our selfishness into a virtue. At the present day, speaking generally, men do not love. Love, the holiest gift of God to man, vouchsafed as a pledge of a higher existence, has been converted by an unbelieving generation into gross sensualism,

animal instinct, or feverish desire; the family — type and symbol on earth of the ceaseless action of the Deity upon the universe, and germ of all true society — is transformed into the negation of all social duty and activity: Man and Woman have been canceled, to give place to the male and female. The unhappy mothers of Italy, victims themselves of the worst possible species of education, and deprived of all fitting influence in the social organization, tremblingly teach their sons the lesson of submission to those in power, whomsoever they may be. The fathers of Italy, well aware that every family counts probably one spy amongst its members, educate their sons to a life of isolation and distrust. The young maidens of Italy are delighted to obtain from their lovers, in answer to their cautions, a promise to live for them alone; but the brief frenzy of unregulated passion over, they wake to find themselves unhappy and neglected wives; for the worst citizens are always the worst husbands and the coldest friends.

But if the women of Italy were to say to their lovers: "It is your duty not to live but to joy in me alone; to come to me for consolation in every sorrow: we are bound to make of our two lives a joint life, nobler and stronger in intellect and love; a joint sacrifice to the high, the beautiful, and the divine, and a continuous joint aspiration and advance towards eternal truth;" if our fathers were to teach their children that the true definition of life is not a search after happiness, but a preparation, through the fulfillment of our earthly duties, for a higher stage of earthly existence; if our mothers, who think themselves Christians, would meditate upon and teach their sons some of the words of

Christ, and the whole of that Book of Maccabeus which appears as if written for the Italians, they would better fulfill the duties of love, and our Italy would not be doomed to weep over the flower of her sons, lost to her one by one in solitary death on the scaffold, or by the soul's slow atrophy in exile.

I believe that all the true prophets of affection, from Plato to Schiller, and still more our greatest Italians, and above all Italians, Dante, understood the two holy words, family and love, in a very different sense from that in which they are understood at the present day; and I think that believers — for in materialists love is of necessity either a hideous thing or a contradiction — cannot love without identifying their love with their adoration of the truth, and endeavoring to symbolize in their own soul, and represent to the loved being, the highest type of virtue possible. God forbid that I should utter a word of reproach to the mother of Attilio and Emilio; but I affirm — and I wish she could read these lines — that here or elsewhere she will yet learn to know that her sons never loved her so well as when they refused, even at her hands, the pardon of the Archduke Rainieri.

The brothers Bandiera were now declared guilty of high treason by the Austrian authorities "for having joined the sect of Young Italy," and cited to appear within the space of ninety days before the imperial tribunals at Venice; to which citation they answered, through the medium of the public journals, that they gloried in what the authorities stigmatized as high treason, and had made their choice between treason to their country and desertion from the service of her foreign oppressors; that they knew

their death to be certain, and preferred to meet it in any shape rather than under the infamous banner of Austria. In the interval between the publication of the citation and their answer, the brothers had been joined by another officer of the Austrian Navy. This voluntary exile was Domenico Moro, lieutenant of the *Adria*, a youth of only twenty-two years of age. His personal appearance recalled that line of Dante, —

"Biondo era, e bello, e di gentile aspetto;" [1]

and he was of a truly angelic disposition, uniting the gentleness of a girl with the courage of a lion.

Meanwhile the general discontent in Italy increased. The popular excitement which had been lulled in 1843, manifested itself in a still more threatening manner in 1844, extending from the centre to the south of the Peninsula. An armed *émeute* took place at Cosenza, which, although soon put down, produced much agitation, and awakened a strong desire of action. Sicily, a country which has been systematically vexed by every description of misgovernment and extortion, was burning to revolt; the Sicilians, naturally disposed to prefer deeds to words, would certainly at that time have made the attempt, had it not been for the influence exercised by the partisans of delay whom I have described above, who had centred themselves in the very city which had given so widely different an example to her sister cities seven centuries ago.

The Austrians increased their troops at Ferrara, and carefully spread rumors of an approaching intervention, which, though it would have been inevitable after insurrection, was impossible before. The wait-

[1] "Blonde was he, and beautiful, and of a gentle presence."

ers for the spring set to work as usual to do and undo. They began by publicly announcing that the movement would take place on a certain day; and then declared that all who should attempt to rise while the newspapers were filled with prophecies of a rising, would be guilty of high treason against the country; not choosing to see that these prophetic articles in the journals had at least had the effect of disposing public opinion in favor of the movement, both in Italy and in the rest of Europe, and had given importance and created a probability of aid to the insurrection.

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But the youth of the Papal States seemed disposed to break through these obstacles, and a reflection of their ardor, the echo of the tumult caused by the clash and confusion of hopes, terrors, promises, and discouragement, reached the Bandieras at Corfù, where they then were, trying to arrange how and when to enter the field. The decision to act was spontaneously and irrevocably taken by the brothers; the how and when were chosen, I believe — and time will soon show — by the Neapolitan Government. The true cause which determined the Bandieras to act — still misunderstood by those who imagine that such sacrifices must be under the direction of secret associations or influential leaders — was their perception of a moral defect in the Italians, who, even when unanimous in sentiment and conviction, yet fail to render their life a practical commentary upon their belief. And it is too true that the Italians lack the religious conception of nationality, and of the duties of a citizen; they lack that oneness of life which produces identity of thought and action.

Between the doctrines of materialism, which disinherits man of every noble aim, and abandons him to the arbitrary rule of chance or blind force, and of Neo-Catholicism (a recent plague in our country), which call upon him to adore a galvanized corpse, the Italians have lost sight of the idea of Dante, the idea of the grand mission confided by God to their country, and with it all consciousness of the power which God always grants in proportion to the vocation. Patriotism with them is not the solemn, severe, tenacious determination which assumes the characteristics of a faith; forever moving onwards "without haste, but without rest, like the stars in heaven,"[1] towards the aim — remote or not matters little — which Providence has marked out for their country; it is no ruling idea governing their whole life, bright with the poetry of dawn in fervid youth, and crowned with the poetry of sunset in gray-haired age; strong as right, perennial as duty, and sublime as the future: it is the patriotism of impulse; a fever of their southern blood, easily raised to delirium, but as soon calmed down by a few hours of repose; it is an impulse of noble pride, awakened by great memories and ill-defined presentiments; but what pride can hold out against the thousand deceptions that encounter those who enter upon an enterprise as vast as ours, who stand between the Spielberg or the scaffold on the one hand, and treachery or indifference on the other? The youth of Italy, so soon as the first enthusiasm of strife is over, withdraw in weariness from the struggle, and abandon — not indeed their opinions — but all active exertion for their realization.

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[1] Goethe.

The Italian insurrection can never be victorious until our young men learn that duty is the one sole truth of human existence. . . . . The Bandieras believed that the Italian people were destined by the prophetic voice of the past, and called upon by the voice of conscience, to become a great and free nation for the good of humanity; and believing this, they were ready to devote their lives to the attempt to awaken their fellow-countrymen to their duty by the force of example. Therefore they were firmly resolved, if unable to conquer, at least to die.

A few days after his arrival at Corfù, Attilio wrote to me (May 10th): . . . . "I received yours of the 1st April, sent on from Malta. I am grateful to you for the interest you take in my fate; your affection is certainly the strongest incitement to well doing. Do not fear that I shall ever doubt the truth of the principles we hold in common. . . . . Italy, independent, free, and united; democratically constituted as a republic, with Rome for her capital, —such is my national, political confession of faith. Our brothers' cry to arms sounds incessantly in my ears, and I have made the necessary arrangements for joining them, in order to fight and die with them. Busy as I am with the preparations for my departure, I have no time to enter into particulars, but I have commissioned . . . . to tell you everything. I have matured two schemes of action: . . . . the other upon Calabria. The first requires more time and more money. The force of circumstances has decided me to choose the second. In order to put it in execution, my brother and I are selling, at ruinous prices, the few things we were able to bring with us, but they will not bring us five hundred

francs, and we shall require at least four thousand. I have therefore been compelled to avail myself of the offer of three thousand francs you made me on a different occasion, and I have written to Nicola [1] to send them to me by the first opportunity. Forgive this liberty; it was not my own interest, but the interest of the cause, that compelled me to it; and I comfort myself with the conviction that you would not refuse to coöperate in any useful patriotic attempt. Farewell, then, and should it be forever, forever farewell." At the end of this letter Emilio added, with a heart swelling with the last thoughts of affection: —

"My Brother, — One line from me also, because these will perhaps be the last you will ever receive from us. May Heaven bless you for all the great good you have done to our country. On the eve of our peril, I declare that every Italian owes you both veneration and gratitude. Our principles are your principles. I glory in it; and when in my own country, arm in hand, my cry shall be the cry you have sounded to us for so long. Addio, addio! Poor in all things, we elect you our executor, so that we may not perish in the memory of our fellow-citizens.

"Emilio."

And now, between the two brothers on the one side, and my friend Fabrizi and myself on the other, a too unequal struggle began: we endeavoring to dissuade them from their plan of immediate and unaided action; they seeking a means of executing it. The three thousand francs which I had offered on a different occasion, while the Bandieras were still in

[1] Fabrizi.

Italy, were refused by Fabrizi, who held them for me, and the attempt they had intended to make in May was thus rendered impossible. On the 21st May Attilio wrote to me again in great discouragement.

[In this letter, Attilio Bandiera explained the plan of the intended enterprise, adding]: "But all these preparations were rendered useless by the letter of Nicola. I had asked him to send me the three thousand francs which you had authorized me to take on a former occasion, but he refused them, and also advised our friends against assisting us in our undertaking, which he called mad, and hurtful to the cause. . . . . The want of money has made it impossible to act. . . . . How ever we shall live henceforward I know not. . . . . Do not imagine, however, that poverty can alter us in any way. The only thing that troubles us is, that our sacrifices may be useless, for we have now nothing left to offer to humanity and to our country but an existence of trial and suffering, where once we might have sacrificed to the cause an eventful and prosperous life. . . . . Meanwhile, the executions have begun again in Bologna. Are then the sins of our fathers not yet expiated in the eyes of eternal justice? Whatever our fate, we hope to leave the young generation an example of undying perseverance. Trusting to the known loyalty of the English post, you may direct your letters here to my name. Adieu. ATTILIO."

The English Government answered the noble confidence of Attilio in the "known loyalty of the English post," by systematically violating my corre-

spondence for seven months,[1] unsealing and resealing my letters with infamous artifices worthy the most abject police spies of Italy, and communicating all that was important in their contents to the Neapolitan and Austrian cabinets; a vile proceeding which excited universal indignation in the English people, and which I made public for the purpose of adding yet another to the many proofs already existing of the immorality of all the actual governments of Europe; all of them founded upon a falsehood — whether of Right Divine or of Monarchico-Constitutional Pact, matters little. The projects of the two brothers were only retarded, not destroyed by their want of means; and they were revived by every fresh rumor that reached them of disturbances in Italy. The correspondence — all of which is now before me — between Fabrizi at Malta and the two martyrs, proves that during that period every possible means of persuasion were tried in the hope of saving them, and that all failed to overcome the irrevocable determination with which they had consecrated themselves to death.[2]

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While these letters were passing between Fabrizi at Malta and the brothers at Corfù, Ricciotti, another of the martyrs of Cosenza, who had been my friend since 1831, left London for Corfù. Ricciotti was born in 1800 at Frosinone, in the Papal States. The national Italian idea took firm possession of his mind at the early age of eighteen, and he swore to

1 See the previous chapter. — *Ed.*

2 Mazzini has given long extracts from this correspondence, completely justifying his friend Fabrizi from the accusation which has been brought against him of having promoted and encouraged the expedition of the Bandieras, in the Italian edition of his works. — *Translator.*

devote his life to its realization. Of oaths such as these, I have heard so many during the last fifteen years — and from men far more powerful in intellect than Ricciotti — who, after a few years of feeble endeavor, have betrayed them, that the very words sound sadly to my ears, as if they carried with them an inexorable prophecy of delusion and deception. But Ricciotti kept his oath: as he said, so he acted. His simple, honest, straightforward nature, such as we find described in many of Plutarch's heroes, had yet the strength, which intellectual powers ought, but, when unaccompanied with a religious belief, fail to give. His was the intellect of the heart. From the day on which he took that oath to the day of his death his life was one long series of sorrows. Yet, nevertheless, his countenance, when I saw him in London in 1844, bore the same expression of a spirit at peace with itself and others which his friends had observed in the days of his early youth. Virtues which in others wear the semblance of struggle had become his very nature, and none could ever have guessed from his manner that he had gone through four-and-twenty years of constant sorrow, and was even then preparing to leave London for the purpose of fronting death.

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In 1835, Ricciotti, seeing no present probability of redemption for Italy, determined to employ himself in acquiring a further practical knowledge of military matters, and, in a letter written to his children to announce his intention of starting for Spain, he said: "I shall once more combat in the cause of liberty, and should fortune favor me, I may yet live

to put the knowledge I acquire to profit for my country."

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Not long afterwards, hearing of the reviving hopes of the Italians, he left Spain, and returned to offer his services to the national cause. His first attempt to enter Italy was unsuccessful: he was betrayed to the French Government, and imprisoned for a time in Marseilles. As soon as he was set at liberty he came to England, and having there obtained the necessary means, he started joyfully for Malta and Corfù, with the intention of proceeding to Italy. It had been decided by his own choice, by the request of others, and by the strict injunctions of the friends who provided him with the means for his undertaking, that he should endeavor to land at Ancona. Ricciotti arrived in Corfù early in June, and immediately joined the Bandieras. They were then uncertain whether they should be able to act or not; doubting whether to remain at Corfù until their last hopes of action had vanished, or to start at once for Algiers, where they hoped to find employment. All idea of landing at Calabria was at that time completely abandoned; and they had been induced by the arguments of Fabrizi to promise that they would not act at all without our consent, and that they would unite in a proposed plan of action upon a larger scale, which was to be dependent upon a movement in the interior. The information given them by Ricciotti as to the purpose of his journey, and the point upon which he intended to land, had the effect of rekindling their desire for immediate action, but they had so completely renounced their own former project, as to think only of accompany-

ing him. Attilio wrote to me on the 6th of June, saying: "I have seen Ricciotti, and we will do our best to help him to reach the destined spot. . . . . But why should he go alone? Why should not the resolute twenty here accompany him, and I with them? We will leave all our means of communication with Naples in the hands of ——." . . . . The day afterwards Emilio wrote to me: "I thank you for the affectionate lines brought to me by Ricciotti. The friendship you grant me I have felt for you for many long years: ever since the day when I contrived to procure some copies of 'Young Italy,' and repeat them to my companions, in order to excite them (since I could then do no better) to hatred and strife with the sons of their oppressors. Whatever be my fate, I will remain firm. To Italy I dedicate forever mind, and heart, and hand; to you, and the few others who render her respectable, though fallen, the affection of a brother. We are endeavoring to solve the intricate problem with Ricciotti. At all events, I hope soon to be in action with him. We leave the Calabrian work to ——. Adieu: keep forever the fraternal compact you have made with EMILIO."

One day later Ricciotti wrote: "At this moment we have no means of starting for the place you know of, but we do hope soon to obtain them; and one, or perhaps both, of the brothers Bandiera will accompany me with twenty others."

I have dwelt upon this point, because it appears to me essential to a correct judgment of the causes of the sudden resolution taken by the brothers of acting in Calabria, and demonstrates that that deter-

mination was certainly unpremeditated. On the night of the 12th-13th, three days after writing the lines quoted above, the Bandieras, Ricciotti, and twenty others, stated for Calabria. The following is their last letter to me: —

"CORFÙ, *June* 11, 1844.

"DEAREST FRIEND, — Every possible attempt was made in order to send Ricciotti to his destination, but without success. There are no regular boats from here to that point, and no one would have undertaken the transport. We have received good news from Calabria and Puglia, though there is still evidence of a want of energy and confidence in their leaders. We have agreed to run the risk, and in a few hours we start for Calabria.

If we reach in safety, we will do our best, both as soldiers and as politicians. . . . . Eighteen other Italians accompany us, most of them exiles. We have a Calabrese guide. Bear us in your memory, and be sure that if we do set foot in Italy it will be with the firm determination of sustaining those principles we have always recognized and proclaimed, as alone able to transform the shameful slavery of our country into a glorious victory. If we fall, tell our countrymen to imitate our example; for life was given to us to be nobly and usefully employed, and the cause for which we shall have fought and died is the purest and the holiest that ever warmed the heart of man. It is the cause of the liberty and equality of humanity, and of the inde pendence and unity of Italy. . . . . If we fail, it will be the fault of destiny, not our own. Adieu.

"NICOLA RICCIOTTI.

"EMILIO BANDIERA."

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How did it happen that, in spite of the new scheme of action, in spite of their promise to Fabrizi and myself, in spite of the positive instructions given to Ricciotti, a few uncertain rumors of favorable chances in Calabria should have induced the brothers and their companions to take this sudden determination? I make no positive accusation, because I have no direct proofs; but I will mention a few facts which will enable the dispassionate reader to judge for himself. From the information obtained through the violation of my letters and those of others by the English Cabinet, and from certain imprudences committed by some who were readier to talk than to act, the Neapolitan and Austrian governments had learned that certain Italian exiles were preparing to hasten, with a certain amount of material force, wheresoever the first insurrectionary banner should be raised in Italy. They had neither discovered the real scheme nor the means proposed to be used. This is evident from the mass of absurdities published by their journals on the subject. In this uncertainty, it appeared the wisest plan to divide the insurgents beforehand, and, by seducing the best among them into an enterprise rendered hopeless by the previous preparations of the enemy, the more easily to destroy them. By this means they would perhaps succeed in convincing other Italian exiles that no trust was to be placed in the movements of the population, and at the same time cause the insurgents to imagine that the exiles had only a handful of men to offer to their country's cause. Thus also they paved the way for the calumnies by which they afterwards endeavored to destroy the influence of those individuals among the exiles whom they falsely accused as the promoters of the attempt.

The Bandieras, whose eager desire for action rendered them imprudent, were precisely the men to fall into the snare. It was especially important to Austria to destroy them, as by their intelligence, their morality, their energy, and the affection of their brother officers, they were destined to exercise a redoubtable influence over our Italian youth. A series of petty circumstances, the simultaneous occurrence of which cannot be ascribed to mere accident, appears to have determined the brothers' decision.

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The captains of two vessels arriving within a day of each other at Corfù from Calabria, stated that the forests swarmed with insurgents, even to the number of two thousand, who were inactive for want of chiefs; that they complained of being abandoned by the exiles; that they entreated they would send them some military men chosen from among the exiles, to represent among them the Italian idea, the national unity. They added, one knows not why, that notwithstanding the increasing fermentation, and the terrors of the government, the shores were not more strictly guarded than usual. Later on, a man arrived who had fought in the mountains for some months against the gendarmerie, and who seems to have been allowed to escape expressly to furnish another enticement to the exiles. Knowing every inch of the way, he offered to act as guide to the Bandieras, and engaged to conduct them where the insurgents were already in arms, and prepared. A vessel presented itself at the point chosen, ready to take them almost without charge. They sailed and landed. There, one of their number, named Boccheciampi of Cephalonia, disappeared. After

five days' march, after several engagements with scattered troops, in which they were victorious, they entered, fatigued and without ammunition, into a valley where they suddenly found themselves surrounded by forces five times their number. They fought: some among them died the death of the brave; the rest were made prisoners. They were dragged before a military commission, where they found Boccheciampi again, accused only of not revealing their project.[1] Nine, among whom were the two brothers, Attilio and Emilio, Domenico Moro, and Nicola Ricciotti, were shot. By decree of the 18th of July, the King of Naples conferred the cross of Francis I. upon D. Gregorio Balsama, the Neapolitan consul at Corfù, who had hindered nothing, in consideration of services rendered by him in the affair of the exiles who landed in Calabria. Let every one judge for himself!

The Bandieras and their seven companions died calm and intrepid; bearing witness to their faith, as becomes men who die for the just and true. One who was present at their last moments at Cosenza, on the 25th of July, speaks of them as of saints, reminding one of the martyrs of the first ages of Christianity. On the morning of their execution they were found asleep. They paid almost minute attention to their toilet, as if they were about to accomplish an act of religious solemnity. A priest approached them; they gently repulsed him, saying, that having sought to practice the law of the gospel, and to propagate it even at the cost of their blood among those emancipated by Jesus, they hoped more

[1] It is known since, that this man, on leaving Corfù, took with him some papers relative to a debt due from the Neapolitan Government to his father. He was not one of those who were shot.

from their own good intentions than his words. "Reserve them," added one of them, "for your oppressed brethren, and teach them to be what the cross has made them, free and equal." They walked to the place of execution, conversing together, without agitation, without ostentation. "Spare the face," said they to the soldiers; "it was made in the image of God. Viva l'Italia!" This was their last cry on earth. God and their brothers will recollect it.

Viva l'Italia! Young men of Italy, shall that cry remain a bitter irony, or will you take it up, sanctified as it is by the last sacrifice of the best men amongst us, and incarnate it in your life? In the name of those who have died to redeem you at least from the stigma of cowardice cast upon you by Europe; in the name of your country, I ask you, will you reëcho that cry in the midst of sorrow and persecution, in the face of the scaffold — or will you, sunk and degraded in the vices of slavery, cry aloud, like the drunken Helots of Europe, Death to Italy, and to our own honor; perish the memory of our martyrs; long live the Jesuit's hat and the Austrian baton.

There are men among you, who, hypocritically mourning over the glorious death of the Bandieras and their companions, will say that martyrdom is barren, inefficacious, or even injurious in its results; and that the death of the virtuous without any immediate advantageous effect, does but produce new energy in our masters, and new discouragement in the multitudes; they will tell you that rather than thus to act prematurely, it is better to lie quiet until the enemy be lulled into security, in order to take

advantage of the first propitious opportunity, and destroy him in his sleep.

Do not listen to such men. Wretched politicians and worse believers, they who thus seek to sully the whiteness of your souls, and narrow that which is a faith to the paltry span of a petty political question, would have denied Christ on the day of crucifixion, and pompously worshipped him afterwards, could they have lived to see Constantine convert the symbol of martyrdom into the symbol of victory. Martyrdom is never barren : martyrdom for a great idea is the highest formula the human *Ego* can reach in the accomplishment of a mission ; and when a just man rises in the midst of his prostrate fellows, and proclaims, This is the truth, and I in dying worship this ; a spirit of new life is diffused over all humanity, because each man reads upon the brow of the martyr a line of his own duty, and learns how great the power given by God to his creature for its fulfillment.

The martyrs of Cosenza have taught us that man is bound to live and die for the faith that is in him ; they have proved to the world that Italians know how to die ; they have strengthened in Europe the conviction that Italy is destined to exist. The faith for which such men seek death as eagerly as the lover seeks his betrothed, is neither the frenzy of culpable agitators, nor the dream of deluded men ; it is the germ of a religion, a providential decree. And from the fire of patriotism that emanates from their sepulchre, the angel of Italy will one day kindle the torch with which Rome, not, as false prophets tell us, the Rome of the popes, the greatness of which is extinguished forever, but the Rome of the people shall

for the third time illumine the path of progress to be followed by all humanity.

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Humanity, Europe, is wandering in the void, seeking the new bond destined to link together in religious harmony all the individual beliefs, presentiments, and activities now lost in the isolation of doubt; without a heaven, and, consequently, without the power of transforming earth. Hesitating between Catholic despotism and Protestant anarchy, between the limitless authority which annihilates the human being, and the free conscience of the individual which is powerless to found a social faith, the world both invokes and foresees the coming of a new and vaster unity, destined to combine in holy harmony the two terms tradition and conscience, which, though now divided, are none the less the two wings given to the human soul wherewith to rise towards truth; a unity which, starting from the foot of the cross, yet embracing all ulterior forms of progress, shall gather together all the various religions into one sole people of believers, and unite all churches in the building of one vast temple — the Pantheon of Humanity — to God; a unity which, from all the various revelations vouchsafed from time to time by God to the human race, shall compose the one eternal progressive revelation of the Creator to his creature.

Such is the vital problem agitating the world at the present day; all the political questions which, to outward appearance, exclusively occupy the nations, can only be set at rest by the solution of that problem. And this solution, this unity, so earnestly invoked, can only be given to mankind by your country, by you. It will never be written till it be

inscribed upon the two columns which stand to mark the course of thirty centuries of the life of humanity, the Capitol and the Vatican. From the Rome of the Cæsars went forth that unity of civilization imposed upon Europe by Force; from the Rome of the popes was given that unity of civilization imposed upon the human race by Authority; from the Rome of the people — when you, Italians, shall be worthier than now you are — will proceed a unity of civilization freely accepted by the common consent of the peoples. This was the faith for which the Bandieras and their fellow-martyrs died; and for this faith, if my hopes do not deceive me, I too, of little account in heart and mind, but second to none in earnestness of belief, shall die.

Nevertheless, I do not call you to martyrdom. One reverences martyrdom; one does not counsel it. I call upon you to combat and to conquer. I call upon you to despise death, and to venerate those who have taught you to do so by example. I do so because I know that until you have learned to despise death, you will never achieve victory. I call you to constant activity, and strive to excite in you a yearning for action, because others bid you feign torpor and indifference; because I know that such constancy and eagerness for action in you will excite your masters to terror and suspicion, and drive them to the persecutions which are fruitful of noble anger, and will awaken a sense of their present degradation and their Italian duty in your people, which will inspire the other peoples of Europe with a sense of your rights, and your determination to obtain them.

Be comforted; our cause is destined to triumph. The wicked rulers of the present day know this, and

call down curses upon us; but their anathema is fruitless as the evil seed scattered by the winds of heaven. But the seed that we have sown will remain; God will cause it to germinate beneath the soil sanctified by the blood of our martyrs; and should it blossom only over our graves, still, blessed be God, we shall rejoice elsewhere. We say to our oppressors: Persecute, but tremble. When the Roman senate ordained that the History of Cremutius Cordo should be burnt, a Roman stood forth, saying: Cast me also into the flames, for I know that history by heart. The day will come when Europe will give a like answer to your blind ferocity. You may kill men; you cannot kill a great idea. Our idea is immortal; it arises gigantic amid the storm; like the diamond, it brightens from every blow. It incarnates itself in humanity. And when all your brute force and rage shall have exhausted its might upon individuals, the precursors of that idea, it will yet roll onward in the irresistible oceanic power of the people, and submerge beneath the waves of the future even the name and memory of your resistance to the progress of the nations ordained and directed by God.

CHAPTER VII.

ITALIAN UNITY AND THE PARTIES.

THE events of the years 1848 and 1849 may be regarded as the exemplification and verification of two opposing programmes: 1848 displays the sources of vitality and power contained in the royal programme, its tendencies and its results; 1849 reveals the tendency, results, vitality, and power of our own Republican programme. All men may, and, for their country's sake, all men ought to study us in the events of those two years which are memorable, not only for their glories, but for their deceptions. The last were unexpected and very grievous to me. Forgetful of our teachings, and of the adoration they had themselves professed for those principles which alone could bring salvation to Italy, the best men of our party — some of them very dear personal friends of my own — deserted our banner on the first appearance of a Power, or phantasm of power, in the field, and gave themselves up to a blind worship of the Force of *facts*.

With the exception of the very few so strongly tempered by nature as to be able not only to struggle, but, in case of failure, to endure the solitude of a life passed in the lonely world of faith and aspiration towards the future, the whole Republican party went astray; became divided in a variety of distinct parties or sects, or wandered after ideas of hypocrit-

ical and inefficacious compromises and alliances between the representatives of opposite principles; alliances in which the real aim of each was to deceive the other. The country forsook the noble traditions of our true Italian life, to follow those introduced amongst us in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by foreign dominion, and by the unspeakable corruption of a church no longer either Italian or Christian. Macchiavelli prevailed over Dante. And the mischief and disgrace brought upon us by the transformations that then took place among our Republicans, still endure.

I could, many perhaps will expect that I should, write a historic chapter in order to consign to the severe judgment of posterity many an act of weakness, still unexposed, which initiated that crisis of moral dissolution; many a violation of solemn promises which has remained concealed; many an ingratitude from men who owed to us their fame and much besides, but who, nevertheless, turned against us so soon as they discovered a path by which to rise. But I shall not do this. For various reasons of import to the welfare of my country, I cannot now relate the whole with regard to all, and the truths I could tell would therefore be, in a certain sense, unjust to those I should have to select. I shall therefore be silent as to these things, and limit myself to a rapid sketch of the successive events of the period; some of which, hitherto overlooked or misunderstood, will, when placed in their true light, be of great value to that history of our National Principle which is the sole aim of my work. Moreover, to what good purpose should I expose such things? Why occupy myself with individuals? their

weakness, errors, or sins arise from moral causes; they are reënacted at the present day, and will continually be repeated so long as the causes exist. These only it is important to destroy.

Successive generations either represent ideas or interests, according to their moral education. When they are governed by the first, we are enabled to foresee their actions, and to arrange our plans by a logical calculation of the degree of capacity and constancy they are likely to display. When they are governed by the last, — which, in their very nature, are variable from hour to hour, — all logic is mute. The generation living and acting in 1848 had not, speaking generally any other philosophy than the philosophy of interests; personal interests in the most corrupt, the interests of party triumph, or of hatred of the enemy, in the best. Of faith in the future, or in an ideal, irrespective of the immediate advantage to be gained, they had none. We had hoped to inspire them with an enthusiastic faith in the great and beautiful, and we had deceived ourselves. Faith and duty are one: duty necessarily implies a source, an idea superior to Humanity — God. God was not, and, alas! is not in the heart of the century. Italy was, and — if we except the good instincts which begin to manifest themselves in the working classes, of our cities especially — still is corrupted by the materialism which the merely analytic and negative philosphy of the last century has instilled into our daily practical life, habits, and method of viewing all human things.

The daring negations of the eighteenth century were directed against a dogma henceforth inefficacious, because it has remained inferior to the ad-

vanced intelligence of humanity; their error lay in confounding one of the stages through which Religion has passed, with the great religious life of the world; the form which the spirit had assumed for a time, with the spirit itself; one period of revelation, with the whole eternal progressive Revelation of God to mankind; but at least they confined their assaults to the sphere of ideas, and human life still retained somewhat of its former unity. At the present day we are governed, not by the principles, but by the consequences of that period of negation: we reduce its doctrine to practice, but have lost the warlike energy which distinguished the doctrine itself. A breath of religious fervor ran through that very rebellion against religion; the men who abjured the God of the Christian world, uttered long hymns and apostrophes to a Goddess of Nature, and raised altars to a Goddess of Reason. In our own day, few, if any, would venture, if interrogated, to assert that there is no God; but the greater number neither know nor care to know the import and bearing of belief in Him upon our human life; nor realize how solemn and inevitable the series of consequences that follow from the acceptance of that idea. They are willing enough lightly to admit it, on condition of putting it aside to lie idle and unfruitful in some obscure corner of the realm of abstractions.

The Moral Law — which is a consequence of the conception of God — the sanction of the law in the future life of the individual; the duty it imposes upon each of us; the link it forms between earth and heaven, between action and belief, — are things quite indifferent to the men of the present day. They have so parceled out and dismembered the

unity of Life; so utterly lost the link which unites the ideal, defined by religion, to the external world which should be its representative and interpreter, that the empty phrase a free church in a free state has been hailed and accepted in our own day as a formula of high moral significance. That formula does in fact amount to nothing more than a declaration that our Law is Atheist; that it matters not whether religion be good or evil, false or true; it amounts to a proclamation of progress as the practice, and immobility as the theory; a perennial anarchy between thought and action; a freely educated intellect, and an enslaved conscience. It would appear as if no one had as yet obtained a glimpse of the only true solution of the problem by such a transformation of the Church as would place it in harmony with the State, and enable it progressively and without tyranny to guide it upon the path of righteousness. Mankind, thus left without a Heaven, without any religious rule or conception prescriptive of duty, and of the highest of all virtues, sacrifice; stripped of every immortal hope to sustain the individual, and of all enduring faith in the future of humanity, will always become the sport of instinct, passion, or interest, and unceasingly oscillate between them according to age or circumstance.

The generous impulses, poetic fervor, and enthusiasm natural to the young, in whom the movements of the heart are more spontaneous and less regulated by the outward world than in their elders, will urge them to rebel against all tyranny and unconsciously drive them into action. No sooner are their eager aspirations and gilded illusions about men and things destroyed by the cold prosaic realities of actual life,

and by the inevitable deceptions, persecutions, and defeats which embitter their path, than doubt comes upon them, and a feeling of lassitude tending to persuade them of the impossibility of the struggle; after these follows the egotism which bids them — since the life of the future is unknown — seek enjoyment here below. It is at these moments that the proposal of some plan which does not deny, but only dismember or postpone, the true programme, is accepted; that the first apparition of a Force, or semblance of force, belonging to a different camp it is true, but assuming to assail the same foe, is hailed as a means of achieving the aim in view with less of sacrifice and risk. The mind, thus destitute of any faith to sustain it and awaken a sense of its own power, if need be, to create circumstances, would even yet, perhaps, reject the idea of positive desertion; but it is easily won over to those compromises which pave the way to it. The soul that has once entered upon the path of Macchiavellism and hypocritical concession, becomes darkened; it acquires a habit of calculation, and undergoes a transformation, more or less rapid, of its very nature; of which it is only conscious when already incapable of the virtue of repentance. Then, irritated by the censure of others, it persists, partly through pride and partly through self-interest, in the error it at first only accepted.

Such is the history of the generation which has changed both party and flag between 1847 and the present year: a history which will be constantly renewed so long as we are disinherited of faith in God and in duty. I often repeat this, because I know that the source of every evil and error is in this.

The people of Italy may be fashioned into the semblance of a nation, but it can never be made a Nation in the true sense of the word, great and powerful for action, conscious of its mission and resolute to fulfill it, except through reëducation in religion; such a religion as the intellectual progress achieved, combined with the tradition of Italian Thought, when rightly studied, alone can give us.

Such was the moral, or rather immoral state of things in Italy from which the Moderate Party arose. It was composed partly of men, like Farini, who had formerly conspired with us, but had grown weary of a path upon which they encountered danger and persecution at every step; and partly of men, like D'Azeglio, in whom an aristocratic aversion to democracy and to the people was inborn; and lastly of those narrow and timid souls dwarfed by the traditions of their own little Piedmont, and incapable of comprehending any political conception not centring in a king, a court, and a regular army. The antecedents of the Party were anything but glorious. It was the Moderates who applauded the return of the Austrians in 1814; it was the Moderates who in 1821 subjected the Piedmontese insurrection to the Prince[1] who betrayed it; and it was the Moderates who in 1831 destroyed the movement of the Roman States, first, by their anti-national application of the theory of non-intervention between one Italian province and another; and afterwards by the cowardly capitulation of Ancona. These, however, were only the acts of individuals lacking revolutionary logic and capacity, such as are to be met with in all great

[1] Charles Albert, then Prince of Carignano.

national crises; the Moderates were not then organized and constituted into a Party.

It is true that a society had already been formed at Brussels, in opposition to the "Giovine Italia," calling itself the "Veri Italiani," and composed of adherents of the Piedmontese monarchy, grouped around a nobleman named Arconati, which busied itself in endeavoring to spread the notion that the Italians must fix their hopes upon the dynasty of Savoy. But it was rejected by the good instincts of the people, and, thanks to our apostolate, soon abandoned by the best men among them; so that, although it continued to drag on a while in obscurity, secretly spreading false accusations against the Republicans, and sowing seeds of dissension in the Liberal camp, it had neither followers nor influence. The Moderates made no attempt formally to constitute themselves into a Party, and to substitute their influence for ours, until after the unfortunate expedition of the brothers Bandiera. That enterprise, which they dishonestly attributed to our Party, and especially to me, had undoubtedly spread discouragement and distrust in our ranks. Circumstances were not favorable to action, and I thought it necessary to let some time elapse, during which our ideas and teachings might gradually penetrate from the youth of our middle class to the working-men of our cities at least. The links of our association had become somewhat loosened, and I now limited myself to maintaining points of contact here and there, in Lombardy especially, with certain groups of young men, voluntarily but no longer formally united in a purpose of National Apostolate, and to keeping constantly on the watch to seize any favorable moment, should such arise, for doing better

The Moderates took advantage of this period of enforced inaction on our part, and of lassitude in others. They were men who, however much they might preach about Christianity and Religion, were in fact educated in the materialist skepticism of the eighteenth century, and the philosophy of modern French Eclecticism. Their very name was significant. They styled themselves Moderates, as if in the then dismembered state of Italy, when the question was between existence and annihilation, between the future Nation and the petty Princedoms, which, under the wing of Austria, contested that Nation's development, there could exist a middle course. The problem this Party proposed to solve was the reconciliation of impossibilities; liberty with Princedom, Nationality with dismemberment, strength with uncertainty and disunion in the direction of the movement. No class of men could have solved such a problem, the Moderates less than any other. They consisted of writers of talent, but lacking the inspiration of genius; furnished with a certain amount of Italian erudition acquired from books, but unendowed with the guiding power and vivifying light of synthesis. They understood nothing of that work of moral fusion which had been silently elaborated in Italy during the last three centuries. They had no sense of our Italian mission, no sympathy with the people, whom they believed to be corrupted, but who were better than they, and from whom they were held apart by traditional mistrust, by their habits of life, and by the instincts, still strong in them, of patrician or literary aristocracy.

By this moral and intellectual separation from the sole progressive element, the people, destined ruler

of the future life of nations, they were shut out from all true prescience or faith in regard to the future. Their historic ideas wavered between Guelphism and Ghibellinism. Their political conception, much as they endeavored to clothe it with an Italian dress, did not reach beyond the ideas introduced into France by Montesquieu, adopted by Mounier, Malouet, Lally Tollendal, and others of the same class in the National Assembly, and reduced to a system by the men who directed public opinion in that country during the fifteen years which followed the return of Louis XVIII. They were Royalists willing to admit a certain infusion of liberty; enough, and not more than enough to make monarchy tolerable; ready to assert for themselves the right of publishing their own opinions, and of taking their seats in a Constitutional Assembly; but without extending the same liberty to the masses, through fear of awakening in them an idea of rights which they detested, and of duties for which they had no reverence.

The Moderates had indeed no belief. They had not any faith in the monarchical principle, like that inspired in days of old by the notion of a Right Divine embodied in certain families; or by the chivalric affection for the individual, which placed the monarch between God and the beloved one, "My God, my King, and my lady love." Theirs was the passive, inert acceptance, without affection or veneration, of a fact which existed before their eyes, and of which they did not attempt any examination. It was the result of moral cowardice and of a blind fear of the people, to whose upward movement they desired to oppose monarchy as a barrier; of a dread of the inevitable conflict between the aristocratic and

popular elements, which they felt themselves unable to dominate or direct. They feared also that Italy was not strong enough to regain by her own popular forces even that small portion of independence from the foreigner, which was all they, whose sole merit was a sense of Italian honor, cared to claim.

They put forth their counsels with a great assumption of gravity and importance; with an air of authority, of profound and far-seeing intellect; counsels and theories derived from quite other times; from periods of normal development, from men occupied in merely parliamentary struggles, from citizens of nations already formed; but which they propounded to a people, who on the one side possessed nothing, and on the other had everything to win, — existence, unity, independence, and liberty. To their eunuchs' voices the people responded by the roar and bound of the lion; driving out the Jesuits, insisting upon the institution of the Civic Guard and publicity of debate, and wresting constitutions from their princes, whilst the Moderates were recommending silence and abstinence from supplication, that the paternal hearts of their masters might not be afflicted. They called themselves practical, positive men; they ought to have been called the Arcadians of the political world. Their first public manifestation took place in 1845. In the midst of the excitement and agitation which had become the normal condition of the Romagna, an insurrection was heard of in Rimini, during which they displayed a white flag. If this nameless banner was intented to symbolize their utter absence of all political ideas, it certainly bore a sense which has since become historical. As, however, it was necessary to give some motive to the

movement, in order to gain over the population to action, a manifesto followed the banner. This was a pale, mutilated reproduction of the memorandum which had been fruitlessly presented to the Pope by the Five Powers in 1831. In this manifesto, the notion of small local movements was substituted for the idea of a great national movement, and the vital questions of unity and liberty were set aside for local, administrative, and economical reform.

I know that the greater number of the leaders of the Moderate party really had at heart — I will not say the liberty of Italy, for which they care but little, but her independence — the national question of the expulsion of the foreigner. But I say that the method they adopted was calculated to make men despair of its achievement for an indefinite period, and to divert the education of the people from the aim which we had unceasingly set before them. I say that many of those leaders did not even desire Unity; none of them believed it possible. And I say that had our princes been more clear-sighted, and not urged on by that fateful force of things which, happily, hurried them to their fall; had they, in fact, but accepted the mutilated programme of the Moderates, we should not now have acquired a national unity of twenty-two millions; but Italy would still be composed of the old mosaic of large and small kingdoms more or less falsely and hypocritically allied.

Such alliances between the petty sovereignties were the ideal of all the thinkers of the party, from Balbo to Cavour. Giacomo Durando preached the doctrine of the three or five Italies, to be founded by the voluntary consent of the Princes. Mamiani was

the centre of a Federative Apostolate in Genoa. Gioberti wrote to Pietro Santarosa on the 16th March, 1847, proposing to "obtain by remonstrance from Austria a change of policy in Lombardy, so that when once pacified by gentleness and reforms, it might gradually receive a definitive organization, to be agreed upon by the powers." Only a short time previous to Garibaldi's descent upon Naples, Cavour was still proposing compacts and alliances with the Bourbon. The total absence of all belief in Unity in the Moderate party is a documentary fact, which will be registered in the first impartial history of the period that shall be written; nor will the Macchiavellian boastings of days posterior to the achievement of Unity by the Italian People, avail to cancel this fact from its pages. And another fact, a consequence of this first fact, which has hitherto been too much overlooked, will also be recorded by history, and serve as the basis of a right understanding of the events of this period. I speak of the perennial duality that existed between the action of the popular element, which was entirely ours, and was the sole cause of every important progress, and the influence exercised by the Moderates to nullify or divert such movements from their true aim. To hear them at the present day, one might imagine it was they who created Italy, and were the cause of all the progress made during the last fifteen years. But when Time, and Italy grown wiser, shall have imposed silence upon the empty clamor of hireling journalists, on the unblushing calumnies and equally unblushing laudations of the present day, facts and inexorable dates will declare that, with the single exception of the Papal amnesty, every concession wrung from our

Princes, and every step in advance made by the Nation, originated in the action, invariably opposed in the first instance by the Moderates, of the People in their street movements, as that party scornfully termed them,

It was to *émeutes* in Leghorn, Romagna, and Rome that we owed an increase of liberty of the press, and the institution of the National Guard. It was the signing of collective petitions by the people upon tables set out in the streets of Genoa, and their subsequent attacks upon the convents, which determined the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Sardinian States. It was the insurrection in Sicily which gave us the Constitutions (statuti) ; the "Five Days" of Milan which brought about the war of independence, afterwards so miserably betrayed ; as at a later period, — in the second stage of the Italian movement, — it was the resistance of the people to the Federalist designs of Louis Napoleon, our preparations for an expedition upon Rome, and the Sicilian insurrection, followed by the enterprise of Garibaldi, that brought about the annexation of the centre, the invasion of the Marche, and the emancipation of the South. None of these things were aided, nor even approved, by the Moderates. They blamed each and all of them at the time ; but, after success, they applauded and took the credit of them to themselves. The People, which is not ambitious, allowed them to assume the merit of the conquests it had itself achieved by our methods, — methods which it had followed through instinct rather than reflection ; and as the Moderates had always been artfully profuse of mysterious promises and prophecies of coming good, they thus contrived, when the work was done, to remain

masters of the field, and to cull the fruits of the victory.

The aim of the Moderates had never been that of achieving one sole government for Italy, but only to win over the several governments; they did not address themselves to her people, but to her Princes; they sought not to promote a unitarian insurrection, but to bring about a gradual improvement in the institutions of the *separate* states, by a slow progressive movement from above downwards; they rejected the aid of secret associations and the clandestine press, and attempted only to obtain some homœopathic doses of liberty through the medium of servile adulation, by flattering and caressing the various existing governments. As to the problem of Austria and Venetian-Lombardy, they had formed no sort of conception or plan for its solution; and the political philosophers of the sect limited themselves to prophesying that the question would be arranged, whenever the opportune moment should arise, by means of atomic confederations, and an Arcadian notion of the conversion of Kings and Princes to the doctrine of devotedness to the well-being of the people.

When, however, the popular excitement was no longer to be repressed; when the blood of our martyrs, which had sunk like some volcanic agent into our Italian soil, burst forth again in eruption, they gladly accepted the results, and smilingly gave it to be understood that they had long been looking forward to and anticipating those movements, as a consequence of their judicious endeavors. Our people, politically uneducated and ignorant of the why and wherefore, have not sufficient understanding of the causes of events to enable them rightly to follow out

and comprehend their development: they cared little to whom the merit was due, and willingly accepted as their leaders those who most vehemently claimed the right to be such. They too readily confounded cause and effect, and when they were unceasingly assured that what was in fact their own work, was really owing to the Moderate Party's having won over a Pope to bless them, or a King who only awaited the rising of the star, and who wore the sword of Italy, they applauded with the glad thoughtlessness of children; but their applause was given — this at least their own good instincts and the lessons of the past had taught them — not to the idea of Papacy or Monarchy, but to Pius IX. and Charles Albert. Meanwhile the Moderates took possession of power and seated themselves in all the high places of the political sphere.

It is, however, impossible to violate logic with impunity. Every error carries with it an inevitable series of consequences. Every lie promulgated and accepted among the people generates an amount of immorality which undermines the energy and virtue of the national heart. And, indeed, I fear that the worst result of the supremacy of the *Moderates* will be to superimpose a new stratum of immorality to the mass which tyranny, cowardice, Jesuitism, and materialism combined, have already accumulated upon the heart of Italy. A deep-seated immorality does in fact lie at the root of the theory and system of the Moderates. The eternally True is constantly sacrificed to the wretched reality of the passing day; the future, to the brief present; the worship of principles, to the imaginary utility of the actual moment; God, to the temporary Idol elevated by force, ego-

tism, or fear. Neither earnest belief, strong affections, nor noble anger can strike root in their weak and vacillating minds, perpetually oscillating between Macchiavelli and Loyola; irresponsive to every great idea, unenlightened by profound study or serious instruction, abhorrent of the straightforward path, and wholly made up of compromises, fictions, makeshifts, and hypocrisy.

The chiefs of the party, with the self-same lips that in their "Congresses" had compared the King of Naples to the Olympian Jove, hailed Charles Albert as a miracle, and Pius IX. as a New Redeemer, whispered to us: All these things are but a necessity of the times; in reality we are with you. We beheld them insolent with the weak and timidly cringing to the strong; entering into compacts which they never intended to maintain, — now with the princes and now with the people, as it served their turn; professing their reverence for the Pope, whilst they were laboring to destroy him; professing themselves the allies of Louis Napoleon, whilst they hated him as only those who know themselves trampled upon through their own cowardice can hate; and conspiring with and against Garibaldi at one and the same time, so as to secure their own safety at least in any event.

I do not assert that all who pursued the tortuous policy of the Moderates, so unworthy of men assuming to be the Educators of the people, were or are impelled by the mean ambition of obtaining the rank of Senator or Counselor of State. Many of them were then, and have since remained independent. But both the mind and heart of the party are corrupted by the absence of any religious conception;

by the numbness of the moral sense which is the consequence of such want, by the torpor of the faculties consequent upon their being abandoned to the sole guidance of analysis, producing a state of mental and moral anarchy which leaves them a prey to every unregulated impulse awakened by the changing circumstances of the day, by every trifling fact or semblance of a fact.

When Salvagnoli said to Brofferio: We must just get along how we can; and besides, it is impossible to govern with the truth,—he summed up the whole theory of the party; even as the Moderates by hailing Gioberti as the most powerful thinker, the philosopher of Italy, gave posterity a fair measure of their intellectual capacity and philosophical ideal. No: Gioberti, the high-priest of the sect, was no philosopher, and the fact that he was generally accepted as such is a sufficient indication of the wretched pass which philosophical study has reached in Italy. Philosophy is an affirmation of the human individuality during the interval that elapses between the passing away of one religious synthesis and the advent of a new one; it is the result of the sum of knowledge and intelligence possessed by the actual world, illumined by the rays of the future; a determinate criterion of truth, founded upon the universal tradition of the past, and leading to an equally determinate method of discovering and foreseeing the future. Gioberti had no true understanding of past tradition, nor had he any intuition — none will deny this at the present day — of the epoch in course of evolution.

The man who started from the doctrines of Giordano Bruno, only to lose himself in a Neoguelphian

conception of an Italian Primacy to be achieved through the Papacy; who hailed the formula of God and the People with enthusiasm, only to abandon it for a sort of white-washed Catholicism; who thundered against the artificer of Jesuitism from the lofty heights of philosophic conscience, only to make the Jesuit method the very mainspring of his own system, so soon as he entered upon the arena of practical politics; who journeyed from city to city to preach a crusade in favor of a monarchy he despised, flattering each in turn, from Pontremoli to Milan, as the first city in Italy; who said to me at Paris in 1847: I know we differ upon religious matters, but, good God! my Catholicism is so elastic you may put anything you like into it, — was no more of a philosopher than a believer. With talents rapid, various, and facile; well supplied with a sort of second-hand erudition; capable of eloquence, though rather of phrases than ideas; possessed of greater fervor of imagination than warmth of heart; neither ambitious, nor greedy of wealth or power, but vain, irritable, and intolerant of opposition, Gioberti yielded to his impatience of success and to the natural *objectivity* of a mind extremely susceptible to the influence of external circumstances, and forsook the serene unchanging height of philosophy to accommodate himself to them. He did not direct, he reflected the movement of events; and finding that the age was, as I have said, corrupted and immoral, he adapted himself to the age. He, like Balbo and Azeglio, was one of the earliest among the unconscious corruptors of the young generation. Balbo inculcated Catholic resignation, and induced men to distrust the collective strength of the

country; Azeglio infected our middle class with that materialism which is the servile adorer of the *fait accompli*, and planted the germs of a dangerous militarism amongst us. Gioberti dressed up the immoral doctrine of opportunism and expediency in the cloak of philosophy, and clothed irreverence for ideas in the garb of an idea. He it was — and this is a far graver fault — who first introduced the atrocious weapon of political calumny into the Liberal camp, and cast the insane accusation of supporters of Austria upon the Republicans and other dissentients from the ideas of the kingdom of Northern Italy, of enforced fusions, of National wars which were to exclude the Trentino and Trieste, — upon all, in short, whose ideas differed from his own.

The events of 1848 and 1849 are a sufficient commentary upon what I have written above; but before entering upon the history of those two years, it is well, for the sake of the few Republicans who remained constant and unshaken during that period of trial and deception, to prove how clearly we had foretold the course taken by events, and to show the principles by which our conduct during that time was directed. For a long time previous to the species of delirium which took possession of men's minds in 1847, I had perceived symptoms of a growing indecision, a wavering between the two principles (Monarchical and Republican), and exerted myself to combat the evil in my correspondence. As early as 1834 I addressed a letter to Leopardi, a member of the Neapolitan Committee, whom I had known as a Republican in 1833, but who, already hesitating and uncertain after the failure of the attempt in Savoy, became a declared Monarchist in 1848, and

wrote a book (now forgotten) containing many falsehoods about our party and myself.

[In this letter Mazzini urges Leopardi to renounce all idea of even a temporary compromise between the Republican and Monarchical principles, and points to the universal Republican tendency visible in every progressive movement throughout Europe. He declares that the first revolutionary movements in France and Germany are destined to be Republican; that Switzerland is daily becoming more democratically such, and that no revolutionary movement undertaken in Italy with a Monarchico-Constitutional aim can be final; but will only necessitate further movements. The popular symbol is, he says, the only symbol having power to give Unity to Italy. Constitutional Monarchy, by necessitating the creation of an Aristocracy, will run the risk of sowing the seeds of a terrible civil war. He then proves the impossibility of any durable federation between rival and hostile princes, who will never form any sincere league, except against the people. Moreover, the business of the Liberal party is not merely to change the actual condition of Italy, but to regenerate her; to make of the Italians a great people; and an enslaved people can only be redeemed through their own action, valor, and sacrifice. The corrupting effects of the Constitutional system have been clearly shown in France by the results of the fifteen years' farce. Mazzini then goes on to show that Italy can expect no help from the governments of Europe. France and Spain represent only the cunning and treachery of governments from which concessions have been wrung by fear;

Russia is the representative of ferocious despotism. Italy must either make alliance with the peoples or stand alone. England is not now destined to play an influential or active part in Europe: the great question in England during the next half century will be the internal struggle, constantly though silently going on between the principle of Aristocracy and the People. Spain has recently made some apparent concessions; but she has neither honesty at home nor influence abroad. Louis Philippe dare not go to war; he is doomed to constantly increasing danger from the Republicans, and his only supporters — the *juste milieu*, the bourgeoisie — are sworn to peace. The hopes the Italians cherish in Louis Philippe are utterly illusory; he is the *Tartuffe* of the alliance of Kings. Austria is the sworn foe of even constitutional progress in Italy; and even could it be honestly attempted in the separate little kingdoms, she would crush them one by one. Unity alone will render internal progress durable; and true unity, both moral and political, is only possible in the hypothesis of a Republic.]

Thirteen years later, when the enthusiasm of the Italians for Pius IX. had reached the verge of madness, Montanelli, a good but weak man, who had been fascinated by the ideas of Young Italy, the Saint Simonians, the Neo-Catholics, and Gioberti, etc., etc., in turns, wrote wonders to me about the transformation of the Papacy and the reconciliation of the Catholic dogma with the progress of the human mind, and insisted upon having my opinion on the subject. I wrote to him, ... "In the impossibility of recreating a faith in a dogma which is now essentially

at variance with the irrevocable progress of the human mind, urged on to the discovery of new worlds by God the Father and Educator, you will have nothing left but bare morality, and I know well that morality alone, without a dogma and a Heaven to support it, cannot afford any vital and lasting source of inspiration to humanity. . . . . You would be wrong were you to imagine that I am withheld from joining you by any intolerant or exclusive worship of democratic republican principles. The democratic republican future — not in the manner of the United States, but far otherwise religious, and founded upon a principle of authority rightly understood — appears to me to be so inevitable, so intimately linked with the providential design revealed in the historic progress of humanity, that I feel no need of intolerance. . . . . If, at the present day, therefore, the best men of our nation were to rally round a Pope or King, hailing him as the initiator of its future destiny, and that Pope or King were to initiate it indeed, I would be the first to forget that that King has torn from me my best and dearest friend, and that that Pope is the representative of a creed, or, more correctly, the record of an authority, against which my whole soul rebels; and I would follow the banner he raised, sacrifice for it both blood and life, and persuade my friends to do the same. . . . . But where is the banner you would have me support? The only banner I recognize is the banner of the Nation, of Unity. For this I would renounce for a time whatsoever other device I might desire to see inscribed upon our flag, but this I can never renounce; I should believe myself unfaithful to God, my country, and my own soul."

"I know not whether you are personally acquainted with the Pope, and have therefore gained in private conversation that faith in him which I could only gain from facts. But facts, hitherto, have shown me nothing more than a well-disposed man, and a Prince, who, partly from the necessity created by the threatening aspect of the times, and partly from goodness of heart, has been willing to try whether, by governing his subjects a little better, with a little more toleration and affection, he could not put an end to the conspiracies and insurrections which have now become a permanent condition of things in his dominions. . . . . I have kept silence for fear of hindering any possible projects unknown to me, but meanwhile I have carefully studied the words and acts, both of the Pope himself and of our Moderate writers. For the last I have frequently had occasion to blush; but in the Pope, I repeat, I see nothing but a well-disposed man, without any real belief, wavering between the influence of Austria and his own tendencies; but without any of those Italian intentions which others have been determined to see in his first acts. If I am wrong, the first fact will correct me, and I am quite ready to be convinced. But in the absence of any such fact, what is the banner of Pius IX.? where is the Italian flag, without which I see no possibility of any efficacious union? I am getting older, and cannot easily become enthusiastic about dreams — dreams, too, which might become dangerous."

"I cannot approve the tactics you suggest; but before explaining my reasons, I wish you to understand that my non-approval does not spring from any spirit of conspiratorial liberalism. Conspiracy is not, in my

view, a principle ; it is merely a melancholy fact — an indispensable necessity of the actual state of things. My own individual disposition leans to publicity in all things. . . . . Young Italy, from the first, was in open opposition to old Carbonarism, and its method of conducting all matters secretly. Nothing was done in secret amongst us, except such things as it was impossible to achieve publicly ; but we displayed our banner plainly aloft, and assumed the position of preachers of principles from the first. And if any one now will show me a method of openly preaching national unity in Italy, I will bless his name, and instantly repair thither. But any preaching which does not begin and end with that one word Unity, I consider not merely negatively useless, but positively harmful. I cannot accept the strategy you suggest, because it does not lead to that sole aim, and only tends to the possible acquirement of administrative or legal reforms ; or the concession of an homœopathic dose of liberty in each of the many states into which we are divided, but will never unite them into one Nation. Such methods, were we all to use them, might turn the minds of the various populations from the true aim, by inducing them to seek to ameliorate their position under the actual governments, and so afford a vent for that pent-up energy which otherwise may in time produce a National explosion ; or they might even sow the seeds of new federalistic divisions and local vanities, and generate a Macchiavellian spirit of tactics, where what we want is earnest and sincere belief and virtue." . . . .

Again, on the 3d January, 1848, I wrote to Filippo de Boni, — . . . . "Two things at least are plain enough, the retrogression of the Pope, and the

wretched mismanagement of the Moderates. We have been silent, we have given way to the utmost possible degree, but it is of no avail." . . . .

"The Pope having failed them, they are now going mad about the first Captain in Italy, the hero of Trocadero; and when he fails them, they will go mad about the Grand Duke, or God knows whom. How can one hope the regeneration of Italy from a party which shouts, Long live the King of Naples, after the atrocities of Messina and Reggio, and draws up petitions to that blood-stained king; a party which sought to teach us through its organ, the 'Risorgimento,' that the idea of the Unity of Italy was absurd, illegal, fatal; a party whose journals are already seeking a method of compromise with Austria, and insinuating that even the condition of the Lombardo-Venetian States will be improved; a party which is false even to itself; members of which profess themselves Unitarian, and yet undertake to teach the people the advantages of federalism, with a view, as they declared in one of the late league meetings in Genoa, of afterwards educating them to unity?" . . .

"The Pope had my letter in September, and I have consented to allow it to be printed, because I thought that it might, on the one hand, illustrate more forcibly the actual contrast between his duty and his conduct, and, on the other, tend to support our principle of Unity. . . . . Notwithstanding all my aversion to Charles Albert as the executioner of my best friends, and the contempt I feel for his weak and cowardly nature; notwithstanding all the democratic yearnings of my own heart, yet, could I believe him possessed even of sufficient true ambition to enable him to unite Italy for his own advantage, I would cry

Amen! . . . . I saw your name in the list of the writers in the 'Concordia.' I could wish you were to be the editor. Valerio is one of the best men I know in Turin, but he is in imminent danger of falling into that political sentimentality created by some of the Neo-Catholics, which pardons all and embraces all alike, — Kings and Princes, Federalists and Unitarians, — and strives to achieve the resurrection of Italy in Arcadia." . . . .

During the interval between this letter and the one already quoted to Montanelli, I had written my letter to Pius IX. That letter has been brought forward against me by men resolved to put me in the wrong, as a proof, if not of political swerving, at least of credulity as to the good intentions of the Pope. Those who thus criticise it, either have not read it, or have read it with a determination to find me to blame. Had I not adopted the form I did, not a single man would have read the letter at that time: the substance of it was to declare to Pius —

"A new epoch is dawning upon us; a new faith is gradually being substituted for the old. The new faith will not accept any *privileged* interpreters between the people and their God. If, availing yourself of the enthusiasm by which you are now surrounded, you assume the position of initiator of this epoch and of this faith, you must descend from the Papal throne, and go forth among the multitudes, an Apostle of Truth, like Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades. The people will hail you as their chief, and found in Italy a state which will cancel the atheistic formula which declares that the inward man is to be governed by God's law and love, and

the outward by force; and accept and adore the doctrine which declares that the inward and outward man, the soul and body, are one, and one the law by which they are governed." To the Italians the letter declared, — Pius IX. must be this, before he can regenerate or create Italy: now, do you believe him to be this?

If the letter was not understood in that sense by those who read it the fault was not mine; and they who, having so often raved in honor, not only of the Pope, but of others, now elevate themselves into puritanical critics of my past, are too puerile to deserve that I should take the trouble to defend myself from their attacks. Six months after he had received my letter, Pius IX., by his Encyclica of the 29th April, 1848, solemnly gave the lie to the hymns of adoration of the Neo-Guelphs, and the dreams of the Moderates. However, anything is easier to such as they than learning wisdom by experience. The Neo-Guelphs instantly transformed themselves into Ghibellines. The Moderates, who had deserted our ranks to declare that the sole method of salvation for Italy was the union of the pastoral crook with the sword, now deserted again to declare that the Sword of Italy alone sufficed. The people, meanwhile, had, in March, 1848, unsheathed the only sword really able to save Italy, in Venetian-Lombardy, and, shortly before then, in Sicily. The very first flash of that sword in Sicily had converted our Princes to the constitutional *régime*, and obtained far more than all the adulatory tactics of the Moderates during a whole year. The second flash of that sword in Milan had spread terror in the ranks of an army until then believed invincible, and liberated nearly the whole soil of Italy from the foreigner.

True force was evidently on the side of the people. Had the Moderates but comprehended this and said to the people, — Forward; this enterprise is your own; to our Princes, — As allies all; but as masters none; and to Europe, — We are determined that Italy shall be united, free, and powerful; when once the battle of independence is won, a National Assembly shall meet in Rome to decide on the future form of the government of Italy, — it would have been enough to insure the settlement of the question in a manner worthy of us. An insurrectional and war government, — the nucleus of which already existed in the committee of the Five Days of Milan, — combining the Venetian and Lombard elements, and calling upon the Sicilian and some other elements to join with it, might, with such a programme, have united Italy even at that time. But the Moderates, who had opposed the Lombard insurrection to the last day as impossible, — who, when urged and entreated by our party, had only contributed the wretched sum of seven thousand francs during the whole preparatory agitation, and had perpetually oscillated between attempts at conciliation with Austria and useless secret intrigues with the Piedmontese monarchy, — no sooner saw the movement triumphant, than they seized upon the leadership of it. The committee of the Five Days yielded up the power in their hands, in careless disdain, to a provisional government they despised; and the young men who had foreseen, prepared, and led the popular movement upon the barricades, being modest, inexpert, and content with the glorious deeds achieved, retired from the arena precisely when it was most important to remain at their post.

All of these young men were ours; nearly all of

them were from the ranks of Young Italy. Ours, also, friends of mine, and in communication with me, were, Mora, Burdini, Romolo Griffini, poor Pezzotti, Carlo Clerici, De Luigi, Ercole Porro, Daverio, Bachi, Ceroni, Antonio Negri, Bonetti, Pietro Maestri, and all of those who formed the little band which, acting in concert with Carlo Cattaneo, had educated the people in abhorrence of the foreigner, disseminated popular writings, diffused liberal ideas, taught the youth of Italy their power, and directed the progressive agitation which awakened in the masses the conception of the movement, and decided them to attempt it precisely when the news of imperial concessions arrived. All of these, I repeat, were ours, and it is well to name them and declare this here, since none have ever named them or declared it. To this nucleus of young Republicans belonged Emilio Visconti Venosta, now a member of the ministry, and also one Cesare Correnti, a man of considerable intellectual capacity, but corrupted by skepticism and destitute of all faith in principles, of whose moral ruin I shall presently have to speak.

Some even of the good amongst these men had allowed themselves to be seduced by the intrigues of the monarchical party shortly before the movement took place, and, unknown to the rest, had lowered themselves so far as to enter into compacts with Turinese busybodies, who made them lying promises of assistance because they foresaw the possibility of the insurrection, and thought of seizing the direction of it in case of success. All of them erred — and I mark the error because it is the usual error, which leads almost every insurrection astray — by attempting to preëstablish a government. Every insurrectionary government should be the offspring of the

insurrection itself, and composed of those who have shown themselves alike the boldest and wisest guides of the people during the struggle. When chosen beforehand, the choice usually falls upon those who owe their influence either to their having held office in the past, or to wealth or family; good men, it may be, but not possessing the secret of arousing the people either to holy rage or holy daring; having no confidence in the people, no conception or power of revolutionary initiative, and no sense or comprehension of its true aim, they too often unconsciously betray their mission either through ignorance or fear.

The last half century has frequently seen republican insurrections against foreign dominion handed over to the guidance of men who had come to terms with that dominion by accepting office under it; and insurrections, which, like that of Poland, had been both prepared and initiated by the democratic element, yielded up to the influence of princes and aristocrats, and then allowed miserably to consume themselves in a circle of compromises, which, without obtaining a single real advantage from the governments, impeded, restrained, and finally exhausted alike the energy of the people and the enthusiasm of the sister nations. In Lombardy, when, from ill-timed modesty, weakness, or culpable carelessness, the promoters of the insurrection withdrew from the task of directing its development, the government was placed in the hands of men either incapable, like Casati; aristocratic at heart, like Borromeo; or intriguers, like Durini; men whose courtier-souls were unable to exist without a master, and who cast the liberty, the people, and the future of Italy, without even a shadow of compact or guarantee, at the feet of Charles Albert.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REPUBLIC.

1848, 1849.

When I arrived in Italy, the time for remedying the errors I have described was almost over. The Moderates governed everything; the rest blindly followed their lead, and the people, amongst whom they had spread the most atrocious calumnies against the Republicans, had still unbounded faith in the king. Two paths were open to a man holding my belief: —

To withdraw entirely, and even as Thrasea, covering his head with his mantle, withdrew from the cowardly and corrupted senate, abandon a land forgetful of principle and doomed to destruction; to retrace my steps into exile, and in exile hold aloft the Republican flag; to make known the whole truth, regardless of men and things, unheeded or condemned by the living, so that posterity should at a future day acknowledge it, and admire one who had never failed to proclaim it, — and this was the path pointed out by every indignant impulse of my own heart; or to resign myself to the actual force of circumstances, and endeavor gradually to modify them so far as to achieve one step in advance towards one at least of the terms of our problem — unity; to abstain from forsaking my brothers, although mis-

taken, and avoid interrupting the emancipatory tradition already initiated ; to refute by patient sincerity and mournful reverence for the country's will those accusations of intolerance and of an exclusive and dictatorial spirit cast upon the Republicans ; to hold my peace, without apostatizing as to one portion of the truth, for the sake of the possible realization of the other part, and, unsustained by their illusions, tread with the people the *via crucis* of deceptions they were destined to pass through, so as to have one day the right to say to them : I was with you in your sufferings, remember ; at any rate to teach them a lesson of love and of the constant duty of sacrifice, even the sacrifice of reputation, and, though not of truth itself, of the pride of truth, for the sake of that we love.

This was the path I chose. Some men, many years afterwards — only Giuseppe Sirtori at the time — reproached me for that choice. To Sirtori, who in March, 1848, founded a democratic society in Milan, and wrote to me on his departure for Venice that I was a deserter from the Republican faith, no answer is required. He is now one of the king's generals, and a believer in the omnipotence of the Royal *Statuto ;* I am still an exile and a Republican. But to others, to my brothers in belief, I will say that I have frequently looked back upon that period of my life with sadness, but without a shadow of remorse. When I reached Italy we Republicans were an imperceptible minority. The people were not — in Italy they never will be — monarchical, but they were what is now termed Opportunists : they saw before them an organized force ; an army of Italians ready to combat the abhorred foreigner ; men whom

they had been accustomed to regard as apostles of liberty assured them that the army was their sole salvation; it was headed by a king, and they consequently hailed as liberators both army and king.

At the moment of the popular triumph, at the end of the fifth day of the Milanese insurrection, when the people, intoxicated with victory, stood alone in the field, the word Republic might have been spoken; but to speak it in April could have served no useful purpose, and would have given rise to the worst of all wars, a civil war. Moreover, to what purpose do we constantly speak of the sovereignty of the people, and our reverence for the national will, if we are to disregard it so soon as it shall pronounce in contradiction to our wishes? Was it not our especial duty, as Republicans, without neglecting our mission of modifying opinion through an apostolate of ideas, to educate men to abstain from all violation of it by force? We had had a right to take the initiative when the Italian people were universally enslaved; we alone were then able, and therefore bound to lead the way; but when once the people were risen and free, we had no other rights than those of counsel, vote, or action, according to their mandate.

As to the plan of isolating one's self from the movement, in order to be free to declare the whole truth, I regarded it as a temptation of the *Ego*, unconsciously attaching more importance to its own dignity and the effect to be produced upon posterity, than to the aim to be reached — the welfare of the Father-land, distempered and deceived indeed, but none the less dear and sacred, both in the past and future. Rousseau might have been justified in living a solitary life and declaring without reticence all that

he believed to be truth, because he neither sought to bring about nor foresaw the imminence of a revolution in the practical sphere; but in my belief the revolution was already begun. Moreover he was solely a man of thought, not of thought and action. Now I believed that if we Republicans had a special mission, it was precisely that of reducing thought to action, so far as circumstances allowed; of never separating our destiny from that of our native land; of sharing every pulsation of our country's life, of endeavoring at least to diminish her sufferings, when we could not put an end to them; of achieving for her one degree of progress in education, one fraction of our ideal, when the realization of the complete ideal had become — through no fault of ours — impossible.

Practically I foresaw the ruin of the royal war; but one hope still cheered my saddened spirit, and that hope was named Venice. The Republican flag still waved over Venice, and I believed that when imbecility and treason should have done their work in Lombardy, the eyes of all men — cleared from deceitful visions — would be fixed upon that banner. Venice, then, would become a new centre of resistance, a new leader of the people's war. This idea, about which I was silent, was the cause of my sending the Antonini legion to Venice; for this I counseled Garibaldi, when he arrived from Monte Video, to hasten thither, and place himself and his brave band under the orders of the Venetian Government; as it was for this that, at a later period, I endeavored to concentrate Michiewicz's Polish legion there. When treason and imbecility had fulfilled their work in Milan, however, all possibility of an appeal to Lombardy was destroyed.

I determined then, and my friends determined with me to accept the *faits accomplis* as a point of departure from which to go forward. We bowed our heads to the popular will, which had pronounced in favor of monarchy, and we devoted ourselves to endeavoring, as far as in us lay, to secure the triumph of the war, which, although fought beneath a banner not our own, might yet, by driving the Austrians beyond the Alps, leave us at liberty to achieve the unity of our country. But although we resigned ourselves to silence, we in no way renounced our faith in our own ideal. We offered ourselves as loyal allies to the royal camp; we never declared that camp our own. We ceased from preaching our own principles as inopportune and likely to endanger the success of the enterprise against the foreigner; but we never preached in favor of the opposite principle. I say this, remembering how many of those who were sworn Republicans yesterday are Monarchists to-day; and this not because they have really altered their convictions, but simply through what they call tactics, but what is in fact the absence of all belief. However much they seek to do so, they will never be able to defend themselves by an appeal to our example. We maintained ourselves pure and unstained by falsehood or servile homage; they did not. Forgetting that the first and highest duty towards a people newly arising as a nation is that of educating them to moral dignity and constancy of soul, they, in the hope of obtaining some financial or administrative reforms from the opposite party, cast both the present and future of their country at the feet of the monarchy, accepting unconditionally the institution they preached against but a few years be-

fore; declare that the logical result of a constitution, the first article of which is a violation of the liberty of conscience, will be the greatest possible development of liberty; theorize about the absurd equilibrium of the three powers; feign anger (laughing in their sleeve all the while) if the sacred and inviolable name of the king is drawn into the arena by any incautious minister, and declare that the whole Italian question resolves itself into a change, not of principles, but of men. And our adversaries, meanwhile, sneer at their protests, pointing to their past with the rancor that pardons not; while the people, viewing their Macchiavellian gyrations, learn a lesson of immorality, or of equally fatal distrust. Those who come after us will call these men apostates; I grieve over them as over weak men tainted by the disease of our age of skepticism, destitute of every great ideal.

The few who in 1848 remained faithful to the Republican flag, showed that they knew how to respect the will of the people, supreme even when erring, and yet preserve themselves pure and uncontaminate. And if I insist upon this fact, it is because whilst some accuse us of having in those days deviated from our convictions, the majority, still deluded by the calumnies spread against us at that time, imagine even yet that it was our rash and intemperate republicanism that sowed the seeds of anarchy and ruined the enterprise against the foreigner. Whence those seeds of anarchy really sprang has been clearly shown in the sketch I have already traced of the state of things, in the memoir on the insurrection of Milan by Carlo Cattaneo, to which I have referred, and in the "Archivio Triennale." To me it appears impor-

tant, in this work, which is intended as a summary of our Italian republican history during the last thirty years, to prove that our language has been invariably consistent with the programme we adopted, and to show the Italians that if our party has erred, it has at least never deceived.

With that programme — national unity before all things, a general war against the foreigner, sovereignty of the country's will, to be ascertained at the conclusion of the war — I went to Milan; and the first public words I uttered in Italy, in an address to the Brescians on the subject of some temporary misunderstanding with Milan, were words of peace and concord. Nor was the programme ever betrayed by me or my friends. We maintained it faithfully, amid distrust, calumny, and threats, during the whole period of the royal war. It may be that if the whole of our party had as resolutely abided by the programme of war and a National Constituent Assembly after the war, — a programme based upon the solemn promises of Charles Albert and the Provisional Government, — the issue of the struggle against Austria would have been different. But, as I said before, the majority of our party gave themselves up to the monarchy without demanding either compact or guarantee, and it became the irresponsible master of the field.

On the day upon which I was to discuss with the Provisional Government the disastrous decree of the fusion, Cesare Correnti unexpectedly entered my room, followed by Anselmo Guerrieri, and spoke to me of the project in the tone of one who anticipated ruinous results from it. I said to them what I had already said to another member of the government,

Durini, who had vainly endeavored to obtain my adhesion to the scheme. I told them that the king's sudden demand of the fusion, in open violation of all compacts made by the government, was a sign that he felt the war going against him, and meditated a retreat, but was desirous of securing documentary evidence of title, to be produced at a fitting moment in the future; that, nevertheless, the acceptance of the proposal by the government would be regarded by the Lombards as a proof of the contrary, and, by inspiring them with more complete faith in the king and in his defense of their territory, would lull them in increased security precisely when it was most urgent to rouse their energy and prepare them to save themselves by their own exertions. The betrayal of their solemn promises of neutrality by the government would irritate those parties who had hitherto remained silent from patriotic motives. The designs of aggrandizement entertained by the monarchy of Savoy being thus proved to be no mere suspicion, but a positive fact, would furnish the other Princes of Italy with the long desired pretext for withdrawing from a war which could bring no advantage to them; while Charles Albert himself, content with having acquired a right to the Lombard provinces, would resign himself more readily to defer the enjoyment of that right, and to yield the field to Austria. Lombardy, no longer an ally, but a subject, would lose the opportunity of preparing her own defense; while by succumbing she would lose her only remaining glory, very precious with regard to the education and future of Italy, that of having combated, to found, not a mere wretched kingdom of Northern Italy, but the National Unity.

These, and some other reasons which I gave, met the complete assent of both; they declared themselves determined to oppose the fusion at all risks, and asked my advice as to the best means of doing so. I suggested that they should come to an understanding with Pompeo Litta, and Anelli of Lodi, — a man unique in that servile herd for incorruptible honesty and good faith; that, should all argument be vain, they should put on record their own protest against the vote of the majority, retire from the government, publish the fact of their withdrawing with an explanation of its cause, and leave the rest to us. We would have issued a public manifesto which would have compelled the government to retire, but instead of substituting our own for the monarchical element, we would, in order to avoid all danger of an open break with the King, have proclaimed a new Provisional Government, composed of the four members opposed to the fusion, completing the number by a selection of new men — not Republicans — but awake to the increasing danger, and resolved to avert it. They both accepted the proposal, and gave me their word they would act upon it, Correnti, however, far more energetically than the other; indeed he was on the point of swearing upon the hilt of a dagger he wore, so excited and melodramatic did he become. The next day the first names that struck my eye affixed to the decree of fusion were those of Correnti and Guerrieri. I learned afterwards that the second, a well-meaning but weak man, had allowed himself to be over-persuaded by Correnti, and that he was a prey to remorse for many days afterwards.

Some time after the fall of Milan, I saw Correnti

again. I was in the garden of the Villa Ciani at Lugano, in company with Carlo Cattaneo and others, when Pezzotti one of the best men of the Republican party, who afterwards died by his own hand in an Austrian prison, came to me and told me that Correnti was there, very anxious to see me. I remember even now the penitent face, the supplicating voice, and the downcast eyes with which he said to me: Do not remind me of the past; but make of me anything you will; officer, sentinel, porter — anything, so long as I can but serve my country. I reported his words to my friends; they all distrusted him. I thought, however, that although he had behaved ill, still the fate of Milan must have radically cured and converted all but the utterly corrupt, and I decided to send him to Venice, where the Italian flag which the king had betrayed, was still held on high by the people. Garibaldi was still in arms between Como and Varese; thousands of exiles were crowding into the Canton Ticino, in readiness to seize the first opportunity, should any arise, of crossing the frontier. Great fermentation existed in the valleys of Bergamo and Brescia. It was very important to give this agitation a visible centre, a banner, and a semi-legal direction, and Venice, I thought, might be made such.

Manin was the soul of the defense of Venice, and I determined to dispatch Correnti to him, to inform him of our numbers and our hopes, to persuade him to take the direction of the movement in his own hands, and to point out the path of duty to Lombardy, by publicly declaring,—Venice, unstained by treason, is fighting not for herself alone, but for all Italy; rally round her Republican banner. The penitent

accepted the mission with delight. He was furnished with letters and money by us, and started in company with Ercole Porro, one of the most trustworthy of our party. I know not what he said to Manin. I know that Manin did not do his duty in the matter; that Correnti never showed sign of life amongst us again, and that shortly afterwards we heard of him in Turin as one of the supporters of the absurd, inept, aristocratic assemblage styling itself the *Consulta*, in whose ranks figured Casati and all those who had assisted him in ruining his country.

I have selected the incident of this betrayal, among numberless others, simply as an indication of the history I might relate of the Moderates of that day, as a warning to my countrymen to put no trust in these sudden fits of repentance while victory still hangs in the balance, and as an example to the youth of Italy of the base and unworthy conduct to which men, even the most enlightened and naturally well-disposed, may be led by skepticism and materialism. We exerted every effort to rekindle the popular war, and did in fact rekindle it in the Val d'Intelvi: but the unexpected dissensions that arose between the two military leaders, D'Apice and Arcioni; the strength of the prejudice in favor of the monarchy, which deprived us of the important lever of a movement in the capital, and, when that had fallen, the discouragement produced in the Provincial cities, made all our efforts vain. All that was gained by that magnificent popular movement was a terrible lesson, which I hoped would have been understood at the time, but it was not so. The many thousand exiles, of all ranks and of every shade of opinion, who then swore never again to commit their country's

well being to the hands of a prince; even they who so frantically applauded Gustavo Modena's recitation of the last verses of the "Clarina" of Berchet, were again servilely devoted to the monarchy only a few years later.

As soon as I saw that all was hopelessly at an end in Lombardy, I left Switzerland and went by way of France to Tuscany. In the mean time the Pope had fled. Rome was free to govern herself; it appeared as if Venice would be able to hold out a long time yet; the Revolution was triumphant in Tuscany, and was directed by men sharing our belief. The surrender of Milan had cast discredit upon the monarchy, and produced an irritation which disposed men towards the opposite principle; the word of initiation might issue from Rome. It may be that had that word been spoken then, before the universal fermentation had subsided, and before Naples had again resigned herself to slavery, it would have led to greater results than those which followed from it some months later. It was with this conviction, as I was now free to preach my own belief, that I addressed the following letter to my Roman friends:[1]—

. . . . . .

"I listen earnestly in the hope of hearing from your city some free and manly utterance worthy of Rome; some sound as of a people reawakening to their former greatness, and I do but hear the usual emasculate voices of parliamentary Arcadians, who, standing round the cradle of a nation, recite to us such funeral dirges as might be fitter for the Constitutional Monarchies that are passing away. . . . . Yet, had you but the will, it might be yours to cre-

[1] This letter appeared in the *Pallade*, a Roman journal.

ate a new moral world. You hold in your hands the destiny of Italy, and the destiny of Italy is the destiny of the world. Forgetful men! you know not the potency of those four letters conjoined that form the name of your city. You know not that that which elsewhere is but a word, becomes, if uttered by Rome, a fact, an imperial decree, *urbi et orbi*. Good God! can the men at the head of your affairs derive no inspiration from your history, your monuments! Worshipping Rome as I do, I have consoled myself for the spectacle of impotence and insignificance shown us by the other Italian cities, by telling myself that the mission belonged to her, that the Word could only issue from the Eternal City; but I almost begin to fear I have been mistaken. Such a Rome as yours at present, with such a parliament as that I read of, is — forgive me — a sight half sorrowful, half ridiculous.

"I do not think that Providence has ever so plainly declared to a nation: You shall have no god but God; no interpreter of his law, but the people; and I do not think the world ever saw a nation so obstinately determined neither to hear nor see as our own. Providence has given us for princes a race of fools and traitors, and we persist in striving to regenerate our country through them. Providence — as if to compel us to a war of the people — has caused a king to be defeated in an enterprise that was already three parts won; and we persist in only making war under that king. Providence has made of the Neapolitan Bourbon a living commentary upon the warnings of Samuel to the Israelites when they asked for a king; and Sicily, freed from his yoke, knocks at the gate of every regal palace in turn in

search of another. Providence has made a voluntary fugitive of your Pope, has removed every obstacle from your path, even as a mother for her child, and you remain as hesitating and uncertain as if you had no heart, no mind, no history, no experience, no future, no Italy in ferment around you, no Republican France and Italy by your side — and go to work to govern yourselves with the Papal autograph! Charles XII. sent his boot to govern the state; but Charles XII. was no fugitive: and the metropolis of Sweden was not Rome.

"You know that the anxiety in which I live is for the unity of Italy, which is endangered by these meddlers, and not for the Republic, which is infallible and inevitable, not only in Italy, but in nearly the whole of Europe; and for that I await, as I have said, written, and published, with submission and devotion until the will of Italy be solemnly manifested and expressed. But I feel that I may now say to you, without playing the part of an agitator, since a republican form of government is thus put into your hands without any effort on your part, or any violence or usurpation on the part of a minority, do not let it appear to Italy and Europe that you, who are Republicans born, reject it without any reason. You have no longer any government, nor (in spite of the autograph) any existing legitimate power. Pius IX. has fled; his flight is an abdication, and as he is an elected prince, he leaves no dynasty behind him. You are then, *de facto*, a Republic, since you have no source of authority left but the people. Logical and energetic men would thank Heaven for having inspired Pius IX. to this course, and simply declare: The Pope having abandoned

his post, we appeal from the Pope to God, and convoke a Council. The prince has betrayed and deserted; we appeal from the prince to the people. Rome is now, by the will of Providence, a Republic. An Italian Constituent, so soon as it can be assembled within these walls, will either confirm, transform, or amplify this fact. Then when the people should have decided upon the form of government, an initiatory and precursory nucleus of the future Italian Constituent, since not all of Italy is free, would assemble in Rome; a nucleus composed of known men, sent as delegates by Tuscany, Venice, the Lombard Emigration, and the various political clubs and associations, to support the government; which, by the aid of a few truly national measures and decrees, would soon become the moral government of all Italy. God, who helps those who help themselves and loves Rome, would do the rest.

"Why you did not do this within the first twenty-four hours, why you do not do so now, is to me a mystery! I know that you cannot go on as you are, and that between doing this and sending delegates to Pius IX. to say, Return omnipotent; we will cancel every trace of the 16th; there is no middle course. Some have written me word that you are only withheld by the fear of invasion. Invasion! Will you not be invaded in any case? Do not you see that the real question lies between leaving the initiative and the choice of the moment to the enemy, and assuming it yourselves? Do you not see that in the one case you will succumb, despised and derided, because no one will move to the assistance of your nameless and timorous ministry; while in the other you will be the initiators of that to which all

things in Italy are in fact tending, and to which you will be inevitably compelled one day, with the disadvantage that you will then have traitors in the camp? Nor would you be alone in the field."

. . . . . .

I arrived in Leghorn on the 8th of February, 1849, precisely at the time when the governor, Pigli, received intelligence of the flight of the Grand Duke, and I was requested to announce the fact to the people who had assembled to give me welcome, because it was feared they might be moved to some act of violence against the most notorious adherents of the fugitive Prince. The fear was unfounded. The Livornese are a nobly-disposed people, very tenacious of liberty, and always ready to struggle manfully in its defense; but, for that very reason, they are easily guided upon the right path if led by one whom they trust and who has trust in them. I announced the flight of the Duke as a piece of good news, and pointed out how important it was that they should prove they could live in increased peace, concord, and affection without him. Some few proposed to overthrow the statue of the Prince, but were easily contented with the suggestion that it should be covered. Leghorn is a republican city, and will be one of the earliest to do honor to our future Italy.

On the 19th of February the Republic [1] was pro-

[1] "The Roman Republic was proclaimed on the 9th of February, 1849. This was an imperative necessity of the circumstances in which the Roman States were then placed. The Pope had fled to Gaeta two months and a half before, leaving the whole burden of the government in the hands of the National Assembly. Two deputations had been sent to request him in the name of the Assembly, and in the name of the people, to return, and resume the reins of government. Both deputations had been repulsed. The Pope had appointed a commission to govern in his name; the persons designated for the office had refused to act. Rome was abso-

claimed in Rome. Here at length was the initiative I sought, and I did my utmost in Florence to induce Tuscany to link her fate with that of Rome. The example would have borne fruit in Sicily and elsewhere. Tuscany, menaced by Austria, and insidiously undermined by Piedmont, whose prime minister, Gioberti, was endeavoring to reinstate our Princes on every side, could not stand alone; but by sheltering herself under the wings of Rome, and thereby placing herself under the protection of the Italian right, she would have increased her own strength, and rendered possible a magnificent Na-

lutely without a government. The Chambers appointed a Provisional Government and declared themselves dissolved. For two months the Provisional Government conducted the administration; after which, incapable of prolonging a situation so full of danger, and yielding to the earnest solicitations addressed to it from all parts of the states, it convoked the people in the primary assemblies, and appealed to the universal suffrage of the inhabitants of the states for the election of a Constituent Assembly. The appeal was responded to. By the votes of 343,000 adult male persons, out of a total population of 2,800,000 souls, a Constituent Assembly, consisting of 150 members, was invested with the task of government. The Assembly met on the 6th of February, 1849; and at one o'clock in the morning of the 9th, after an uninterrupted sitting of fifteen hours, that remarkable decree was passed which declared the abolition of the Secular Papacy, and proclaimed that portion of Italy which had hitherto been the patrimony of the Popes, a free and independent Republic. The article abolishing the Secular Papacy was passed with only five dissenting voices, and that constituting the Republic, with only eleven dissenting voices out of one hundred and forty-four members present. On the 10th of February the Constituent Assembly appointed an Executive Committee of three citizens, through the medium of whom the government might be carried on until such time as the Constitution of the Republic should be fully matured. The citizens appointed to this office by a majority of votes were Messieurs Armellini, Saliceti, and Montecchi. Ministers of the different departments of the public service were at the same time appointed. For a period of seven weeks, or, from the 10th of February to the 30th of March, the government of the Republic was carried on by the Executive Committee, in conjunction with the Constituent Assembly, and the ministers of the different departments. *From Tract No.* 11, *published by the Society of the Friends of Italy in* 1851. (*Translator.*)

tional movement. Even should she fall, she would at least have borne a noble testimony in favor of Republican unity, which would have been of great service to the political education of the country. The people, with their usual instinct, comprehended the idea at once: in a public meeting of more than ten thousand persons, held beneath the Loggie degli Uffizi, I obtained their vote for the adoption of the Republican form of government, union with Rome, and the formation of a Committee of Defense, composed of Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and Zannetti. The men in power refused their adhesion to the popular vote, and I then started for Rome, where I had already been elected a deputy.

Rome was the dream of my young years; the generating idea of my mental conception; the keystone of my intellectual edifice, the religion of my soul; and I entered the city one evening, early in March, with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. Rome was to me, as in spite of her present degradation she still is, the temple of Humanity. From Rome will one day spring the religious transformation destined for the third time to bestow moral unity on Europe. I had journeyed towards the sacred city with a heart sick unto death from the defeat of Lombardy, the new deceptions I had met with in Tuscany, and the dismemberment of our Republican party over the whole of Italy. Yet, nevertheless, as I passed through the Porta del Popolo, I felt an electric thrill run through me, a spring of new life. I shall never see Rome more; but the memory of her will mingle with my dying thought of God and my best beloved; and wheresoever fate may lay my bones, I believe they will know once more the thrill

that ran through me then, on the day when the Republican banner shall be planted, in pledge of the unity of our Italy, upon the Vatican and Capitol.

The same reasons which determined me not to relate in detail the events of 1848, induce me to observe the same reticence with regard to the four months that elapsed between my arrival in Rome and the fall of the Republic. I could not now reveal all. I shall therefore limit myself to briefly sketching my own part in those events, and the moral conception by which my own conduct was governed. From a page so glorious as that inscribed by Rome, the individual should be effaced. Yet I too am a Republican, and my life, though a small matter in itself, is a part of republican history. I believe, therefore, that now, when I must soon resign it, I ought not to allow it to be misunderstood through the falsehoods diffused by our enemies. We have been accused of having, when for a brief while victorious, proclaimed the Roman, not the Italian Republic. An insurrection, which arises to assert the illegality of the institutions it seeks to overthrow, has a right to inscribe upon its banner any formula, no matter how daring, which its authors conscientiously believe to be true; an Assembly, legally and peacefully elected by a small fraction of the country, has no such right. The supreme authority for it is the mandate of those by whom it was chosen. Moreover, it would have been absurd to proclaim Italy a Republic under the circumstances by which we were surrounded, and in the face of Constitutional Piedmont in arms. We could only win Italy to the Republic, by emancipating her from the foreigner, — creating her. And to do this, it was necessary first to create

a power, a force. A very few days were sufficient to convince me, not only that no such force existed, but also that no one was thinking of organizing any. Good instincts abounded; what was wanting was a directing idea. The army consisted of about sixteen thousand men, but lacking all cohesion, all discipline, even uniformity of costume and pay. The staff was null: the material of war of the scantiest. The forces that were organized were, for the most part, scattered along the Neapolitan frontier, — the only point whence the existing government feared offense; a point, however, which it was utterly impossible to defend by the method they had adopted, — that of a *cordon militaire*, — radically weak and defective in any case.

I did not fear offense from Naples; indeed, any attempt from that quarter, which would have given us a right of retaliation, was rather to be desired than feared. Nor did I at that time foresee any attack from France, although I regarded it as inevitable from Austria, sooner or later. Even should Austria not attack us, it was our duty to make ready to attack her. To arouse Italy against her eternal enemy, to initiate a new crusade and declare to the country by acts: That which Monarchy either could not or would not do, the Republic will — such was my plan. To make ready to resist a danger that might be imminent, and at the same time be ready to act ourselves, in case that danger should not arise; such was my meaning when I said to the Assembly: We must act like men who have the enemy at their gates, and at the same time like men who are working for eternity.

On the 16th of March I proposed to the Assembly

to elect a Committee of War, composed of five members, whose duty it should be to study the best means of organizing the army, and provide for the necessities of defense and offense. On the 18th the committee was elected. Pisacane was its life and soul: he and I understood each other completely. For the inefficacious system of detachments spread along the extent of the long southern frontier, for purposes of defense, we substituted the concentration of our forces upon two points, Bologna and Terni; and it was partly owing to this anterior concentration that the prolonged defense of Rome was rendered possible. We determined to raise the cipher of sixteen thousand men to forty-five thousand, a number easily to be reached by the help of conscription in the Roman States, and the elements we were able to assemble from other parts of Italy. Piedmont, meanwhile, partly from the fear of seeing the national initiative pass from the hands of monarchy into those of the Republic, and partly from other causes, again declared war to Austria. The Roman Republic had not been recognized by Piedmont; nevertheless, no sooner had the proclamation announcing the imminent renewal of hostilities appeared, than the Republic, unmindful in its enthusiasm of every other consideration, spontaneously decided to dispatch ten thousand men under Lieutenant-colonel Mezzacapo, to the help of Piedmont, without demanding any previous compact or guarantee. I say spontaneously, because Lorenzo Valerio, who was charged with a semi-official mission to come to an understanding with Rome, did not arrive until after the passing of the decree. Four days, however, sufficed to bring that wretched war to an end. It

was begun on the 20th and concluded on the 24th by the sin and shame of Novara.[1] Shortly afterwards the Piedmontese monarchy allowed Rome to be assailed by foreign arms without uttering one word of protest in her favor.

On the 29th March I was chosen Triumvir; my colleagues were Aurelio Saffi and Armellini. On the 27th of April we passed a decree confirming the arrangements already made as to the augmentation and organization of the army. In the early part of that month we had already used every effort to bring to Rome the Lombard division, of about six to seven thousand men; but the Piedmontese Government, aided by General Fanti, succeeded in frustrating our design by deceit. The French arrived at Civita Vecchia on the 25th of April, so that we had not had so much as one month in which to organize our forces, arrange our finances, provide arms, and supply the deficiencies of our artillery.

With those who have said or written that the resistance of Rome to her French invaders was an error, it were useless to discuss. To the many other causes which decided us to resist, there was in my mind added one intimately bound up with the aim of my whole life — the foundation of our national

1 "As soon as the news of the battle of Novara reached Rome, the Assembly and the government took the steps which the gravity of the situation demanded. The Executive Committee was dissolved, and the supreme power was placed in the hands of a Triumvirate, consisting of *Armellini*, one of the dissolved committee; the previous Minister of the Interior, *Saffi;* and the patriot *Mazzini*, whose arrival in Rome about this time had been accepted by the Assembly and the people with shouts of exultation, as a special arrangement of Providence for the encouragement and invigoration of the cause. This change in the manner of rule took place on the 29th of March; the Assembly, in decreeing it, did not abdicate the exercise of its own powers." *From Tract No.* 11, *published by the Society of the Friends of Italy in* 1851. — (*Translator.*)

unity. Rome was the natural centre of that unity, and it was important to attract the eyes and the reverence of my countrymen towards her. The Italian people had almost lost their Religion of Rome; they too had begun to look upon her as a sepulchre, and such she seemed. As the seat of a form of faith now extinct, and only outwardly sustained by hypocrisy and persecution; her middle class living in a great measure upon the pomps of worship, and the corruption of the higher clergy; and her people, although full of noble and manly pride, necessarily ignorant, and believed to be devoted to the Pope, — Rome was regarded by some with aversion, by others with disdainful indifference. A few individual exceptions apart, the Romans had never shared that ferment, that desire for liberty which had constantly agitated Romagna and the Marche. It was therefore essential to redeem Rome; to place her once again at the summit, so that the Italians might again learn to regard her as the temple of their common country. It was necessary that all should learn how potent the immortality stirring beneath those ruins of two epochs, — two worlds. I did feel that power, did feel the pulsations of the immense eternal life of Rome through the artificial crust with which priests and courtiers had covered the great sleeper as with a shroud. I had faith in her. I remember that when the question as to whether we should resist or not first arose, the chief officers of the National Guard, when I assembled and interrogated them, told me sadly that the main body of the guard would not in any case coöperate in the defense. It seemed to me that I understood the Roman people far better than they, and I therefore gave orders that

all the battalions should defile in front of the Palace of the Assembly on the following morning, in order that the question might be put to the troops. The universal shout of *Guerra* that arose from the ranks drowned in an instant the timid doubts of their leaders.

The defense of the city was therefore decided upon: by the assembly and people of Rome, from a noble impulse and from reverence for the honor of Italy; by me, as the logical consequence of a long-matured design. Strategically I was aware that the struggle ought to have been carried on out of Rome, by operating upon the flank of the enemy's line. But victory, unless we were to receive assistance from the other provinces of Italy, was equally impossible within and without the walls; and since we were therefore destined to fall, it was our duty, in view of the future, to proffer our *morituri te salutant* to Italy from Rome. Nevertheless, though foreseeing defeat as certain, we could not, without betraying our trust, neglect the only possible chance of salvation, which was a change in the political state of things in France. The invasion of Rome was an idea of Louis Napoleon's; already meditating the enthronement of tyranny at home, he was desirous, on the one hand, of accustoming the soldiery to fight against the Republican flag, and on the other, of gaining over the Catholic clergy and that portion of the French population which derived its inspiration from them. The French Assembly, uncertain and divided amongst themselves as they were, were nevertheless adverse to any proposition avowedly hostile to us; they approved the expedition because they were deceived both as to its secret aim, and as to our

internal condition. The accomplices of Louis Napoleon declared that an Austro-Neapolitan invasion of Rome was imminent, and asserted also that the population was adverse to the Republic, and only held in terror by an audacious minority; that Rome was consequently unable to resist an invasion, and must in a few days fall a prey to Austria should France fail to intervene. It became, therefore, our duty to prove to the French people that no such reign of terror existed in Rome, that the people were unanimous, that it was quite possible to resist both Austrian and Neapolitan invasion, and thus compel Louis Napoleon to unmask his true design; to fight the French army, but at the same time carefully to distinguish in our documentary acts, between the nation and the president of France; to be so far at least victorious as to prove to the French people our unanimity and determination, but avoid abusing our victory so as to irritate the exacting pride and impetuous passions of the French people. By these means we should give our friends of the Mountain and in the body of the assembly an opportunity of initiating their own resistance against Louis Napoleon. Such was our duty; nor did we betray it. It was for this that we sent orders to Civita Vecchia (orders which were disobeyed through the weakness of those in command, who were deceived by the lying promises of General Oudinot), to resist at any cost; even if only long enough to prove the unanimity of the population. For this also our energetic proclamations to the envoys from the French camp — our eager preparations for battle, and the requests made to the various municipalities (and immediately accepted by all) that they would renew their acts of adhesion to the Repub-

lican Government; for this the sending back of the French prisoners taken on the 30th of April, and the orders sent to Garibaldi to cease his pursuit of the flying French troops, and, generally, the attitude we assumed and maintained during the whole siege, and which I afterwards summed up by the declaration that Rome was not at war with France, but simply in a state of defense. The orders sent to Garibaldi were regarded as an error by those who saw no farther than the isolated fact; but what — in comparison with the maintenance of our conception and plan — should we have gained by the death or imprisonment of a few hundred more French prisoners?

That plan — and this should always be taken into account — that plan would, had not Louis Napoleon violated every tradition of loyalty by giving his envoy Lesseps unlimited powers to treat peacefully, and privately annulling his action by secret orders sent at the same time to Oudinot, have been successful. On the 7th of May the French Assembly, moved by our conduct and language, solemnly desired the Executive immediately to take measures to insure that the Roman expedition should not be diverted from its true aim, and empowered Lesseps to come to an arrangement with us. Towards the end of May a convention was signed between the French envoy and ourselves, declaring, — The support of France is secured to the Roman States: they will regard the French army as an army of friends which has hastened to assist them in the defense of their territory. The French army, acting in concert with the Roman Government, and without in any way interfering in the administration of the country, will take up such

quarters without the walls as shall be best adapted to secure alike the defense of the city and the health of the troops. The war was by this convention transformed into an alliance, and the French army into a reserve force, to defend us in case of invasion. Rome itself was, as I have said, to remain inviolable, alike to friends and foes; and Republican diplomacy achieved a success as splendid as that obtained by the Republican army on the 30th of April. We were thus left free to issue forth and attack Austria, whom we should have defeated. It is known to all how Oudinot refused to recognize the treaty signed by the French Plenipotentiary, and suddenly broke the truce. Napoleon had sent him secret instructions contrary to those he had given to Lesseps.

On the 13th of June our friends in the French Assembly, headed by Ledru-Rollin, attempted to rouse Paris to protest against the infamy committed, but in vain. The attempt was an appeal to insurrection, but without the necessary preparations to initiate it. Some have reproached me for continuing the defense after the disastrous news of the failure of the attempt of the 13th of June. I should have considered myself false to the mandate confided to me by the people, false to the honor of my country, to the Republican flag, and to my own conscience, had I acted otherwise. Were we to tear up the glorious page of history just inscribed by Rome, and proclaim to Europe that when we determined upon war, it was not because we believed ourselves to be fulfilling a duty, but simply because we had trusted in a French insurrection? We were bound by duty to resist to the last extremity. When the question was to be discussed in the assembly as to whether the French

army, then marching on Rome, should be admitted or resisted, I refrained from attending the sitting, in order not to affect by my influence a decision which I felt ought to be collective and spontaneous. The Triumvirate was represented by Saffi and Armellini, both of whom were hesitating and undecided. But when a people, and that people a Republic, has once flung down the gauntlet in the name of right, the struggle cannot end until they are either victorious or utterly overthrown. Monarchies may capitulate, but Republics die: the first represent dynastic interests only, and may save themselves by concessions, or, if need be, cowardice. But Republics represent a faith, and are bound to bear witness unto martyrdom. For this reason we had already caused Rome to bristle with barricades, intending that the battle from the walls should be followed up by a struggle in the streets; a struggle which in Rome would have been terrible indeed. That struggle was, however, rendered impossible by the French, whose plan it evidently was to content themselves with dominating the city by occupying the surrounding heights, and thus to compel it to yield through stress of famine.

The idea of prolonging the struggle, so long as a man and gun remained, was to my mind so elementary, that I proposed, so soon as matters should become desperate in Rome itself, that we Triumvirs, accompanied by the ministers, the Assembly (or if not all of it a numerous delegation), and such of the population as might choose to follow us, should issue forth from the city in company with our little army; by which means its movements would be given a legal authority and prestige in the eyes of the populations. My plan then was, that rapidly leaving

Rome behind us, we should provision ourselves in the Aretino, fling ourselves on the Austrian line of operations between Bologna and Ancona, and endeavor by a first victory to raise the Romagna. The French would then occupy Rome, but without having conquered the Republic; nor could they have pursued us and fought us upon the new ground thus chosen, without completely unmasking the whole infamy of their invasion before the eyes of France and of Europe. It was the same plan which Garibaldi attempted to execute later on, but with only a few thousand followers, collected at random from the different troops, without the prestige and authority of the government, without artillery, and in conditions which rendered success impossible.

On the 30th of June, the French being then masters of the bastions and of all the heights, I summoned a council of the military leaders. Garibaldi sent word that he could not leave the walls for a single instant; and we therefore went to him. I stated that the decisive moment for Rome having arrived, and it being necessary to determine what course to adopt, the government was desirous of hearing the opinions of the military leaders before communicating with the Assembly. I pointed out to them the three courses open to us: we might capitulate; we might resist till the city were in ruins; or we might leave Rome and transport the seat of war elsewhere. The first, I said, was unworthy of the Republic; the second useless, because the positions taken up by the French proved that they were determined to avoid a barricade or hand-to-hand fight with the people, and to await upon the surrounding heights, tormenting the city with bombs and artillery until it

were reduced by famine; the third course was the one which I, as an individual, proposed.

Opinions were various: Avezzana and the Roman leaders were for remaining in the city and persisting in the defense; Roselli, Pisacane, Garibaldi, and some others, agreed to my proposal; not a single man — I record it to the honor of our little Republican army — signed his name upon the column headed capitulation. I then dissolved the meeting and hastened to the Assembly. To the Assembly, formed into a secret committee, the public being excluded, I repeated what I had previously said to the Council of War, and proposed, for their adoption, the only course I believed to be worthy of Rome. The Assembly refused to adopt that course. I shall not narrate the particulars of that, to me, most painful sitting. I found my best personal friends among the opponents of the plan. Some of the members of the Assembly afterwards blamed me (and I think justly) for not having previously prepared their minds for the decision; but the singular calmness and truly Roman energy they had shown until that moment, had induced me to believe that they would hail the proposition with applause.

The course finally adopted by the Assembly was proposed by Enrico Cernuschi. They decreed that the defense of Rome should be discontinued. I left the Assembly before the vote was passed. The Assembly forwarded the decree to the Triumvirate, desiring them to communicate it to the French general, and to treat with him, in order that proper provision might be made for the maintenance of order and personal security in the conquered city. This I refused to do: I wrote to the Assembly saying that

I had been elected a Triumvir to defend, and not to destroy the Republic; and I accompanied these words by my resignation. My two colleagues resigned with me. On the third of July I placed the following protest in the hands of the secretaries of the Assembly:—

"CITIZENS: By your decrees of the 30th of June and 2d of July, you, who were commissioned by the people to watch over and defend the Republic to the last extremity, have involuntarily confirmed its destruction, and I feel the necessity of declaring this to you with deep and heartfelt sorrow, both in order to clear my own conscience from all stain, and to afford documentary evidence to our contemporaries, that when you passed that decree, not all of us despaired of the salvation of our country or of our banner. You had received a double mandate from God and the People, binding you to resist, so long as resistance was possible, the oppression of the foreigner, and to keep holy the principle of which the Assembly was the visible incarnation, by proving to the world that there can be no compact or compromise between the just and the unjust; between eternal right and brute force; and that although monarchies founded upon the egotism of interest may yield or capitulate, republics, founded upon faith and duty, neither yield nor capitulate, but die protesting. You had still strength left in the noble troops who were bravely fighting even while you were signing the act of capitulation, in the people eager for battle, in the barricades erected by the citizens, in the influence your body exercises over the provinces. Neither the troops nor the people desired that you

should cease the defense; the city was bristling with the barricades you had ordered to be erected, as if, for a solemn pledge that when all regular warfare was at an end, Rome should still be defended by her people. Yet you declared the defense impossible, and you in fact rendered it such by the utterance of the baleful word.

"You declared that the Assembly remained at its post. The post of the Assembly was the last inch of Italian soil whereupon they could for one more day hold aloft the flag of the Republic; and you, by narrowing the execution of your mandate within the walls of the Capitol, have buried the spirit of that mandate beneath the dead letter.

"You knew by the teachings of history and of logic, that no assembly can remain free for a single instant with foreign bayonets at its door, and that the Republic must fall on the day when the first French soldier sets foot in Rome. By decreeing, therefore, that the Republican Assembly should remain in Rome, you decreed alike the inevitable death of the Assembly and the Republic; and by decreeing that the Republican army should leave Rome without you, without the Roman Government, without the legal representatives of the Republic, you unknowingly decreed the first manifestation of discord and disunion among those who had been so strongly united, and decreed the dissolution (which God avert!) of that nucleus around which were centred the dearest hopes of Italy. You ought to have decreed that all contact save war was impossible between those whose mission it was to represent the Republic, and those who came to destroy it; you ought to have remembered that Rome is not only a city, but Italy;

the symbol of the Italian idea; that her greatness lay in that while all had despaired and succumbed, she had declared, — I despair not; I arise. You ought to have remembered that the true Rome was not confined within the walls of the city, but existed wheresoever Roman hearts, sanctified by the Italian idea, should assemble to suffer and to combat for the honor of Italy. You ought to have remembered that you were encircled on every side by Italian soil, and — surrounding the government, the Assembly, and every element representing the Republican idea, by the army and the noblest sons of the people — to have issued forth, carrying from province to province, so long as a single one remained open to you, the Palladium of the faith and mission of Rome. You had before you both the records of your own past and the modern records of Hungary to encourage and to bid you hope that such action would have borne its fruit. But had there been no such example to sustain you, you, who had assumed to be the apostles of the third life of Italy, should have been the first to afford this proof of new and indomitable constancy to Europe.

"These things were proposed to you. You rejected them, and I, as a representative of the people, solemnly protest before you, before the people, and before God, against your rejection of them and its consequences. Rome is destined by Providence to achieve great things for the redemption of Italy and the world. The defense of Rome is the initiation of these things, the first line of a gigantic poem, which will be concluded come what may. History will record that initiative, and the part which you, good and noble in intention, have borne therein. But it will record also — I write it in the anguish of freshly

wounded affection — that in the supreme and decisive moment, when you should have arisen superior to fate, you were faithless to your mission, and unknowingly betrayed the great Italian Idea represented by Rome. May the future see us united to redeem this fault!"— *July* 3, 1849.

After the French had entered, and with them the whole body of adverse priesthood which had formed a centre of conspiracy at Gaeta, I remained for a week publicly in Rome. The lies promulgated by the French and Catholic press as to the *terror* I had exercised in Rome during the siege, made me desirous of proving the falsity of the accusation by thus offering myself as an easy victim to any who might believe they had an injury to avenge, or feel desirous of being rewarded by the dominating sect. Moreover, I had not the heart to leave Rome. With a sense within my soul like his who beholds the funeral of his best-beloved, I witnessed the departure of the members of the Assembly, the ministers, and government into exile; I saw the hospitals invaded where our wounded lay, suffering far more from the fate of the city than their own; I saw the fresh graves of our bravest trampled and profaned by the foot of the foreign conqueror.

I was wandering about the city with Scipione Pistrucci and Gustavo Modena — both now dead — at the very time when the French entered with fixed bayonets, the population looking gloomy and irritated, and I saw them order the streets to be cleared, inwardly thrilling with rage and revolving thoughts of a last struggle of resistance. It appeared to me that the army of occupation had been quartered in a man-

ner so incautious as to afford an opportunity for a series of surprises, and I hastened to inquire of General Roselli and his staff whether, if a popular movement should take place headed by myself (I being bound by no compact of any sort), they would help us? They consented; but it was already too late; the leaders of the people had all fled; and the attempt was useless. I then suggested to Roselli that he should ask Oudinot (under plea of the necessity of avoiding probable collisions) to dispose the little Roman army in quarters outside the city. There, our soldiers would have recovered from the fatigue and exhaustion consequent upon their long struggle; we should have been able to reëquip them, and I would have remained near them in concealment, until — as I hoped might be possible — we could seize a favorable moment for throwing ourselves upon the enemy by surprise. But that plan also, although at first accepted, proved abortive. Garibaldi's departure in arms awakened Oudinot's suspicions, and orders were given that the Roman artillery should remain in the city. Our soldiers, convinced that the enemy were capable of any iniquity, began in their turn to suspect a design of placing them, without the means of defense, between the Austrians and the French, in order to destroy them; the little army fell to pieces, and shortly after was disbanded.

These were but wild and ruinous plans, but in those days every faculty of my mind was absorbed in the one sole thought of rebellion, at any cost, against the brute force which had thus come down upon us unprovoked, to destroy one Republic in the name of another. How it was that neither the priests nor the French took advantage of the opportunity I thus of-

fered them of either killing or imprisoning me, is a mystery to me. I remember how poor Margaret Fuller, and my dear and venerated friend Giulia Modena, implored me to leave Rome, and, as they said, preserve myself for better days. But could I have foreseen the new deceptions, the ingratitude, and the abandonment of me by old friends that were in store for me, I should — could I have thought of myself alone — have said to them: If you love me, let me die with Rome.

At length, however, I departed. I left Rome without a passport and went to Civita Vecchia. When there, I sent to ask for one from the American Embassy. The sent me one, but as it had not the counter-signature of the French authorities required for leaving the port, it was useless. There was in the port a little steamer called the *Corriere Corso*, just about to weigh anchor. The captain, whose name was, I think, De Cristoferi, was a Corsican, and unknown to me. I ventured to ask him the question whether he would run the risk of taking me on board without papers, and received a reply in the affirmative. I went on board. The steamer, bound for Marseilles, was to touch at Leghorn, then held by the Austrians. On board I saw the unwelcome spectacle of a deputation of Romans, selected from those adverse to the Republic, who were bound for the last-named port, whence they were again to embark for Gaeta; their mission being to implore the return of the Pope. I did not look at them, but they recognized me, and the captain became alarmed lest, on reaching Leghorn, they should denounce me to the Austrians. They, however, did not do so, and I reached Marseilles. It is unnecessary to in-

form the reader how I contrived to enter without a passport, to traverse the enemy's country, and to reach Geneva. I have only mentioned the few personal matters related above, because the historians and journalists of the Moderate party — purposely false — related at that time, and would relate even now if it suited their purpose, stories of the three passports I had with me, of the English protection which I had contrived to secure beforehand, and generally of the prudence with which I had provided for my own safety.

However, neither the systematic calumnies of the Moderates, nor of any others, can cancel the sole fact of any real importance — the defense. The glorious initiative and prophetic page of history inscribed by Rome during that two months' war, will ever remain, to prove to men grown wiser than they are at present, all that may be achieved by a Principle and a nucleus of men firmly resolved to incarnate that principle in action. Rome is a city covering an immense area of ground; it was unprovisioned, and on the left bank of the Tiber almost entirely exposed to the assaults of the enemy. Our artillery was deficient, we were unprovided with mortars, unprepared for war, and, thanks to the former government, lacking even the very mainspring and nerve of war — money; so that when we Triumvirs met together on the night of our election to examine into the state of the financiary and war departments, it was put to the vote whether we should not resign our charge the day following. The population, in consequence of the long corruption of slavery, was ignorant and idle; distrustful and suspicious of all

things and of all men. We were new men, unknown to the masses, without prestige of birth, wealth, or tradition. The men of the former government, who represented the Moderate Constitutional party, with Mamiani at their head, not only spread abroad sinister prophecies as to the results of the Republican form of government adopted, but did not even shrink from conspiring with our foreign foes. Gaeta was a centre and the forge of intrigue, disturbance, conspiracy, and even of open rebellion, as at Ascolano. We were assailed unexpectedly by enemies whose name was powerful in Italy from old affection, who had the reputation of being invincible in war, and were supported by the *prestige* of a republican banner like our own, by the King of Naples, by Austria, and by Spain.

Nevertheless our raw troops put the Neapolitan troops to flight, gave battle to the Austrians, and held out for two months against the French army. On the 30th of April our young army routed the veterans of Oudinot, and their conduct on the 3d and 30th of June was such as to call forth the admiration of the enemy. The people, renewed to greatness by the power of a principle, took their part in the defense, and bore their privations with Roman calmness; they laughed and joked under bombardment. People, Assembly, and Triumvirate formed one indivisible whole; each strengthening each by unlimited faith and trust. We governed without need of tribunals or prisons, and I was able to send word to Mamiani, when informed of his nightly conferences with Lesseps, that he was welcome to go on conspiring with the enemy, and had nothing to fear from the government, but that he

had better be careful to conceal his doings from the people. We were able to despise their paltry conspiracies, and at length Count Campana, convinced by many experiments of the hopelessness of their efforts, voluntarily came to us to denounce his accomplices.

All these things were due to the Republican institution; to the noble instincts of our people, called out by the existence of a Popular Government, to the formula of God and the People, which awakened in each man's heart a consciousness of his own duty and his own right, to our faith and trust in the masses, and to their faith and trust in us. Our Monarchy, with forty-five thousand soldiers and Piedmont as a reserve force, could find no other means of salvation than treachery. And even now, while I write these lines,[1] our Monarchy, with half a million of men under arms, troops, mobilized National Guard, and volunteers; with large pecuniary means and a huge *matériel* of war, with twenty-five millions of Italians wanting Venice, shrinks from assailing the Austrian forces that are encamped upon Italian soil.

Viva la Republica! Only the Republican sentiment could inspire the Italians with such valor. These words were written by Luciano Manara at nine o'clock in the evening of the 3d of June, in his relation of the events of that day. I know not how well the Romans remember 1849 now. But if Roman mothers have done their duty, and taught their children due reverence for the Republican martyrs of their city who fell in that year; if they have pointed out to them the spot where fell the young

[1] 1861.

poet of the people, Goffredo Mameli; the spot where Manara, already weakened by his wound, led nineteen followers against a position held by three hundred Frenchmen and died attacking it; the spot where fell Daverio and Ramorino, refusing to retreat, although reduced to twenty against one hundred, the Villa Corsini, Villa Valentini, Vascello, Villa Pamfili, — the very stones of Rome — each one sanctified by the blood of one who fell with a smile on his face, and the Republican cry upon his lip, — our rising Rome will never, or at least will not long be profaned by the monarchy.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

1850–1872.

THE record of Mazzini's life in his own words closes with the preceding chapter. He never deliberately undertook to write his autobiography, and the reader who has followed the work thus far will have seen that his notes upon events in which he was concerned are quite as often discussions upon the principles involved and earnest presentation of governing ideas as records of facts. Mazzini's personal history, morever, seems to him of far less importance than the growth in the public mind of the truths to which his life was devoted: in the preface to the series of volumes from which this volume is gathered he says, simply and impressively: "Indifferent, from the inborn tendency of my mind, to that empty clamor which men call fame; and despising, from natural pride and a quiet conscience, the many calumnies which have darkened my path through life; convinced, even unto faith, that the duty of our earthly existence is to forget self in the *aim* prescribed to us by our individual faculties and the necessities of the times, — I have kept no record of dates, made no biographical notes, and preserved no copies of letters. But even had I jealously preserved such, I should not now have the courage to use them. In the face of the reawakening of that

people to whom alone God has as yet granted the privilege, in each great epoch of its own existence, of transforming Europe, all individual biography appears as insignificant as a taper lighted in the presence of the rising sun."

It remains for us to trace briefly the course of Mazzini during the twenty years preceding his death. The Pope returned to Rome under the protection of French bayonets, and Mazzini continued his educational labors in Switzerland. From Lausanne he sent out the journal "Italia del Popolo," and busied himself perfecting organizations which should give concrete expression to his ideas of association and Italian Unity. From this time forward he lived so constantly under assumed names and in concealment, that even when danger ceased to be regarded, his habits were so confirmed that he continued to maintain secrecy. He was the intimate associate of a small and devoted circle of English men and women, the inspirer of a body of young men called "The Society of the Friends of Italy." The meetings of the Italians and their English friends were at Madame Venturi's, in West Brompton, a remote suburb of London.

"There were representatives there," says a writer in the Washington "Capital," "in the refugees from the various continental governments, of every new political and sociological ism in Europe, — from the emancipation of Pesth to the fraternal brotherhood of Berlin and Paris. Some of the quickest minds of England were often present, and eloquent with sympathy. The budding impulses of all sorts of misty liberalism got mixed frequently with the clear scheme of Italian Unity in impetuous, unclarified expression. And between Polish counts, German democrats, and

ostracized Magyars and Frenchmen, there was generally a good deal of heterogeneous and clamorous elocution. Mazzini with his meagre, sallow face often sat in his place without saying a word, looking like his own ghost propped in a chair or like his cadaverous bust outside in the hall, until something said in the line of his own purpose moved him, when he would overflow with a passionate rhetorical burst that reminded his hearers of lava streaming down the sides of Vesuvius. And while he spoke his whole form grew electric, and his black Italian eyes shot a fire that meant all that Italy has grown to since. There were sometimes quieter scenes than this in the West Brompton parlor, when the Italian met to secretly consult only two or three confederates. It was from this kind of a conference that Mazzini, the ambassador of his own plans, stole out into the capitals and into the very courts of the continent, where his name was a terror and the knowledge of his presence would have been death. But his cat-like footfall never betrayed him to Europe, and he passed untouched through her highways and byways as often as he listed, like the very wraith and spirit of Republicanism that he was. In fact Mazzini's frequent secret presence in Europe in the years he was banished from every foot of its soil was the actual symbol of the democratic ideas that were and are revolutionizing continental monarchy, while they cannot be touched by its sword. It was the fear of the people that made Vienna quake as often as it was whispered that the fiery Italian was pausing at Venice. Of all the revolutionists of Italy Mazzini was the only one absolutely fearless and uncompromising. And "Who fears not for his own life has

mine at his mercy," the Italians have said always. It was on this principle of fearing that the European governments dreaded Mazzini's passage through their territory as the seam of political earthquake. What it was to perform, that the Italian started on his many secret midnight embassies out of London to the continent, his best friends here never knew. In the way that Mazzini himself intended it was known that they were never successful. But the history of these personal movements when it comes will be immensely interesting, as there is not likely to come again to any single man the chance of so frightening old Europe out of her propriety as did this earnest-minded hero, who presented himself before her gigantic terror with the smooth pebble stone of democracy in his sling."

Of the outbreaks in Italy which occurred in this restless period and were in popular estimation inspired by Mazzini, the one which made the sharpest impression was the attempted assassination of Napoleon III. by Orsini and three associates in 1858. Orsini had been an ardent disciple and friend of Mazzini and was much in his confidence. Both Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin were charged with complicity in Orsini's attempt upon the life of Louis Napoleon, but the movement was one entirely opposed to Mazzini's revolutionary principles, since he aimed not at tyrannicide but at the rising of people against injustice in government. "Orsini," says Mr. Holyoake,[1] "never imparted his design to Mazzini. His intention was to surprise his old chief by it. He had come to imagine that Mazzini had not a due respect for his capacity, and half suspected that he was being

[1] In a communication to the *Boston Daily Globe*, dated March 21, 1872.

corrupted by the blandishments which followed upon his heroic escape from his Mantuan dungeons. Mazzini regarded well his heroic follower, but his estimate of his absolute capacity was well founded. I remember the long vigil Mazzini kept on the last night of Orsini's life — not sleeping until the fatal hour was over. Mazzini, who would have opposed this attempt, was as usual credited with it, and as usual he disdained to answer while Orsini's fate was unknown. A nobler spirit, a more generous enemy, or a more dangerous foe our time has not known. When he struck, it was with an unerring hand, and there needed no second blow."

Of real connection with Mazzini and his ideas was the attempt at a general insurrection in 1857. Mazzini went to Genoa to superintend it, and there were risings in Leghorn and Naples, the last under General Pisacane; but there was division in the republican party: Manin and other leaders were opposed to the movement, the people were not ready for it, and the result was failure.

When the alliance of the French and Sardinians against Austria in 1859 was brought about mainly by the diplomacy of Cavour, Mazzini steadfastly opposed it, having no faith in the intervention of Napoleon. Nevertheless he used the occasion for incessant propagandism of his ideas of Italian liberty and unity, inciting revolution in every part of the country. It was now also that he was associated more intimately with Garibaldi. The insurrection in Sicily against the Neapolitan king, Francis II., was jointly instigated and carried to a successful issue by these two men. Garibaldi, as Dictator of Central Italy, found himself, however, embarrassed by the divided

counsels of his associates: the radical party, under the lead of Mazzini, aiming at the unity of Italy with a capital at Rome, urged an advance on that city and a movement against the Austrians in Venice; the Piedmont party desired the annexation of the Two Sicilies to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel. The latter prevailed. Garibaldi effected the transfer and retired to his home in Caprera.

Mazzini accepted as a fact the consolidation of Italy in a constitutional monarchy, but his life-long principles forbade him to accept this as the solution of the problem of Italian unity. In his English home he continued to work steadily as an educator of his countrymen, and ceased not from toil, extending his interest and sympathy to every cause, whether or not of Italian origin, which had for its aim the elevation of humanity. Mr. David Masson[1] has written a memorial of Mazzini from which we extract the following passage respecting his share in Italian history: —

"Of Mazzini's share in that great transformation of modern Italy, which is one of the most remarkable, and surely one of the most beneficial facts in the recent history of Europe, it would be difficult to form an estimate. Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Napoleon III., Garibaldi, and others, and still others unnamed here, have all coöperated in their various ways and with various motives; larger masses of the total substance of the work, as the eye follows it, in the palpable form of moving armies and falling thrones, have to be assigned to some of these than to Mazzini; and Mazzini's life-long pursuit of his enterprise, but for their coöperation, might have been, in large measure, futile and fruitless. Yet,

[1] *Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1872.

with all allowance, very much of the result *is* due to Mazzini. His defense of Rome against the French, taken as a single action, was a deed after his own heart, and of vast consequence. To me it has always seemed precisely the kind of deed which he was fitted to do, and which, but for the inspiration of his peculiar character, would not have been done at all, or not nearly so well. To fire a population, at a critical moment, up to the pitch of such a deed of desperation, and yet of duty, and to carry them through it, was, I believe, his most natural function in the world of hard action. In a settled government, or even in a government of ordinary struggle and difficulty, I do not think he would have so excelled. He was too intolerant, too tenacious of his own ideas, and these not the ideas that other able and honest men might have; practical coöperation with him long, in actual business, by a sufficient number of men of any strength of will, and of tolerably good parts, would have been impossible. *Tenacity* is one of the words I would apply to Mazzini; he was the most *tenacious* man I ever met. But here, in his career of propagandism, was his superlative merit. As an idealist in Italian politics, as the spiritual torch-bearer of a great cause, he was unsurpassable. He ran with the torch, the same torch, for forty years; and, but for the republican color in the flame, it proved the right torch at last. The unity of Italy! who does not remember how that idea was derided in all our newspapers, attacked, written down, treated as a wild chimera? It is to Mazzini's credit that he had seized that idea when no other man had seized it, when the very Italians themselves held it to be nought, and that he kept it alive through good

report and bad report, drove it by iteration and reiteration into the popular Italian consciousness, and even into the heads of statesmen, and persevered till he saw it triumph. Facts will take any course, I said some time ago. It is but a half-truth. Facts will always, in the end, flow in the channel of the deepest speculative perception. So far as most people will now pronounce Mazzini's views about Italy to have been right theoretically, he had succeeded before he died."

Of Mazzini's private life many pleasant reminiscences have appeared since his death. The writer just quoted draws the following picture: —

"In private society Mazzini's habits were simple, kindly, affectionate, and sometimes even playful. He had a good deal of humor, and could tell a story or hit off a character very shrewdly and graphically, not omitting the grotesque points. There was a respectful tenderness in his manner towards women, which never interfered with the frankness he thought due to them on account of that theory of the rightful political coequality of the sexes which he had always advocated. Perhaps he was most happily seen, even by men, when one or more of several highly-gifted ladies who knew him thoroughly, and made his comfort their study, were present to preside and regulate, keep off the troublesome, and make the surroundings congenial and domestic. Either so, in a varied group round a fireside, or joining in a game at cards at a table, or else more apart, and smoking a cigar with one or two selected for that companionship, he was very ready to talk. The talk on such occasions was good, utterly unpedantic, about this or that, as it happened, and often with whim

and laughter. Inevitably, however, some topic would be started on which Mazzini would show his *tenacity*. It might be a question of Meyerbeer's music in comparison with Rossini's, or it might be anything else of seemingly smaller moment; whatever it was, if Mazzini had an opinion, he would fight for it, insist upon it, make a little uproar about it, abuse you with mock earnestness for believing the contrary. That would not last long; a laugh would end it; we knew Mazzini's way. But sometimes the difference would go deeper, and then it was not mock earnestness, but real earnestness, that was evoked. Mazzini's talk, though never ill-natured, tended to be critical. In speaking of the men or the writers he liked and admired most, he would arrive at their short-comings, if he did not begin with them; and these short-comings, of course, were their non-correspondence with his own absolute ideal. Hence, in avowing your own liking against his, in a case where your feelings were stirred, you might be tempted to put a shot into that ideal, or you might, unawares, assault one of its principles. Then he was down upon yourself. *You* also were in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity; there was a touch of *Matérialism* in you, though you did not know it; you were, at all events, an individualist, or (what was as bad in Mazzini's vocabulary) a classicist! Naturally, your pugnacity was roused by this, as he liked that it should be; and bang! another shot at his ideal, right at the centre-principle this time! You tried it perhaps in the form of an extremely abstract and metaphysical query as to the validity of the progress notion. 'If the notion of progress be an axiom, Mr. Mazzini, must it not be an axiom

only in reference to the totality of things? Why suppose progress, or God's universal thought towards good, locked up in our earth, or in the procedure of that shred of creation called humanity? What is humanity, but a leaf in the vast tree of leaves? and may not this leaf be blackening and dying, while the whole tree grows and lives? May not some collective commotions and tendencies of humanity be but the black spots, the signs of rot? If there is progress in humanity, in the sense of the evolution of God's universal thought of good, must it not be in some subtler and more complicated way than that of the vague axiom?' You did not mean to say all this; but you came to be glad you did. For then Mazzini broke out, and he grappled you with the yearning of an apostle, and yet with a rigor of reasoning and an acuteness of analysis which you were hardly prepared to expect from your ordinary experience of him. One such occasion I particularly remember, on which for two hours there was a discussion of this kind so intimate and so eager that, though I went away unconvinced on the main point, it was with a sense that I had never before been engaged in such an exercise of give and take, or had my mind so raked and refreshed by the encounter. Few such conversations do men's habits of intercourse now allow; and more is the pity! Let it not be supposed, however, that an evening with Mazzini was always or often so severe a matter. Varied and interesting chat, with only the due dash of the very seriously Mazzinian, was the general rule; and you might light a second or third cigar. It was late before you went away; and, on the rare occasions when he was not to remain after you were gone, you might have his company for

some little distance through the dark London streets. You parted then at the corner of some narrower street than usual; he going his way, and you yours.

His residence in London, as has already been said, was almost entirely concealed, known always to his intimate friends, but difficult for others to ascertain. His last residence in England was on the first floor of a pleasant little house at No. 2 Onslow-Terrace, Brompton, nearly opposite the spot where Ledru-Rollin lived during his exile in England, of whom Mazzini used to say, "He was the only Frenchman who ever sacrificed himself on behalf of a country not his own." He received his visitors in a small sitting-room. "The room was filled," says "The Daily News," "with books and papers, though it had none of the aspect of the study of a recluse. He smoked his cigar as he talked, and his conversation was about his work, and never about himself. His friends treated him with a deference which would spoil most men, but which had no injurious effect on him." The birds Mazzini always had about him flew over his room and papers as he would talk. He loved these signs of freedom.

Of his last days and death a report appears in the "Fanfulla" of Rome, from its Pisan correspondent:[1]—

"Mazzini had been in Pisa since November last, under the name of Giorgio Rosselli Brown. The friends and relatives of the aged conspirator had faithfully kept the secret, and no one except the authorities had any hint of his residence here, where he had come to seek, in the mild climate, the restoration of his health, broken by study and fatigue, after forty

[1] Translated and published in the *New York Evening Post.*

years, in a word, of unwearied febrile activity. He lived in a small house in the Via della Maddalena, No. 38, where he occupied a few modest rooms; he received in one, and passed the days in reading, writing, and smoking continually. In the early hour of the evening he would go out to dine with the Rosselli family, who lived about three hundred yards from his house. In February he fell ill with frightful spasms of the throat which lasted five days, and from that time the physician, Rossini, who had the care of him, suspected that these bronchial constrictions were occasioned by the condition of his lungs. After his recovery from this illness he remained with the Rosselli family and continued his mode of life, became less solitary, but was devoted entirely to work. From time to time he saw the physician: once the latter, believing him to be English, wondered at his speaking Italian so well. Mazzini, tapping him on the shoulder, 'But I am an Italian. I am a Ligurian; only, alas! I have lived forty years in England.'

"On the evening of the 6th of March, after dinner, he felt an oppression of breath and desired to go to bed, but the difficulty did not seem to him sufficient to make it necessary to send for the physician. The latter found on the following morning that his right lung was congested, and the condition of the patient seemed so serious that he desired a consultation: Professor Minati of the University was called in. The physicians consulted, and from that moment it was seen that the case was desperate. On the evening of the 9th the patient became voiceless, and a slight mental exaltation began to show itself. Accustomed to smoke constantly, he thought himself smoking, and made the movements of carrying a cigar to his

mouth and taking it away again. The exaltation was brief, and during the whole day of the 10th, which was his last, he retained, together with an unaltered tranquillity, the full possession of his intellectual faculties and an exact knowledge of his condition. At a few minutes before one o'clock he desired to speak to the physician, who was in the next room. He extended his hand to him, endeavored to speak, and fell back bearing his hand on his breast — he was dead. He died in a room on the second floor looking toward the south over a little garden where are a few straggling, sickly plants. Extended on the bed of death, covered with a linen coverlet with alternate fine stripes of white and lilac, the waxen features retained the traces of the calm resignation which had never abandoned him in the days which preceded that of his death. He did not appear as if dead, but like a profound thinker who had fallen asleep after excessive intellectual fatigue. In the morning, before the news had spread throughout the city, came Corte, Bertani, Campanella, Saffi, and Quachio. I saw crossing the threshold of the little house the venerable Enrico Meyer, weeping as he went to give the last kiss to the friend of his distant youth."

The funeral honors paid to Mazzini were national; his devoted personal friends, who had proved their devotion by sacrifice and constancy, accompanied the bier, and deputations from societies and towns followed, swelling into a vast procession of eighty thousand mourners. The land which he had loved so passionately, from which he had been an exile, to which he had returned again and again when he saw an opportunity for her liberation, now so far on its road to liberty, received back her greatest son and

gave him burial. The ideas which crowned his life did not go down with him into the grave, but abide for the further emancipation of the nation which witnessed their birth and development and the steadfast integrity of their great apostle.

APPENDIX A.

FROM A REVIEW OF GIANNONI'S POEM, "THE EXILE."

(From the *Indicatore Livornese*, 1829.)

. . . . . EXILE! — He who first devised this punishment had neither father, mother, friend, nor lover. He sought to revenge himself on his fellow-men by saying to them: Be you accursed in exile, as I have been by nature! You shall be orphans, and die the death of the soul. I take from you father, mother, lover, and country, all but the breath of life; so that you may wander like Cain throughout the universe, and the iron of despair may enter your souls. The malediction was accomplished. The curse is working now upon thousands who have provoked it, even as Prometheus provoked the vengeance of Jove. And the human justice that pronounces this curse utters it as if it were a benefit to one whom it might deprive of existence. But if they who weigh so lightly those affections which are the life of life could number the pulsations of the heart thus torn from its country, the sighs of an existence thus left without a present and without a future, and concentrated in memory alone; could they hear the cry of solitude that bursts from the depths of the exile's soul when the memory of all he has lost — the image of his loving mother, the faces of his fellow-citizens, and the form of the virgin of his love, pass like mocking phantoms before him; could they read the dark thoughts that pass like storm-clouds over his spirit, until its divine ray is obscured by a multitude of wild and disordered visions; the

anguish of despair that poisons the springs of life, and the fever that undermines it, — they would surely pause ere they doomed their fellow-man to the curse of the fratricide.[1] Tremendous is the power society arrogates to itself when it effaces from the book of life a name inscribed therein by the finger of God, and consigns his work to the executioner. But life is a mystery which the living comprehend not; the dread of destruction, by stupefying the faculties, may lessen the grief, and one blow of the axe cuts short every desire, affection, hope, or terror; but the exile, throughout his torture of a thousand hours, lives — lives in all the energy of his strength, in all the fullness of his sensibilities, and no shaft of sorrow's quiver is spared to him. From the utterance of that fatal word, he wanders through the world like a rudderless ship upon the ocean, without idea or aim; driven hither and thither by the winds and waves of chance.

He wanders over many lands, passes through many cities, among men of many climes; ever a stranger to their hopes and joy. His soul is full of love, for he is of the land of Raffaelle and Torquato, where the first breath of infancy and the sigh of love are one; his lips are moved to smiles, — God send us tears rather than such smiles, — meaningless, joyless, fleeting, and chill as the shudder that convulses the dying. His hand clasps the hands of other men, for his heart is open to benevolence and gratitude; but in that heart is a void — a void that nought can fill, nought but the father-land. How often does he watch the clouds moving onwards towards his country, while the silent tears steal over his cheek, to think they will sweep across her heavenly sky. How often has he invoked death, murmuring, *Hast thou forgotten me?* but the very tomb is doubly cold when a foreign soil covers the dead within, and death, who appears like an angel of glory on the battle-field, and often like an angel of consolation to those who expire in the

[1] Vagus et profugus eris super terram. — *Liber Genesis.*

arms of their kindred, glares like a hideous skeleton, darkening the pillow of him who expires in a foreign land. Ah, bitter is exile to him on whom nature has bestowed a heart formed to feel the blessings of a country!

APPENDIX B.

CARBONARISM.

Mazzini, writing in 1861 of the political ideas at work in the insurrections of 1831, gives the following diagnosis of Carbonarism: —

Carbonarism appeared to me to be simply a vast *liberal* association, in the sense in which the word was used in France during the monarchies of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., but condemned by the absence of a fixed and determinate belief to lack the power of unity, without which success in any great enterprise is impossible. Arising during the period when the gigantic but tyrannous Napoleonic unity was tottering to its fall, amid the ruins of a world; amid the strife between young hopes and old usurpations; and the dim foreshadowings of the people opposed to the records of a past the governments were seeking to revive; Carbonarism bore the stamp of all these diverse elements, and appeared in doubtful form amid the darkness diffused over Europe at that critical period. The royal protection it encountered at its outset, and indeed so long as there were hopes of using it as an instrument of warfare against imperial France, had contributed to give the institution an uncertain method of action which tended to divert men's minds from the national aim. True it is that on seeing itself betrayed it had cast off the yoke, but preserving unconsciously some of its former habits, and above all a fatal tendency to seek its chiefs in the highest spheres of society, and to regard the regeneration of Italy rather as

the business of the superior classes than as the duty of the people, sole creators of great revolutions. It was a vital error, but inevitable in every political body wanting a sound religious faith in a great and fruitful principle, supreme over all the changes of passing events.

Now Carbonarism had no such principle. Its only weapon was a mere negation. It called upon men to overthrow: it did not teach them how to build up a new edifice upon the ruins of the old. The chiefs of the Order, while studying the national problem, had discovered that although all the Italians were agreed upon the question of independence, they were not so upon the question of unity, nor even upon the meaning to be attached to the word liberty. Alarmed at this difficulty, and incapable of deciding between the different parties, they chose a middle path, and inscribed *Liberty* and *Independence* upon their banner. They did not define what they understood by liberty, nor declare how they intended to achieve it: the country, they said, — and by the country they meant the upper classes, — the country will decide at a future day. In the same spirit they substituted the word *union* to that of *unity*, thus leaving the field open to every hypothesis. Of equality they either did not speak, or in so vague a manner as to allow every man to interpret it according to his own views, as political, civil, or merely Christian equality.

Thus did the Carbonari begin their work of affiliation, without affording any satisfactory issue to the doubts and questions then agitating men's minds, and without informing those whom they summoned to the struggle what programme they had to offer to the people in return for the support expected from them. Numerous recruits were enrolled from all classes; for in all there were numerous malcontents, who desired no better than to prepare the overthrow of the existing order of things; and also because the profound mystery in which the smallest acts of the Order were enveloped exercised a great fascination over

the imagination of the Italians, always impressionable to excess. A sense of its being necessary to satisfy the tastes of the immense body of members composing the various grades of their complex and intricate hierarchy, had suggested the adoption of a variety of strange and incomprehensible symbols which concealed the absence of any real doctrine or principle. But they were in fact rather used to protect the hierarchy from inquisition than adopted with a view to action; and hence the orders of the chiefs were feebly and tardily obeyed. The severity of discipline was more apparent than real.

The society had, however, reached a degree of numerical strength unknown to any of the societies by which it was succeeded. But the Carbonari did not know how to turn their strength to account. Although the doctrines of Carbonarism were widely diffused, its leaders had no confidence in the people; and appealed to them rather to attain an appearance of force likely to attract those men of rank and station in whom alone they put their trust, than from any idea of leading them to immediate action. Hence the ardor and energy of the youth of the Order — of those who dreamed only of country, the republic, war, and glory in the eyes of Europe — was intrusted to the direction of men, not only old in years, but imbued with the ideas of the empire; cold precisionists, who had neither faith nor future, and who, instead of fostering, repressed all daring and enthusiasm. At a later period, when the immense mass of Carbonari already affiliated, and the consequent impossibility of preserving secrecy, convinced the leaders of the necessity for action, they felt the want of some stronger bond of unity; and not having a *principle* upon which to found it, they set themselves to seek it in a *man* — a *prince*.

This was the ruin of Carbonarism.

. . . . . .

Intellectually the Carbonari were materialist and Machiavellian. They preached the doctrine of political lib-

erty; yet the literary men among them, forgetting that man is one, taught literary servitude under the name of *classicism.* They called themselves Christians in their symbolic language; yet, confounding religion with the Papacy, and faith with superstition, they contrived to wither up the enthusiasm of youth by a skepticism borrowed from Voltaire, and the negations of the eighteenth century They were mere sectarians, not the apostles of a national religion.

Such were they also in the sphere of politics. They had no sincere faith in the constitutional form of government; they sneered at monarchy among themselves, yet nevertheless they hailed and supported it; at first as a means of acquiring strength, afterwards because the adoption of the monarchical system freed them from the responsibility of guiding the masses whom they feared and misunderstood; and at last because they hoped by baptizing the insurrection with a royal name, to soften Austria, and win the favor of some great power — either England or France.

It was for this reason they cast their eyes on Charles Albert in Piedmont, and Prince Francesco at Naples: the first a man of tyrannical nature, and though ambitious, incapable of greatness; the second a hypocrite and traitor from the very beginning of his career. They offered the management of the destinies of Italy to each of these princes, leaving it to the future to arrange the irreconcilable views of the two pretenders. Events, however, clearly proved that true strength is derived, not from the mass, but from the cohesion of the elements by which the aim is to be achieved; and revealed the inevitable consequences of the absence of principles in those who place themselves at the head of revolutions.

The insurrections of the Carbonari were successful; they had no very grave difficulties to overcome; but they were immediately followed by serious internal discord

The work of mere destruction once fulfilled, each Carbonaro fell back upon his own individual aims and opinions, and all were at variance as to what they had to create. Some had imagined themselves to be conspiring in the interest of a single monarchy; many were partisans of the French constitution, many of the Spanish; some were for a republic; others for I know not how many republics; and all of these complained that they had been deceived. The Provisional Governments were weakened, therefore, at the very outset, by the open opposition of some, and the studied inertia of others. Hence the hesitation and uncertainty manifested by those governments who found a pretext for inactivity in that opposition to which action alone could have put an end. Hence, the youthful volunteers and the people were left without encouragement, organization, or definite aim. All true liberty in the selection of means was rendered impossible by the fact of the monarchy having been chosen leader of the revolution; as it naturally brought along with it a host of traditions and obligations, all hostile to the daring development of the insurrectionary principle.

Logic will ever assert its rights. The chiefs of the movement, having implicitly declared the people incapable of either emancipating or governing themselves, necessarily abstained from arming them, or inducing them to take any share in the management of affairs. It was equally necessary to substitute some other force to that of the people, and to seek this force abroad, from foreign cabinets; to obtain false promises in return for real concessions; and to allow the princes free choice both of their ministers and generals, even at the risk — as shown in the sequel — of their selecting the treacherous or incapable, and of seeing the princes themselves suddenly desert to the enemy's camp, or fly to Laybach, thence to cry anathema upon the insurrection they had feigned to conduct.

The Neapolitan revolution succumbed, after exhausting

the fatal consequences of the first error one by one; after having betrayed the national instinct by rejecting Benevento and Pontecorvo,— cities at that time forming part of the Roman States, although surrounded by Neapolitan territory, and which had arisen in their turn and claimed admittance into the emancipated states; after decreeing that the war should remain purely defensive, and declaring that the Austrian army, then in the heart of Italy, would not be regarded as enemies unless they should cross the Neapolitan frontier; after having, in short, extinguished every spark of insurrection in Central Italy.

The Piedmontese insurrection took place after these errors, committed in the South, had afforded an example by which its leaders might have learned to avoid their repetition. Nevertheless, although at that time there were not Austrian troops enough in Lombardy to suppress a movement, and the excitement there was so great that had the Piedmontese sent them only 25,000 men to help them, the whole population would have risen; this help, which could have been sent within one week after the insurrection, was not given. The Piedmontese revolution fell without attempting this or anything else. It was fettered by the same ties, and destroyed by the same influences that had impeded and destroyed the two previous insurrections, and while the South was yet free and able to unite in organizing the common defense.[1]

Never were the fatal consequences of a false programme more visible than in the honest though imperfect history of this movement written by Santarosa. Charles Albert, himself the head of the revolutionary government, issued a

[1] The insurrection was to have taken place immediately after the 12th January, 1821, the day on which the government had turned its arms against the University of Turin. But the consent of Charles Albert was delayed. And the movement would not even have taken place when it did, — in March, — for he revoked, on the 9th, the order he had given on the 8th, — had it not been that Alexandria, wearied out by his many delays, arose in violation of the orders received on the 10th.

proclamation promising an amnesty to the troops who had joined the insurrection. The *Giunta* disgraced itself by entering into negotiations with the Russian ambassador Mocenigo, who impudently offered the conspirators a pardon, and some hope of a constitutional charter.

All the members of the Giunta were men of undeniable patriotism and good faith; all of them were sworn Carbonari; yet, nevertheless, hesitating and embarrassed between the exigences of the revolution on the one hand, and the forms of monarchical legality they had accepted on the other, they were compelled to receive their inspirations from a man whom at heart they despised, and who, they feared, might one day or other betray them. They saw the right but dared not assert it. They undertook to change the institutions of the country without removing the officials of the former administration, or the leaders of the army, who had sworn to uphold the former tyranny. They had left the government of Novara in the hands of Count Latour, and that of Savoy in those of Count d'Andezene, both of them declared enemies of the revolution. They had foreseen and foretold the necessity of war; yet, from fear of any possible violation of the monarchical programme, they had refused the people the arms they demanded, indefinitely deferred the summoning of the electoral assemblies, and in fact neglected every act likely to attract the masses to their cause, even to the point of revoking the decree passed in Genoa to reduce the price of salt. They fell, not vanquished by superior forces, which would have left them the honor of the combat, but overthrown by a sophism introduced into their revolutionary programme.

Such did Carbonarism appear to me — a huge and powerful body, but without a head; an association in which not generous intentions, but ideas, were wanting; deficient in the science and logic which should have reduced the sentiment of nationality, pervading its ranks, to fruitful action. The cosmopolitanism of the Carbonari, suggested by the

superficial study of foreign countries, while it had extended the Order's sphere of action, had yet withdrawn the fulcrum of the lever. The lesson of heroic constancy taught by the Carbonari, and the boldness with which they had fronted martyrdom, had tended greatly to promote that sentiment of equality which is innate in us Italians, and prepared the way for union and noble enterprise, by initiating in one sole baptism men of every province, and of every social class, — priests, nobles, literary men, soldiers, and sons of the people. The proscriptions made among the Carbonari embraced every class in Italy. Many priests were condemned in the South, and two in the Duchy of Modena. One of these, Guiseppe Andreoli, professor of oratory, thanked God aloud on hearing that he alone among the many imprisoned with him was condemned to death. Many confessions were extorted by weakening the intellectual faculties of the accused by mixing an infusion of *atropos belladonna* with their drink. In the little Duchy of Modena alone, the number of condemnations amounted to 140, in Piedmont to upwards of 100, and in Naples and Sicily to many more. On the 18th May, 1821, many capital sentences were pronounced in Lombardy, condemning as Carbonari individuals who had been imprisoned at Rovigo during the carnival of that year, four or five months previous to the promulgation of the law of proscription against the Carbonari, which had been framed in August, 1820.

But the absence of a definite programme had always caused victory to escape them at the very moment when it was within their grasp.

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THE END.

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